



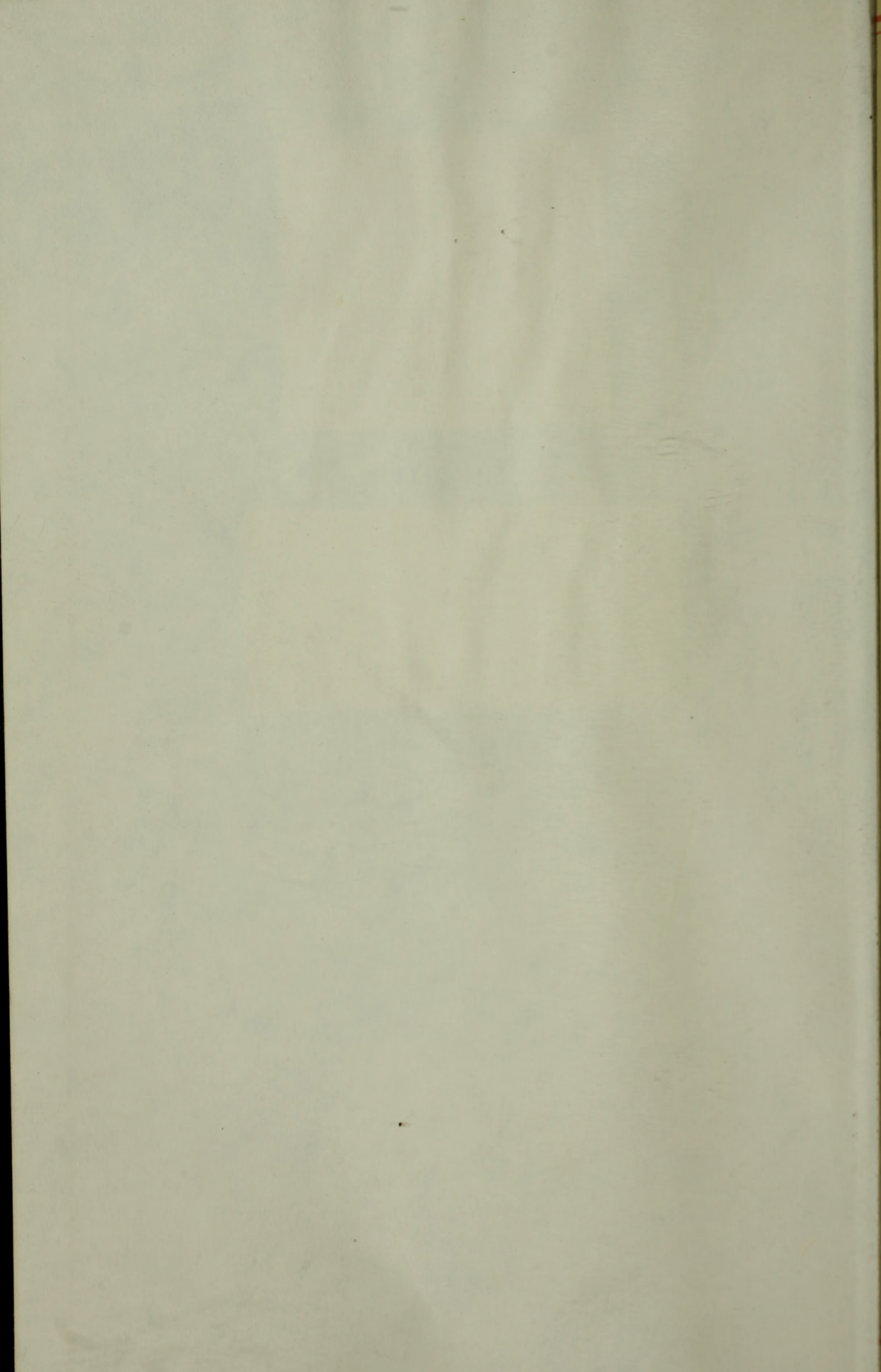
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CALIFORNIA  
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QUARTERLY

March 1959

# California Historical Society Quarterly

DONALD C. BIGGS, *Director and Editor*

WILLIAM W. WHITNEY, *Assistant Editor*

MAUDE K. SWINGLE, *Editorial Assistant*

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## The Rise of Modern Art in the Bay Area\*

By BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

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THE FIRST MURMURINGS concerning the modern art which was to divide the artists of San Francisco and the Bay Area into divergent streams, were heard in 1915 when the exhibition of painting and sculpture from the United States, five European countries—Austria, Spain, France, Germany, and Hungary—and Great Britain, with special sections from Norway, The Netherlands, Chile, and the Philippines, was shown at the Pan-American International Exposition in 120 galleries in the Fine Arts Palace. So much interest was aroused by this exhibition that it was retained for a Post-Exposition Exhibition under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association.

The stimulus of the new ideas engendered by the exhibit was so far-reaching that in 1917 the California School of Fine Arts was reorganized when Pedro Lemos, the Director, resigned, and a young artist recently from Paris, Lee Randolph, was made Director. To go out with Lemos were the more academic instructors; and among those who remained was Gottardo Piazzoni, instructor of painting. Piazzoni, who came to be called the Dean of California painters, wielded a tremendous influence upon the students and professional artists who through experimentation were achieving a new vitality. In 1922 Piazzoni, accompanied by Ralph Stackpole, a sculptor interested in the modern trend, revisited France and returned with a deeper conviction of the ascendancy of the Impressionists and their followers.

When I came to the art world of San Francisco in the fall of 1925, the Palace of Fine Arts that had housed the exhibits sponsored by the San Francisco Art Association was closed. The Association's 48th Annual Exhibit that year was being held at the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and the same year the Legion held an "Inaugural Exposition of French

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\*From her forthcoming book, "The Bridge Between."



Art." This retrospective exhibit included paintings from Eugene Boudin to Van Gogh, as well as a smaller modern section by younger French artists. The controversy for and against modern art had reached its height and crystallized. Those artists who held to the Academy had retired to the shelter of the Bohemian Club, and the innovators, many of them with studios on Montgomery Street, had formed a group that included, besides Gottardo Piazzoni and Ralph Stackpole, Rinaldo Cuneo, Helen Forbes, Otis Oldfield, Nelson Poole, Edgar Walter, Charles Stafford Duncan, and Ray Boynton. Lee Randolph, Director, and Spenser Macky, Dean of the Night School, were concentrating on developing the California School of Fine Arts, aided by Constance Macky and Gertrude Albright, both instructors of painting. The school had recently moved to its new building on Chestnut Street designed by Arthur Brown; the student body had doubled.

Although Anne Bremer taught at the California School of Fine Arts but briefly, her influence was felt for many years. She was a crusader for the modern movement who returned to her home in San Francisco after years of living and painting in France. It was she who interested Albert Bender in art and artists and he became the first and most ardent collector of painting and sculpture of the progressive western group. Bender gave much of his collection to Mills College and some to the San Francisco Museum of Art.

It was Maynard Dixon who had urged this modern group to organize and establish a gallery for the exhibit and sale of their work. Maynard Dixon, widely known for his paintings of the West, unlike James Swinerton, another Western painter who had for his motto "I don't try to improve on God," was interested in design and the organization and rearrangement of nature on his canvas.

It was with Dixon's guidance that I founded the Galerie Beaux Arts to fill a need. The deYoung Memorial Museum and the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, and even Gumps, were not interested at that time in exhibiting the work of contemporary local artists, and certainly not that of innovators. The San Francisco Museum was not yet in existence so the little gallery, first at 116 Maiden Lane and later at 166 Geary Street, remained a center of San Francisco art activity from 1925 to 1933.

During these years the Galerie Beaux Arts held consecutive group

and one-man exhibits by these artists, brought collections of water colors and prints from the Down-Town Gallery, New York, paintings from Santa Fe, and work from Mexico: sculpture by the children of the Ruiz School, drawings by Diego Rivera. It also organized the first Loan Exhibit of Modern Masters from private collectors in the Bay Area. Many of these works of art are now in the permanent collections of the San Francisco Museum of Fine Art.

The Galerie Beaux Arts saw and felt the impact of French art on the local artists, an impact that flowed from the French exponents of Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Expressionism, Cubism, and Surrealism. There were, of course, many minor influences that colored the main stream. For example, Madame Galka Scheyer came from Germany sponsoring the BLUE FOUR—Klee, Kandinsky, Javlinisky and Feininger. Maynard Dixon and a few of the local artists were deeply interested in the collection, especially the work of Klee and Kandinsky, but it wasn't until 1929, when both the Legion of Honor and the Oakland Museum held exhibitions of their work, that collectors became interested and bought.

In 1930 the Federal Government moved into California with the Federal Art Project and many of the more experienced artists were put to work on decoration for public buildings. The mural exercised a disciplining influence on the artists' work as it demanded specific subject matter and the creation of a special design to fill an allotted space.

Among the interesting murals of this period remaining today are the decoration at the Mother House at the Fleishhacker Zoo, executed by Helen Forbes and Dorothy Wagner Puccinelli, the Beach Chalet decorations by Lucien Labaudt, the murals by Piazzoni in the Public Library, the decoration in the interior of the Aquatic Park Building, now the Marine Museum, by Hilaire Hiler, and the beautiful slate relief above the façade of the building by Sargent Johnson.

Stimulated by the interest in mural decoration, Charles Peter Weeks, architect of the Mark Hopkins Hotel, commissioned Maynard Dixon and Frank Van Sloun to execute murals for the Room of the Dons, and Ray Boynton, just returned from a trip to Mexico, to do an encaustic in the dining room. Later both Dixon and Van Sloun were given a commission by Weeks to decorate the Sacramento Library.

Timothy Pflueger, the architect of 450 Sutter Street, who later be-

came President of the San Francisco Art Association, and in 1939-40 the head of the Department of Fine Arts at the International Exposition, was instrumental in employing many artists by incorporating their work in his buildings. He commissioned Stackpole to do the sculpture on the outside of the Stock Exchange and several artists — Adeline Kent, Ruth Cravath, Otis Oldfield, Bob Howard, and others — to decorate the interior of the Stock Exchange Club, but in selecting an artist to execute the fresco on the stairway, he and Bertram Alanson, President of the Club, brought Diego Rivera from Mexico. Several years later Rivera was again commissioned by William Gerstle to execute the murals for the California School of Art.

Rivera's drawings had been shown at the Galerie Beaux Arts as early as 1927 — the original design for his fresco on the walls of the Ministry of Education in Mexico City. This show marked the beginning of the Mexican influence on the local artists and I remember that nineteen were sold. Throughout the late 20's and 30's Tim Pflueger continued to employ many local artists, and among the most distinguished decorations that remain with us today are the cocktail lounge of the Fairmont designed by Esther Bruton and the murals by Lucien Labaudt at the Washington High School.

By the end of the depression the San Francisco Museum of Art, opened in 1935, was firmly established; the history of its distinguished sponsoring of modern art trends under Dr. G. L. McCann Morley has greatly contributed to making San Francisco second only to New York as a progressive art center.

I believe you will agree with me that artists not closely attuned to their period, with no urge for experimentation, have often fallen into an expression that lacks vitality and creative force. Over the thirty years that I have been handling the work of artists, I have been constantly asked what I thought of modern art. If my interrogator is not merely asking because he wishes to rail at what he thinks modern art is, I try to give some sort of intelligent answer, an extremely difficult task. First one has to ascertain exactly what the questioner means by the term modern art. I have found this term used to describe anything from an early primitive painting to the most sophisticated contemporary work, but most likely the period referred to by the phrase "modern art" is somewhere between the era of Turner and today's non-objective crea-



tions. I have witnessed visitors to the gallery puzzled or ready to fight over a canvas in which the artist eliminated some of the non-essential details for the sake of his design, surely a technique of many old masters. So I find myself completely baffled.

From the time the artist started on his journey away from the object *per se* towards light as revealed in the paintings of the Impressionists, through Post-Impressionism, through Cubism (where there seems to be a return to the subject, but a subject arbitrarily rearranged), on to Surrealism, his journey to abstraction and the non-objective has been continued under different aspects until today at what seems journey's end, the material object has been abandoned, an entirely logical progression.

If art is inevitably viewed as a reflection of the civilization from which it springs, which is the way we view the art of the Egyptian, Persian, Roman, and other periods, why should we not interpret the art of our own time in like manner? Then what do we find? When the physicists began to give us their analysis of matter, we no longer stood on the firm foundation of what appears to us as reality. If the artist's creative power lies in his ability to sense and reflect his age, his work will mirror a new conception of reality.

At the time of the rise of Impressionism the world was made aware by German scientists that color was light traveling at a certain speed and the spectrum revised the artist's palette; today we are told that color is the light reflected on the retina, not in the object viewed, that the substance of the material world is made up of atoms, that matter is a mathematical formula. Consequently the artist, urged on by the breaking down of what he considered reality, is seeking new levels of consciousness. He is experimenting along new roads in his desire to reach new truths with new forms or symbols to express that truth.

Ruth Arner, one of San Francisco's more profound abstractionists, has expressed it thus: "In this period of unrest many artists seem to feel the need of devising a vocabulary for expressing the re-affirmation of the importance of spiritual and aesthetic values. Many painters have turned to the painting of abstractions almost compulsively in their need to express ideas and values outside the material experiences that comprise the preoccupation of our age."





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# A Note on Gottardo Piazzoni, 1872—1945

By THEODORE W. LILIETHAL

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THIS YOUNG Swiss-Italian, whose all-consuming ambition was to become an artist, arrived in California in 1886. He was 14 years old and his father who had come some years before, brought his family to Carmel Valley where he had bought a ranch.

After some time the life and daily chores of ranch life began to pall on Gottardo and he was certain by this time that he must leave home to try his luck as an art student in San Francisco, which had become an art center and a mecca for artists.

He studied at the San Francisco Institute of Art which later became the Mark Hopkins Institute and finally the California School of Fine Arts. He then went to Paris and when his mother died shortly after, he came back to San Francisco to take the rest of his family back to Europe.

At this time he studied at the Julian Academy and the Ecole des Beaux Arts and lived for a time with Arthur Putnam who was a great inspiration to him.

He returned to San Francisco in the early 1900's, and became one of the famous local artists among whom were Maynard Dixon, William Keith, Xavier Martinez, Otis Oldfield, Joe Raphael, Edgar Walter, and many others. He was eagerly accepted by these men and was held in high esteem.

He made five trips to Europe, but each time the longing to paint the hilltops and valleys, the mountains with their coiling canyons and the everchanging vistas of his beloved California brought him back again.

He was a liberal in the artistic sense as he evaluated each school with a tolerant eye. He was particularly interested in painting murals. He felt that by doing this the coldness of walls could be overcome, and also that art should be in places where people of all classes could see and enjoy it. Beauty as expressed in murals was more important to him than beauty restricted by frames. One of the most important examples of his work consists of ten large murals in the San Francisco Public Library.

As a tribute to him, twelve of his fellow artists signed a letter to the Library Trustees asking that he be commissioned to paint the murals. His paintings and murals are found in many collections and to this day are highly prized. He had a flair for transposing onto canvas the rare beauty that Nature gave to California and in a manner that was completely his own.

Piazzoni received many honors during his active and productive career and was highly regarded as a teacher. Exhibitions of his work were held in Paris, Rome, Washington, D. C., New York, Chicago, and other leading cultural centers. He taught painting at his own studio for several years and from 1919 to 1935 at the California School of Fine Arts.

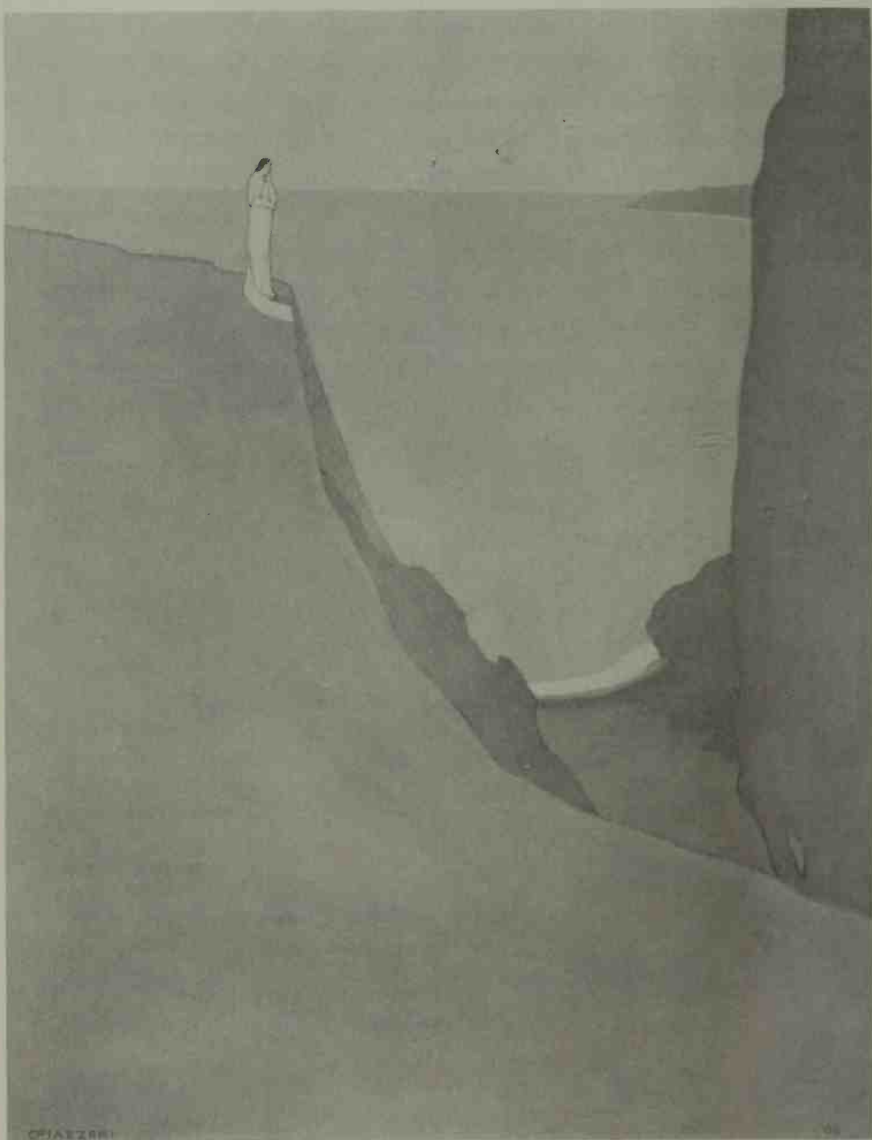
## CATALOGUE

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY GOTTARDO PIAZZONI, 1872-1945

April 14 to May 20

Lux Aeterna 4' 1" x 5' 7" Oil on Canvas	Lent by Mireille Wood
Lone Church 3' 11" x 5' 6" Oil on Canvas	Lent by Mireille Wood
Marin Hills 3' 4" x 4' 3" Oil on Canvas	Lent by Mireille Wood
Summer Sky 31" x 35" Oil on Canvas	Lent by Mireille Wood
California 3' 5" x 4' 4" Oil on Canvas	Lent by Mireille Wood





DESIGN FOR A MURAL by *Gottardo Piazzoni*  
*From the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Ansley K. Salz*



Left to right—Mrs. Harvey Laffler, Ralph Stackpole, Georgie Boodwell, George Sterling and friend, Harvey Laffler, Gottardo Piazzoni, and Xavier Martinez. *Courtesy Mrs. Mireille Wood*





- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Solitude<br>3' 5" x 4' 2" Oil on Canvas           | Lent by Mrs. R. W. Chatham   |
| The Soil<br>3' 6" x 3' 6" Oil on Canvas           | Lent by Mireille Wood  |
| Design for Mural<br>26" x 21" Oil on Canvas       | Lent by Mrs. Ansley K. Salz  |
| Design for Mural<br>26" x 21" Oil on Canvas       | Lent by Mrs. Ansley K. Salz  |
| On the Channel<br>34" x 46" Oil on Canvas         | From the Emanuel Walter<br>Collection of the San Francisco<br>Art Association, courtesy of the<br>Oakland Art Museum |
| Silence<br>26 1/8" x 32 1/4" Oil on Canvas        | Lent by M. H. deYoung Memorial<br>Museum, San Francisco  |
| Landscape<br>8" x 10" Oil on Canvas               | From the Albert Bender<br>Collection of the San Francisco<br>Museum of Art   |
| Plowing<br>6" x 8" Oil on Canvas                  | From the William L. Gerstle<br>Collection of the San Francisco<br>Museum of Art                                      |
| Decoration Over Mantel<br>30" x 46" Oil on Canvas | From the Albert Bender<br>Collection of the San Francisco<br>Museum of Art   |



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# The Rôle of the Learned Society Today\*

By C. EASTON ROTHWELL

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I AM PRIVILEGED to be your guest this evening and to speak to you on this occasion for the designation of five new Fellows of the Society and the presentation of Awards of Merit. Let us be thankful for this ceremony, and for others like it throughout this nation and throughout the world. For they celebrate the power of learning; and this is a power which no man and no state has ever been able to tame completely, no matter how successful their efforts temporarily to place the mind of man in chains.

Your President has asked me to address you on "The Rôle of the Learned Society in the Present World." In a capsule it can be stated that the learned societies of this world are just more important today than they always have been. There can be no doubt that they have a vast influence upon our cultures, our scientific achievements, our social and political advances, and thus upon us. Local and national societies exist in 78 countries on both sides of the iron and bamboo curtains, in addition to those that are of international scope. Their interest ranges over the whole spectrum of inquiry. They are not isolated from one another today by country boundaries, nor by curtains of any kind. Instead, they co-mingle around the globe in the common quest for more and surer knowledge.

You may be as surprised as I was to learn that in the Soviet Union there are 163 scientific institutes, which approximate our learned societies, under the broad aegis of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. They cover every field of learning from physics and mathematics to literature and language. And there are still 23 other academies within the huge reaches of the U.S.S.R.

Just to keep the picture in balance, let me hasten to tell you that there are over 1800 learned societies of national scope in the United States, and several hundred more within the states. The greater number in the United States than in the Soviet Union does not imply that we are more learned, or that we necessarily enjoy the benefits of greater individualism as compared with totalitarian centralization in the Soviet Union. Rather it indicates the historic pattern in which knowledge has been

\*An address presented at the Society's Annual Meeting.



cultivated and conserved in the two countries since long before the Bolshevik revolution.

The first American learned society was started more than 200 years ago in Philadelphia. (I am indebted for my information concerning the American Philosophical Society to "A Brief History of the American Philosophical Society" by Edwin G. Conklin in the 1957 Year Book of the Society.) It grew from a proposal drawn in 1743 which set forth: "That one Society be formed of Virtuosi or ingenious Men residing in the several Colonies, to be called *The American Philosophical Society* who are to maintain a constant Correspondence."

Any naïve souls who believe that interdisciplinary learning is an invention of the second half of the 20th century should note the further statement:

"That at *Philadelphia* there be always at least seven Members, viz. a Physician, a Botanist, a Mathematician, a Chemist, a Mechanician, a Geographer, and a general Natural Philosopher, besides a President, Treasurer, and Secretary."

And lest anyone think this young society provincial, I should report the further dictum:

"That a Correspondence already begun by some intended Members, shall be kept up by this Society with the ROYAL SOCIETY of *London*, and with the DUBLIN SOCIETY."

Finally it was stated that:

"... the Writer of this Proposal, offers himself to serve the Society as their Secretary, 'till they shall be provided with one more capable'."

The "Writer" was Benjamin Franklin.

In those days, a century after the first learned society was founded in France, and 80 years after the famous Royal Society of London was chartered, the scope of such a society was delightfully free from any limitation by the specialization that plagues us today. The original purpose of the Royal Society was no less than:

"To improve the knowledge of naturall things and all useful Arts, Manufactures, Mechanick practices Engynes and Inventions by Experiments (not meddling with Divinity, Metaphysics, Moralls, Politicks, Grammar, Rhetorick or Logick)."

Franklin held to the same mixture of pure and applied learning, and concluded in the noble language of the Enlightenment that the scope of the American Philosophical Society should include:

"... all philosophical Experiments that let Light into the Nature of Things, tend to increase the Power of Man over Matter, and multiply the Conveniences and Pleasures of Life."



In 1795 the Society first offered prizes from its own funds for creative essays. Out of the list of proposed topics I select three:

"\$50 for the best construction or improvement of lamps, especially for lighting streets; \$70 for improvements on ships pumps; and \$100, the grand prize, for a system of liberal education and literary instruction adapted to the genius of the government, and best calculated to promote the general welfare of the United States: Comprehending also, a plan for instituting and conducting public schools in this country on principles of the most extensive utility."

No one can deny that the learned societies of the United States were provided an excellent precedent. But what of these organizations today, 216 years and 1816 societies after Franklin prepared his epochal proposal? One must confess that the inspired goals and the high standards of the American Philosophical Society have not always been maintained in all of its sister organizations; but the overall record is nevertheless one of which to be proud. Many of these societies, at the state level and at the national level, have not only attained high distinction, but have performed invaluable services for the American nation in the cause of learning.

They have deliberately fostered and rewarded the quest for knowledge, as is being done by the California Historical Society tonight. Their more valuable contribution is probably the support they have given to pure inquiry, as contrasted with the *application* of knowledge which has the greater following today.

We should be grateful for societies that foster and reward pure learning in these days of the vogue of Madison Avenue and Pennsylvania Avenue. During the first decade following World War II there was a wide disposition to believe, even in some scholarly circles, that a primary purpose of knowledge was to facilitate the formulation and conduct of policy, or the manipulation of minds in order that policy might be better carried out. Indeed, I must confess that I shared this tendency to the extent of having sponsored a book called "The Policy Sciences." Today our perspectives are restored. The sound formulation of policy for the conduct of our domestic and international affairs, both official and unofficial, has lost none of its importance. On the contrary, it has gained value. So has the shaping of minds. But both are now themselves the subject of scientific inquiry. And the quest for new knowledge that will extend our intellectual horizons has been restored to its proper place in the order of things. For this happy result let us pay due tribute to the learned societies that didn't lose their perspectives during the tumult and the shouting.

It is not possible even to list all the valuable functions that learned societies perform, let alone discourse upon them. For centuries they have aided civilization by conserving knowledge, as well as by encouraging its production. They have done this through the building of libraries and museums. They have done it through the encouragement of publication. (Five new volumes are described in the recent special publications list of this Society, and four new sponsored books are outlined in the latest Newsletter of the American Council of Learned Societies.) And finally, they have conserved knowledge through direct aids to education.

Far from least among the worthwhile functions of learned societies is their demonstrated capacity to provide refuge for critical and creative minds during those periods of our history when ideas and blunt truths have too often been regarded as the aberration of eggheads and long-hairs.

It would be wrong to conclude, however, that learned societies are full of virtues and wholly free from vices. After all, they are made up of human beings, not angels. The major vice of which they are capable, and this is a most serious one, is to submit to prostitution by a political regime that would require them to strain knowledge through an ideological sieve. This happened to the Soviet Academy of Sciences during the Stalin dictatorship. Only now does the Academy give evidences of emerging, and even yet in limited fields. I recognize that it may often be beyond the power of a society, or of brave men within it, to stave off domination by a state; yet this does not make it less a sin when the society is converted into an instrument of distortion.

Almost as bad a vice is the tendency of some few learned societies to ossify—and thus to champion antiquated truths and to resist new ideas born of discovery.

Fortunately, the virtue in learned societies greatly exceeds the vice, even after 216 years. We can take comfort in this fact and turn our attention to the special obligations upon learned societies in the year 1959. In this period of tumultuous change, a few things loom clearly in the midst of wide confusion.

Although our attention is being focussed upon space into which we are shooting earth satellites and sun satellites, the real problems of learning pertain to the earth. On earth the development of new knowledge has become so rapid that even the best institutions and mechanisms within our civilization cannot discern its meaning and make intelligent use of it before the process of discovery has moved far beyond.

More important, the rate at which scientific development has rushed ahead of adjustments in human relations has created an imbalance that promises dire consequences unless we can learn to correct it in time.

Still another attribute of this difficult but exciting age is the half-knowledge that so often characterizes public reaction. It is this trend, together with deeper knowledge of how the human psyche works, that has led to the development of a science for molding public views, a science that can be very dangerous in the hands of irresponsible men.

The special place of the learned society today is determined by these trends. It is called upon to join with the university and the research center to expedite the integration and interpretation of knowledge. In September I saw this process at work in the American Political Science Association. Other learned groups are deliberately assuming shares of the responsibility.

To meet the imbalance of learning that is being created by the disparity between the sciences and the social sciences and humanities, the learned societies can join with our institutions of learning to double the energy and resource put into the more slowly developing segments of knowledge. This is *not* happening in the measure it should.

To counter the threat of half-truth, the learned society can remain steadfastly true to its canons of scholarship and distinction.

To remind man, as he probes space, of his deep roots upon this planet, the learned societies can continue to foster exploration of the surface of this earth and of its crust, of the civilizations that have endured upon it, and of the simple and the great things of the past that have made man what he is.

And finally, the learned society can join hands with its sister societies in other branches of learning, and with those in other lands and cultures to form a civilized bulwark against ignorance and distorted human values. By good fortune this is being done on a national scale through the American Council of Learned Societies, and on an international scale, by such bodies as the European Society of Culture and a whole series of international organizations, both official and unofficial.

How far we have come since 1743 when Ben Franklin penned his seminal proposal! The distance can even be measured in materialistic terms, which I am sure would be neither unfamiliar nor unsavory to the distinguished Mr. Franklin. One hundred dollars in 1795 for an essay on liberal education and literary instruction. But ten prizes of \$10,000 each to be awarded in 1959 by the American Council of Learned Societies in recognition of "distinguished contributions to humanistic learning!"



Were he alive today, I suspect that the erstwhile ambassador to France, inventor par excellence, and experimenter unlimited, would be nominated by one of the learned societies for one of the prizes. I am sure, too, that he would accept it, and he would have earned it by "philosophical Experiments that let Light into the Nature of Things, tend to increase the Power of Man over Matter, and multiply the Conveniences and Pleasures of Life."

His satisfaction in the advancement of knowledge could not be greater than ours as we have shared in the ceremony by which the accolade of fellowship in this distinguished society has been bestowed upon five eminent citizens of California, and awards of merit have been given for work advancing the cause of learning.



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## “Polished Boot and Bran New Suit”

### *The California Militia in Community Affairs*

By DELLO G. DAYTON

(Concluded)

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The ceremonies in connection with the inauguration of California's governors were less solemn occasions in which the volunteer companies participated. On January 7, 1854, the San Francisco Blues, accompanied by a recently organized brass band, which “furnished excellent music,” made a boat trip to Benicia to attend the inauguration of Governor John Bigler.<sup>39</sup> Two years later two Sacramento companies and seven from San Francisco were on hand in Sacramento when J. Neely Johnson was inaugurated. As was the custom on these occasions, military drills, reviews, parades, and an inaugural ball were held. Particularly outstanding at Johnson's inaugural was the Wallace Guard. Its members were attired in colorful plaid Highland uniforms and presented a picturesque appearance alongside the troops uniformed in more orthodox garbs.<sup>40</sup> Ironically, several of the companies present at Johnson's inauguration refused, a few months later, during the vigilance episode in San Francisco, to respond to the governor's orders.<sup>41</sup> With the passing of time, as California's military establishment increased in size, the militia contingent present at the inaugurals became larger and the activities more colorful.<sup>42</sup>

Other events witnessed the participation of militia companies. On September 27, 1858, eight San Francisco companies marched in the parade and enjoyed the festivities which honored the completion of the Atlantic cable. The Black Hussars of San Francisco challenged the Wallace Guard for distinctive appearance on this occasion. They were garbed in black uniforms trimmed with silver cord and were mounted on black horses.<sup>43</sup> The following year, on October 18th, the Black Hussars joined the First California Guard, California Light Horse Guard, Independent National Guard, Independent City Guard, Cali-

fornia Fusileers, and Marion Rifles in a reception tendered to General Winfield Scott when he arrived in San Francisco.<sup>44</sup> On April 13, 1860, the Sacramento Hussars, because of their extremely colorful appearance, were called upon by civic leaders of Sacramento to form a mounted escort for the first Pony Express rider to reach Sacramento.<sup>45</sup> During the Civil War there was a great increase in the number of volunteer militia companies in the state. In addition numerous Californians joined the volunteer forces of the United States Army. Consequently, there was ever present a strong military spirit, and almost any public affair in any community was an occasion for military participation.

Reference has already been made to the balls which usually accompanied public celebrations. Besides these dances, the volunteer companies customarily sponsored an annual military ball, the purpose of which was not only to provide community recreation but also to obtain funds for the companies. One of the earliest such occasions of which details are recorded was a cotillion sponsored by the Marion Rifles on July 28, 1853.<sup>46</sup> From tickets, which sold at three dollars per couple, the Rifles collected two thousand and ninety dollars.<sup>47</sup> Inasmuch as the expenses incurred by the company incidental to the dance, which was described as a "grand affair," amounted to only twelve hundred and fifteen dollars and eighty cents, the company realized a sizeable profit.<sup>48</sup>

In September, 1860, as the concluding event of the first Agricultural Fair held in Stockton, the Stockton Blues held their annual ball at the pavillion on Courthouse Square. The music was furnished by the sixteen-piece Third Artillery Band from San Francisco. Tickets on this occasion also sold for three dollars a couple, and the return therefrom netted the Blues "a substantial sum."<sup>49</sup> The company's finances were further augmented when a concert was held the following evening for which an admission fee of fifty cents was charged.<sup>50</sup>

The few original records of the early militia companies that remain indicate that the military balls were carefully planned and arranged. Invitations for some of the early balls are still in existence.<sup>51</sup> Although they are by no means representative of all the military balls held, they give evidence of a formality which seems somewhat out of place in a frontier society, but which was certainly influential in coloring California with the aspects of the more settled societies.

While discussing the celebration in San Francisco on July 4, 1853, reference was made to the fact that after the day's activities the military companies attended a San Francisco theater. Attending the theater appears to have been a rather common practice of the volunteer companies in communities which had theaters. As early as January, 1852, the *Alta California* records that the First California Guard, after its initial annual target excursion, "appeared in new uniforms" at the Jenny Lind Theater to witness "New York in Slices," and "presented a fine military appearance."<sup>52</sup> The Journal of the Marion Rifles reveals that on September 2, 1852, the company visited the theater in uniform as guests of the Joint Stock Company of the American and saw "Golden Farmer" and "Bronze Horse." The Sierra Guard, located in Downieville, apparently supported the National Theater, in which Lola Montez appeared in 1856 and was heralded as the "wonderful spider dancer."<sup>53</sup>

Other arts were not disregarded by the militia. In 1851 the First California Guard lent their armory for the exhibition to the public of a copy of Stuart's famous painting of Washington.<sup>54</sup> The *Alta California* reported that the "Marion Rifles and California Guard turned out *en masse* in full uniform" for a concert at Music Hall, adding rather sarcastically "but arrived after the concert had commenced, apparently neglectful of the importance of *keeping good time* upon such occasions."<sup>55</sup> In 1853 the Sutter Rifles paid twelve hundred dollars for choice of the first seat at Catherine Hayes' concert and presented the ticket to General Sutter.<sup>56</sup> As the militia units grew in number, company attendance at concerts and the theater appears to have been less frequent.

The securing of musicians for occasions in which the militia companies participated presented a problem. Under the militia legislation, company commanders were allowed to appoint musicians, and frequently the units had their own drummers and fifers. But obtaining bands for parades, dances, target excursions, etc., was not so easily accomplished. Occasionally regular army units in California furnished the music for militia activities. At the encampment near Sacramento in 1859, for example, the band of the 6th Infantry Regiment supplied the music.<sup>57</sup> Ordinarily, however, the militia units had to hire musicians.

Reference has been made already to the expenses for music incurred by the Marion Rifles in connection with the company's visit to the Sutter Rifles, and that company's and the First California Guard's



expenses during the Independence Day celebration in 1853. The high fees charged by the musicians—about twenty-five dollars for a parade or comparable occasion—resulted from the paucity of musicians. As might have been expected, the musicians were not slow to take advantage of their excellent bargaining position. When arrangements were being made for the Independence Day celebration in 1852, San Francisco's musicians demanded the tidy sum of fifty dollars each to furnish the music for the parade that was planned. On this occasion civic and military leaders raised a storm of protest. The musicians found it necessary to compromise for thirty-five dollars, but they participated reluctantly when the amount agreed upon was not paid in advance.<sup>58</sup>

The militia companies, and sometimes larger units, had on occasion distinctive military music. The First California Guard, for example, had the "California Guard March."<sup>59</sup> The Sacramento City Guard had its "Sacramento City Guard Quick Step." The "Hussar March" was written especially for the San Francisco Hussars. In 1871 a "Grand March" was composed and dedicated to Major General H. A. Cobb, commander of the California National Guard. Ten years later a "Grand March of the National Guard of California" was composed.<sup>60</sup>

A very common activity of the California militia companies was the target excursion. It was intended as a training activity and was ordinarily an annual affair. Despite its purpose it was, during the fifties at least, primarily a social event. It ordinarily began with drill or a parade which community members observed, and was followed by an excursion of some type to the place where the shoot was to be held. There, too, interested citizens were frequently in attendance. After the target shooting was completed prizes, sometimes furnished by members of the community, were awarded. Then came a special dinner, followed, on occasion, by a ball or a theater party.

Perhaps the earliest target excursion was that of the First California Guard, held on January 8, 1852. The company marched from San Francisco to Hayes Valley. There the members contested for a medal presented to the company by its captain, W. D. M. Howard. After the shoot was over Colonel John Geary awarded the medal to Private Joseph Porter, the winning marksman. The company then returned to San Francisco to enjoy dinner at the San Francisco Club and concluded the day by attending the Jenny Lind Theater.<sup>61</sup>



The following year the Guard went to Oakland on its target shoot. This was much more costly than the initial excursion. Boat rental was fifty-four dollars, food at the Villa Hotel in Oakland two hundred and sixty-seven dollars, liquor one hundred and forty-nine dollars, and music one hundred and twenty dollars. The military expenses, twenty dollars for the target and two dollars and fifty cents for a "leather medal," were small compared to the other costs. Total expense of the excursion was six hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents.<sup>62</sup> This affair may have been somewhat more costly than usual, but it was certainly not unique. The initial excursion of the Marion Rifles cost that company four hundred and seventy-three dollars.<sup>63</sup> Details of costs of other company excursions are lacking, but they must have been comparable.

During the Civil War more attention was devoted to the military aspects of the target excursion. There was even some realism put into them, but the social side was not disregarded. A report of a target excursion of the Napa Guard in 1863 reveals that target practice preceded the contest proper. Then the contestants fired at a board, four by one and one-half feet, in the center of which was painted a "half-clad, rebel guerilla," over whose heart a bull's eye was superimposed. Three shots were fired at one hundred yards and one at three hundred yards. Prizes awarded the winners consisted of a silver watch, sleeve buttons, a ring, and leather medal. After the contest there was dinner at the Revere House and a social at the company armory.<sup>64</sup>

The eighth annual target excursion of the National Guard (later Co. C, 1st Regt. Inf.) of San Francisco was held at the Encinal on August 24, 1863. Fifty-three members of the company attended, as well as a number of spectators. A band was in attendance throughout the day. On this occasion twelve awards were made, the first prize being an ivory-handled six-shooter with accessories. Other prizes consisted of medals, goblets, sleeve buttons and studs, boots, and a beaver hat. There was eating and dancing following the contest and, upon returning to San Francisco, the company paraded to the armory.<sup>65</sup>

An official report of a target practice held by the City Guard (later Co. B, 1st Regt. Inf.) of San Francisco on June 20, 1865, indicates that the practice was held in compliance with the state militia law. In this instance the range was one hundred and fifty yards, and each of the

forty-five men present was allowed four shots. There was apparently no bull's eye target as such because measurements were made of points of impact from center of target. The best single shot recorded was two and one-fifth inches from the target's center. No contestant got more than three of his four shots on the target. Four prizes were awarded after this contest. The following comments of the company commander, Captain W. C. Little, are of interest in that they shed some light on the nature of material and personnel:

The result of the Firing does not show the usual good marksmanship of the company for three reasons viz—the company is now armed with the Springfield musket which is not so good for short ranges as the Harper's Ferry musket, secondly the patent compressed cartridge was used, which required hard ramming, thereby marring the face of the ball, and thirdly many of the men are new members and unaccustomed to the Use of Fire Arms. In conclusion I would state that the firing was conducted strictly in accordance with the Regulations.<sup>66</sup>

On occasion there was inter-company competition. At the unofficial encampment held near Sacramento in 1859 the Stockton Blues won the top award for "superiority in target practice."<sup>67</sup> The Oroville Guards was awarded a prize of seven hundred dollars as victors at a military tournament held in Marysville on November 2, 1865. Competing against the Oroville unit at the tournament were the Union Guards, Marysville Rifles, and Saragossa Guards, all from Marysville, the Yuba Light Infantry from Camptonville in Yuba County, the Hooker Guards also of Yuba County, and the Bangor Guards from Bangor in Butte County.<sup>68</sup> Besides these two special occasions units, of course, competed at the encampments held during the Civil War.

The numerous and varied activities of the militia companies did not end with the reorganization of the militia which took place in 1866. The companies continued their fraternal and social activities—their parades, balls, banquets, receptions, socials, and target excursions. The reorganization, however, did restrict the number of militia companies and, in so doing, eliminated the influence of the militia in some communities. It also brought more centralized control to California's military establishment and increased the emphasis on strictly military activities. At the same time it deprived the volunteer companies organized under the laws of the state of much of their earlier freedom and independence. These changes made California's organized militia (National Guard) more of a military and less of a social and fraternal force.

NOTES

39. *Ibid.*, January 8, 1854.
40. *Sacramento Union*, January 9, 1856.
41. Sacramento Guard, Wallace Guard, City Guard, and National Guard. Members of some of the other companies also supported the Vigilance Committee.
42. *Sacramento Union*, January 11, 1858, January 10, 1860.
43. *San Francisco Daily Herald*, September 28, 1858.
44. *Sacramento Union*, October 19, 1859.
45. *Sacramento Union*, April 14, 1860.
46. *Journal*, June 28, 1853.
47. *Ibid.*, August 4, 1853.
48. *Ibid.*, September 15, 1853.
49. National Guard, II, 188.
50. *Ibid.* See also *Stockton Evening Mail*, May 27, 1907.
51. *Miscellaneous File* entitled "Invitations" in California State Library; Adjutant General's office files; and California Historical Society.
52. See also J. H. McCabe, "Diary of San Francisco Theatrical History" (manuscript in Library of Society of California Pioneers), I.
53. *History of Plumas, Lassen, and Sierra Counties* (San Francisco: Fariss and Smith, 1882), p. 459. Cited in National Guard, I, 61.
54. *Alta California*, September 29, 1851.
55. *Ibid.*, January 21, 1853.
56. Walter Reed, *History of Sacramento County* (Los Angeles: Historic Record Company, 1923), p. 224.
57. *Sacramento Union*, September 23, 1859.
58. *Alta California*, May 19, 1852; *San Francisco Daily Herald*, July 2, 1852.
59. *Alta California*, January 3, 1851.
60. Copies of all these marches, except the "California Guard March," are in possession of the Society of California Pioneers.
61. *Alta California*, January 10, 1852. Hayes Valley was located on the west side of present Van Ness Avenue between Hayes and Grove streets.
62. "Vouchers," with Minutes.
63. *Journal*, October 7, 1852. The excursion was held August 25, 1852.
64. *The Napa Valley Register*, December 5, 1863.
65. *Alta California*, August 25, 1863.
66. "Report of Target Practice of City Guard (Co. B, 1st Inf. Regt.)," June 24, 1865, City Guard of San Francisco, Dead File, A.G.O.
67. *Sacramento Union*, September 26, 1859.
68. *Ibid.*, November 2, 1865.







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## Some California Dates of 1859

COMPILED BY Mrs. Harold David, Mrs. Oliver Kehrlein, Miss Dolores Cadell, and Edgar M. Kahn. The purpose of this chronology is to interest readers in events which took place in California one hundred years ago this year. This compilation is not intended as a definitive or scholarly endeavor and should not be construed as an Annals of California for 1859.

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- JANUARY 1 Northern Telegraphic Company completes communications between Sacramento and Marysville.
- JANUARY 3 California Central Railroad commences 3 mile construction from Folsom.
- JANUARY 3 Maguire Opera House (1700 seating capacity) charges 50¢ to \$1.00.
- JANUARY 3 Miners discover coal vein, 15 to 25 feet thick, while sinking shaft for gold in Septin Hill, Amador County.
- JANUARY 17 Editor Thomas Sim King sells interest in San Francisco *Bulletin*.
- JANUARY 24 United States forces, under Col. Hoffman, battle Mojave Indians at Colorado River.
- JANUARY 27 U. S. soldiers battle Indians in Humboldt, Mendocino, Sonoma, and Kings Counties.
- JANUARY 29 Comstock, Fennimore, and Bishop stake off claims at Gold Hill in Nevada.
- FEBRUARY 5 Rodeo at William Workman's La Puente Rancho attracts large crowds.
- FEBRUARY 10 James Kennovan completes a great feat of agility and endurance by walking 400 miles in 100 consecutive hours.
- FEBRUARY 14 Oregon is admitted into the Union as the 33rd state.

- MARCH 10      Mormons open 700 mile wagon route from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles.
- MARCH 14      French Hospital on Brannan Street, San Francisco, opens.
- MARCH 19      *Anecdotes of Love*, by Lola Montez, being a "compilation of well known historical incidents on the subject of the tender passion," received by local book-sellers.
- MARCH 25      Attempts by banks and businesses to restrict free circulation of all foreign silver coins.
- MARCH 27      California legislature meets in Oakland as a possible choice for the state capitol.
- APRIL 3      Explosion of a boiler on the ferry *Contra Costa* kills and injures passengers en route from San Francisco to Oakland.
- APRIL 5      San Francisco mint issues first silver dollar.
- APRIL 12      San Francisco Board of Education approves San Francisco Normal School and Teacher's Association.
- APRIL 12      Hibernia Savings and Loan Society incorporates.
- APRIL 14      State Senate defeats San Francisco Bulkhead bill.
- APRIL 14      State Legislature passes an act to establish a reform school for juvenile offenders.
- APRIL 15      Andres Pico of Los Angeles presents a bill to separate the southern from the northern counties.
- APRIL 18      Bill passes the State Legislature separating southern counties, providing the people of the counties involved and Congress approve.
- APRIL 30      Saint Ignatius College, first college in San Francisco (now University of San Francisco), receives charter from the State of California.
- MAY 8      First German Evangelical Church in California is established.
- MAY 8      A story in the San Francisco *Bulletin* tells of gold mining on the San Gabriel River.

- MAY 17 San Francisco Industrial School, first on the Pacific Coast, opens for juvenile delinquents.
- MAY 21 San Francisco bankers and merchants meet to regulate the value of foreign coins.
- MAY 22 Officials of San Quentin Prison, privately operated, search for escaped convicts.
- JUNE 8 Steamers navigate San Joaquin River as far as Fresno.
- JUNE 11 Rich Comstock Lode of silver discovered in Six Mile Cañon, Nevada.
- JUNE 13 Col. E. D. Baker gives commencement address at College of California.
- JUNE 14 Alameda County Agricultural Society sponsors first floral exhibition in California at Oakland.
- JUNE 24 At the Democratic Convention in Sacramento Milton S. Latham and J. G. Downey of Southern California are nominated for governor and lieutenant governor.
- AUGUST 13 Richard Henry Dana revisits San Francisco, arriving on the steamer *Golden Gate*.
- AUGUST 14 Seventy-five printers meet and organize a printers' association.
- AUGUST 16 Horace Greeley, founder and editor of the New York *Tribune*, arrives in California by Overland Stage.
- AUGUST 17 Horace Greeley speaks to a large audience in front of the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco.
- AUGUST 22 English Steamship *Formosa* arrives in San Francisco, 130 days from Liverpool.
- AUGUST 31 Bayard Taylor arrives in San Francisco for a series of lectures. The September lecture is "The Arabs."
- SEPTEMBER 7 Milton S. Latham (D) is elected governor (62,205 votes) and J. G. Downey (D), lieutenant governor (59,051 votes).

- SEPTEMBER 7 Southern counties vote in favor of dividing the state (2,457 to 828).
- SEPTEMBER 7 Chief Justice David S. Terry resigns from State Supreme Court.
- SEPTEMBER 9 Judge Terry challenges Mr. Broderick to a duel.
- SEPTEMBER 10 Typographical Union #46 is organized in Sacramento by the printers.
- SEPTEMBER 13 Judge Terry seriously wounds Senator David C. Broderick.
- SEPTEMBER 17 Emperor Norton I, self-styled Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, issues first proclamation.
- SEPTEMBER 18 Col. E. D. Baker delivers funeral oration for Senator Broderick at Portsmouth Plaza.
- SEPTEMBER 20 T. D. Judah is principal speaker at Pacific Railroad Convention in San Francisco.
- SEPTEMBER 30 Don Juan Temple completes the Los Angeles Court House at a cost of \$35,000.
- SEPTEMBER 30 Butterfield's Overland Mail breaks record for the trip between St. Louis and Los Angeles.
- SEPTEMBER 30 James Lick makes gift to the Society of California Pioneers of property on Montgomery Street, San Francisco.
- OCTOBER 5 Five tons of Comstock Lode silver ore arrive in San Francisco and yield is \$2,500 to \$3,000 per ton.
- OCTOBER 16 Lt. General Winfield Scott arrives in San Francisco to settle dispute between Great Britain and United States over the Island of San Juan off Vancouver Island.
- OCTOBER 26 Governor Weller appoints Judge H. P. Haun of Marysville to fill Senator Broderick's place in the United States Senate.
- NOVEMBER 7 Meeting held for the purpose of establishing an astronomical observatory on this coast.



- NOVEMBER 9 First cross country mail arrives in San Francisco from St. Louis in 23 days and 4 hours.
- NOVEMBER 13 Two-day celebration of birthday of Schiller by German citizens.
- DECEMBER 14 San Francisco High School graduates the first class of 22 boys and 13 girls.
- DECEMBER 28 Emperor Norton I issues proclamation disapproving the action of Gov. Henry A. Wise of Virginia in hanging John Brown at Charlestown, Virginia.
- DECEMBER 29 News by overland mail first telegraphed from Firebaugh's Ferry, 111 miles below San Jose and 160 from San Francisco.

YEAR END STATISTICS

1860 Census reveals:

California Population . . . . .	379,994
San Francisco . . . . .	56,802
Sacramento . . . . .	13,785
San Jose . . . . .	4,579
Los Angeles . . . . .	4,385
Stockton . . . . .	3,680
Property Assessments, San Francisco . . . . .	\$30,725,950.00
Total tax rates on each \$100, 1859-60 . . . . .	3.15
Value of Total Taxable Property of San Francisco	
County . . . . .	\$35,397,176.00
Export of Treasure from San Francisco . . . . .	\$47,640,462.65
Export of Lumber from California, total feet . . . . .	5,335,396
Total number of publications issued in San Francisco . . . . .	36
Daily Newspapers, San Francisco . . . . .	12
President of the United States—James Buchanan.	
Regular Steamship sailings to New York, Japan, China, and Sandwich Islands.	



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# Eldorado Gothic

## *Gold Rush Architects and Architecture*

By HAROLD KIRKER

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THE GOLD RUSH is the most significant single factor in the development of California architecture. For though construction in 1849 and 1850 was limited necessarily to the fabrication of tent shelters, wooden shacks, and imported iron and frame houses, gold provided the motivation that brought to an undeveloped and isolated country an unusually well-trained and talented body of designers and builders. Indeed, the great age of architecture that began in San Francisco with the decline of placer mining after 1852 owes its development almost exclusively to this pioneer immigration. And if the reckless and improvising spirit of the Gold Rush reduced the architect-adventurers briefly to the status of assemblers of temporary shelters, their presence in California at mid-century explains the state's unique exception to the cultural desolation of the frontier and accounts for the first flowering of western architecture in the several decades between the discovery of gold and the completion of the cross-country railroad.

Approximately 75 per cent of the architects in the Gold Rush were American born. This figure, based upon the records of thirty-two designers who arrived in 1849 and 1850, complements exactly the overall population pattern as reported in the Seventh Census of the United States.<sup>1</sup> But whereas considerably less than one-half of the Americans came from the northeastern states, 85 per cent of the emigrant-architects were from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, with the seaboard states of Massachusetts and Maine alone accounting for one-third of their numbers. Probably in no field other than education has there been more justification for the hopes of that Harvard president who exhorted the Massachusetts gold seekers to go forth into the wilderness with the "Bible in one hand and your New England civilization in the other and make your mark upon the people and the country."<sup>2</sup>

Theodore H. Hittell's characterization of the California immigrant as "young, healthy, vigorous, and enterprising," is abundantly documented in the histories of the state's pioneer architects.<sup>3</sup> Statistically the immigrant-designer was a single man of twenty-five who spent several years in the mines and then settled down to three or four decades of professional practice in San Francisco, Sacramento, or the Santa Clara Valley. The spirit of adventure common to the Gold Rush architect is evident in the experiences of Matthew Teed, an English treasure seeker whose early Stockton practice was interrupted while he followed the lure of gold across New Mexico, to the slopes of Pike's Peak, and finally to Elk City, Washington.<sup>4</sup> The quality of improvisation equally necessary to the pioneer builder is demonstrated in the adventures of the Virginian Albert Snyder, who arrived in San Francisco in 1849 after several years spent in the study of architecture and painting in the course of which he begged his way through Italy, supported himself in Paris by the manufacture of flower bouquets, and argued his way out of a London jail into which he was thrown as a thief and a vagabond.<sup>5</sup>

What Captain Frank Marryat wrote of the San Franciscan at mid-century, that "in no other community so limited could one find so many well-informed and clever men—men of all nations, who add the advantages of travelling to natural abilities and a liberal education," was particularly applicable to the body of Gold Rush architects and separated them from the general American profession, whose standards were hardly distinguishable from the more advanced stages of carpentry.<sup>6</sup> For example, Albert Bennett, the Quaker minister's son who arrived in 1849 and did much of the early building in the gold towns, and later as state architect completed the Capitol at Sacramento, studied for three years in a New York office; the Massachusetts-born Henry W. Cleaveland, a disciple of Andrew Jackson Downing, and author himself of *Village and Farm Cottages*, brought to his California practice of the fifties and the sixties the advantages of European travel and eastern experience.<sup>7</sup> The New Yorker Gordon P. Cummings, who achieved an unrivaled reputation among native architects in the decades between the Gold Rush and the coming of the railroad, and Stephen H. Williams, whose Parrott Granite Block was the first great international building project in the West, are thought to have had extensive training in England and the eastern United States.<sup>8</sup>



Not all of the American architects in the Gold Rush were so unusually equipped. A number were members of the profession only by that generous extension of carpentry into the realm of design that was commonplace prior to the establishment of the American Institute of Architects. Typical of these early architect-builders were the New Englanders Albion Sweetser, who was trained in the craft by his father before he came overland in '49, and J. O. McKee, who picked up his trade as a ship's carpenter aboard a sailing vessel en route to the gold fields.<sup>9</sup> Charles Peck, one of the first architects known to have practiced in the mines, was the son of a building contractor in Buffalo, New York, and one of several brothers who made a family tradition of architectural construction.<sup>10</sup>

In the majority of known cases, however, the architects in the Gold Rush brought to their western practices not only a good measure of professional training, but often a background that included some major eastern commissions. A. A. Bennett designed Orion Academy in Montgomery, Alabama; the celebrated Reuben Clark of Maine, who planned the United States Marine Hospital in San Francisco in 1853, had the advantage of an earlier commission for the Mississippi state capitol to aid him in work on the statehouse at Sacramento in 1861-69.<sup>11</sup> Nathaniel Dudley Goodell, a Massachusetts farm boy, acquired an education in carpentry at Amherst, built the city hall at Belchertown, and an entire town of cotton mills and dwellings before the lure of gold brought him to Sacramento in 1849.<sup>12</sup> The New Englander Seth Babson, architect of the Charles Crocker and Leland Stanford mansions in the capital city, arrived in California with considerable building experience acquired at Newburyport, Massachusetts; Levi Goodrich, whose work ranged from adobe structures to the Neo-Classic Santa Clara County Courthouse, designed the residences of Edward Channing and Miss Catherine Sedgwick at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, before beginning his apprenticeship in the New York office of R. G. Hatfield.<sup>13</sup>

Except for the "great" Chinese architect who is alleged to have been brought over to supervise the construction of Parrott's Granite Block in San Francisco in 1852, there is no record of any activity by oriental designers in the last century.<sup>14</sup> How thoroughly the Chinese in the Gold Rush accepted American methods of construction is demonstrated in photographs of the old fishing village at Monterey, whose typically

shantytown buildings belie the fact that the inhabitants "burn tapers before their gods on the quay, and fish . . . in just such junks and small boats as may be seen at Hong-Kong and Canton."<sup>15</sup> The Joss House at Fiddletown was a crude brick building with a tin roof; that at Dutch Flat was an ugly adobe box constructed in the Spanish-Mexican manner. San Francisco's modern Chinatown, with its pagodas and authentic oriental character, is entirely the result of rebuilding after the Great Fire of 1906 and reflects nothing of the life of the pioneer Chinese, who adapted their cultural requirements to existing American architecture by the addition of elaborate balconies, paper or bronze lanterns, richly colored inscriptions, and rows of porcelain pots.<sup>16</sup>

Documentation regarding European architects in the Gold Rush is presently limited to eight designers, five of whom emigrated from the British Isles, two from Germany, and one from France. As Peter Portois, the most celebrated European builder in California in the fifties and sixties arrived after 1850, William Patton may be considered the best trained of the pioneer foreign-born architects. An associate of the English master and Gothicist Sir Gilbert Scott, Patton arrived in San Francisco in 1849, spent several years in the mines, and returned to the metropolis to design the first Starr King Church and the second Temple Emanu-El.<sup>17</sup> Patton's British colleagues included William Craine, co-founder of the San Francisco Architectural Society and collaborator with the Irishman Thomas England on Old St. Marys in 1853; the treasure-seeker Matthew Teed; and David Farquharson, architect of such famous old San Francisco landmarks as the Cosmopolitan Hotel and the Bank of California.<sup>18</sup>

Although German nationals were particularly active as builders on the west coast in the late fifties, their representation among Gold Rush architects is limited to John Apel and Victor Hoffman. Almost nothing is known of Apel, and even Hoffman, who acquired considerable fame after 1850, remains largely an enigma.<sup>19</sup> Hoffman's San Francisco work of the early fifties includes the small Romanesque structure erected on Washington Street for the Hungarian physician and patriot Louis J. Czapkay, the baroque Globe Hotel in old Chinatown, and the Naglee Building, a stucco-over-brick structure in the classical French style described by a nineteenth-century critic as a "very respectable piece of mid-century Parisian design."<sup>20</sup>

The influence of the French upon pioneer architecture in California is out of all proportion to their actual numbers. Though it is not positively known how many Frenchmen participated in the Gold Rush, they seem not to have been a major population factor and apparently seldom remained long in the state. By 1853, however, perhaps one-half of the French in California resided in San Francisco, and according to contemporary sources they shaped that city in a mold more French than any other American metropolis except New Orleans.<sup>21</sup>

Nonetheless, available knowledge of French-born architects in the Gold Rush is at present limited to Prosper Huerne, who reached San Francisco in 1850 after graduating from the State School of Arts and Crafts at Châlons and a period of service with the government as a designer of provincial railway stations, bridges, and depots. Huerne drew upon this practical training not only in the execution of many early and important California commissions, such as the Bella Union gambling hall on Portsmouth Square and the Pacific Sugar Refinery, but also in his work as technical executor for the construction schemes of Ferdinand de Lesseps at the Isthmus of Panama.<sup>22</sup>

But all of this belongs to the future. For despite the exceptional training and talent that many of the Gold Rush architects brought with them, preoccupation with mining, the extraordinarily high cost of construction, the constant pressure of immigration upon the negligible housing facilities of the isolated state, as well as the waste from fire, flood, and failure incident to the scramble for gold, reduced building in '49 and '50 to a question of mere shelter. And, though the California architectural flowering was only several years away, the Forty-Niners housed themselves in caves, brush arbors, blanket lean-tos, salvaged tents, wooden cabins, and at best, imported iron and frame houses.

Building costs in the period of the Gold Rush were as uncertain and inflationary as the price of an egg or a laundered shirt. Lumber sold as high as one dollar a square foot and bricks at one dollar apiece. In 1849-50 a simple one-story house of clapboard and shingles cost approximately \$15,000 to build; a timbered shed without floor or windows couldn't be constructed for less than \$800. And despite excessive prices, available building materials were often poor in quality and unsuited to the purpose for which they were contracted.<sup>23</sup>

In 1849 the average wage for labor in the mines was \$16 a day; in



1850 it was \$10. In the absence of any demand for the services of professional architects, Albion Sweetser and Nathaniel Goodell worked as carpenters in Sacramento at \$16-\$20 a day; similar talents brought only \$12 in San Francisco. This inequality between coastal and inland wages in the building trades precipitated the first industrial labor dispute in California: a strike of San Francisco carpenters and joiners in the winter of 1849 for wages equivalent to those prevailing at the mines. The temporary and unprofessional nature of the Gold Rush labor force is demonstrated in the vocational backgrounds of this group of thirty striking "carpenters," which included three ministers, two lawyers, three physicians, and six bookkeepers.<sup>24</sup>

The exorbitant building costs of the early gold era were naturally reflected in high rents and a minimum of space and privacy. In the winter of 1849 a two-story house in the mines rented for \$500 a month and a room for \$100; sleeping space in a San Francisco canvas or frame hotel, usually shared with a multitude of fleas and rats, was even higher than in the mines. The second story of the Parker House was leased to gamblers in 1849 for \$60,000; that same year a mercantile firm paid \$40,000 to rent a one-story shop with a twenty foot frontage on Montgomery Street. The Rev. James Wood, who preached his first sermon in Stockton in January, 1850, in a tattered tent, considered himself extremely fortunate in obtaining, for only \$100 a month, "a very slight frame, with shingle roof, and undressed plank floors."<sup>25</sup>

Such success as the pioneer builder might have in overcoming the uncertainties of a day-to-day labor force, violently fluctuating building costs, and material inadequacies, left him with only the most hazardous of investments. For the frame and canvas architecture of the Gold Rush proved to be "as inflammable as the temper of the inhabitants." Between 1849 and 1852, fire continually swept the pioneer communities, resulting in a total state property loss of more than \$65,000,000. San Francisco, which was burned repeatedly in this period, framed the state's first building ordinance after the heart of the tent city was destroyed in May, 1850. This measure, which prohibited the construction of cotton cloth structures, was the basis for an ordinance adopted by the San Jose town council in the same year forbidding the erection of canvas, willow, or cotton cloth buildings in the business district.<sup>26</sup>

Either the miner could not, or would not, provide himself with



proper housing. A description of Jacksonville in 1850 is given at length not only as it furnishes an architectural inventory of Gold Rush housing, but because it serves as well to catalogue the total inadequacy of pioneer standards of shelter, sanitation, and comfort:

As in every other settlement, the houses are of every possible variety . . . Most of these, even in winter, are tents. Some throw up logs a few feet high, filling up with clay between the logs. The tent is then stretched above, forming a roof. . . . Those who have more regard to their own comfort or health, erect log or stone houses, covering them with thatch or shingles. . . . Some comfortable wigwams are made of pine boughs thrown up in a conical form, and are quite dry. Many only spread a piece of canvas, or a blanket, over some stakes above them, while not a few make holes in the ground, where they burrow like foxes. The Mexicans and Chilinos put up rude frames which they cover with hides.<sup>27</sup>

This is obviously not architecture; it is hardly even housing. But when it is considered that 75 per cent of the state's population in 1850 was registered as engaged in mining, and presumably living under conditions such as Woods described, a somewhat more detailed consideration of the state of shelter in the Sierra communities is not irrelevant to an understanding of Gold Rush building.<sup>28</sup>

The desolation of the mining camps would be difficult to picture were it not the subject of recorded pioneer observation. Restored Columbia, with its tree-lined streets and solid brick buildings, represents the town as it was rebuilt after the fire of 1854, and obviously suggests nothing of that camp whose dwellings were described in 1851 as constructed of "shakes, mud and stone, clapboard and adobe . . . having the ground for a floor and a dried bullock's hide in place of a door."<sup>29</sup> Nor can there be found in any of the other well-publicized Sierra hamlets of today the slightest evidence of the improvised tents and plank hovels, "formed of pine boughs, and covered with old calico," of which Dame Shirley wrote in her letters of the same year.<sup>30</sup> An authentic picture of the shelters of the mountain camps can be pieced together only by turning from the latter-day romanticists to the stark and usually bitter pioneer records.

Generalizing about gold era mountain hamlets, Bancroft has written that "the picturesque faded fast as the foliage fringe round the white-peaked tents was reduced to shorn stumps, midst unsightly mounds of earth, despoiled river-beds, and denuded slopes."<sup>31</sup> Mrs. Royce described the buildings of one mining camp in 1849 as "tents and cloth

houses . . . occasionally a shanty, half logs and half boards, and one or two very inferior board houses."<sup>32</sup> A pioneer El Dorado physician found Sonora, the leading gold town in 1850, a jumble of flimsy shacks without a single chimney or proper fireplace; contemporary records of Auburn and Nevada City picture the buildings of these communities as a mixture of frame houses, dingy canvas shacks, and log cabins.<sup>33</sup> Borthwick's somewhat later sketch of the buildings of Mokelumne Hill as largely "skeletons clothed in dirty rags of canvas" is typical enough to be final.<sup>34</sup>

The dismal state of Gold Rush architecture was in part a result of the seasonal nature of placer mining and the confidence of the miners that they would win fortunes before winter dampened their hastily improvised shelters. And if disappointment in this respect was general, large numbers of adventurers did retreat to lower elevations with the advent of the first winter storms and the flooding of the mines and sluices. It can be assumed that at least a number of those who remained to fret out a mountain winter in sickness, loneliness, and discomfort replaced their temporary caves, arbors, and tents with some kind of timbered shacks.

The term "log cabin," which is frequently used by pioneer chroniclers to describe the Sierra shelters of the gold era, is a misnomer if the famous frontier house is considered the prototype. For though what is said to have been the "first log cabin" in Tuolumne County was made of stripped young pine trunks, and genuine frontier cabins with mud chinked walls, such as those put up in 1849 by Alonzo Delano on the South Fork of the Feather River and Lucius Fairchild at Big Bar, were occasionally met with in the mountain camps, the miners generally constructed their dwellings of split planks with a shake roof. That the miner's shelter was sometimes nothing more than a kind of timbered lean-to is evident from the huts constructed near Jackson in 1849 with walls and roofs of rough slabs with the bark left on the outer side and a split log for a door. The George Perkins cabin, reconstructed for the California Midwinter Fair in San Francisco in 1893, is probably typical of the Gold Rush "log house" whose floor was generally the earth of the site and its fireplace a heap of stones piled in the corner.<sup>35</sup>

Urban construction in Gold Rush California did not differ significantly from that in the mining communities. San Francisco, "a bawdy,

bustling, bedlam of mud holes and shanties," is pictured by contemporary writers as an ugly crescent of Mexican adobes, frame structures imported in sections from New England, a smaller number of iron houses shipped from Europe and Asia, and a mass of canvas tents and shanties; Sacramento was a sprawling village of two score frame buildings, three hundred cloth houses, and several campfires under the trees.<sup>36</sup> Here in 1849 A. C. Sweetser undertook some of the earliest professional building in the territory by using willow poles for structural parts and canvas and tarred paper for roofing and wall coverings. It is probable that Sweetser also constructed the long-remembered "Round Tent," whose attractions were listed by one scandalized Forty-Niner as an enormous bar and a collection of obscene pictures in an atmosphere whose "naked, unmasked depravity" could be pictured only by the pen of a Cruikshank.<sup>37</sup>

The rapidity with which the Gold Rush towns changed their architectural character, however, makes any generalization regarding pioneer urban building, even from month to month, exceedingly hazardous. A traveler in December, 1849, noted that "of all the marvelous phases of the history of the present," that which will most tax the belief of the future will be the fantastic growth of San Francisco.<sup>38</sup> In that community in the summer of 1849 the only important buildings were an adobe city hall and customhouse, a brick structure on the corner of Washington and Powell Streets, a public hospital, the two-story Parker House, and the El Dorado, a celebrated gambling den located in a tent on Portsmouth Square. By autumn of the same year a visitor reported building proceeding at the rate of one hundred structures a month, the most important of which was the brick building erected by William Heath Davis of materials brought from Boston and leased to the government for \$36,000 a year.<sup>39</sup>

The flamboyant nature of public life in the mining communities has been the subject of many pioneer journals and reminiscences. And it is undeniable that the architectural glories of the Gold Rush towns were their gambling halls and saloons and not the occasional brick warehouse or frame church. The change in character of these places of masculine pleasure was recorded by a literate miner in a diary entry from San Francisco in October, 1849, in which the fog-soaked canvas halls of an earlier summer visit are contrasted with the "magnificent saloons"

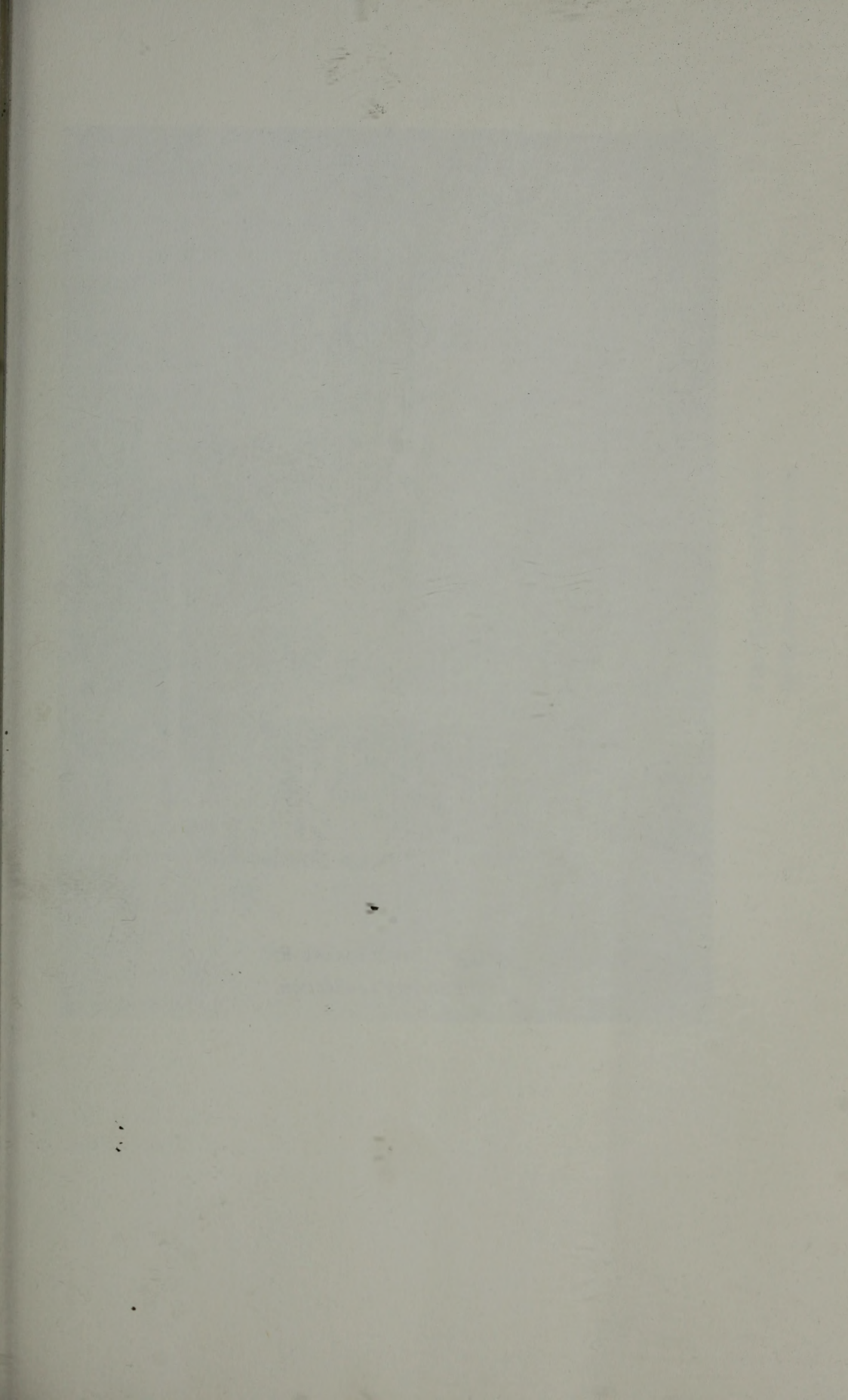


replete with wine, entertainment and paintings "by the most accomplished and able professors of the art . . . such as my pen may not describe."<sup>40</sup> Fortunately, a scene such as this was captured by the pen of the British artist Frank Marryat, and the result is a delightful sketch of a metropolitan gambling hall in which pleasure-bent and bearded miners, sombreroed Mexicans, and quaintly garbed Chinese gamble and drink in outlandish contrast to gilt worked ceilings, glass and mirrored columns, and enormous French paintings of female nudity.<sup>41</sup>

In combatting material shortages and building costs, the Californians exhibited a talent for architectural improvisation typical of the exuberant spirit of the Gold Rush. In the winter of 1849-50, when fifty inches of rain are said to have fallen on San Francisco and floods had reduced Sacramento to an isolated "Venetian Lagoon," a sidewalk of flour sacks, cooking stoves, tobacco boxes, and pianos was laid out on the west side of Montgomery Street between Clay and Jackson. This extraordinary walk, over which it was necessary to pick a path with extreme care because some of the stove covers were missing, was duplicated occasionally in the foundations of Gold Rush buildings. In 1849 a house was erected on the mud flats at Jackson Street in San Francisco having large boxes of Virginia tobacco for a foundation instead of the usual wooden piles. Before the building was completed, however, a fluctuation in the market price of tobacco made the foundations more valuable than the entire structure.<sup>42</sup>

At Yerba Buena in 1847, Emmanuel Russ erected one of the first California hotels out of planks salvaged from ship's bunks. Two years later, the city hall of Stockton was lodged in an "unpretending brig" with the poop-deck serving as court room, the hold converted into a prison, and the forecastle fitted up as a hospital. By 1849 enterprising builders had turned to the hundreds of deserted ships lying in the bay of San Francisco for living space and building materials. In August of that year the brig *Euphemia* was purchased by the city fathers and converted into a jail; the store-ship *Apollo* was floated to a pier and reconstructed as a saloon and lodging house. Among other vessels eventually embedded in the mud flats as living quarters was the *Niantic*, subsequently the famous Ship Hotel, which at the time it was sketched by Frank Marryat in 1850 had been converted into a two-story clapboard structure roofed with shingles.<sup>43</sup>

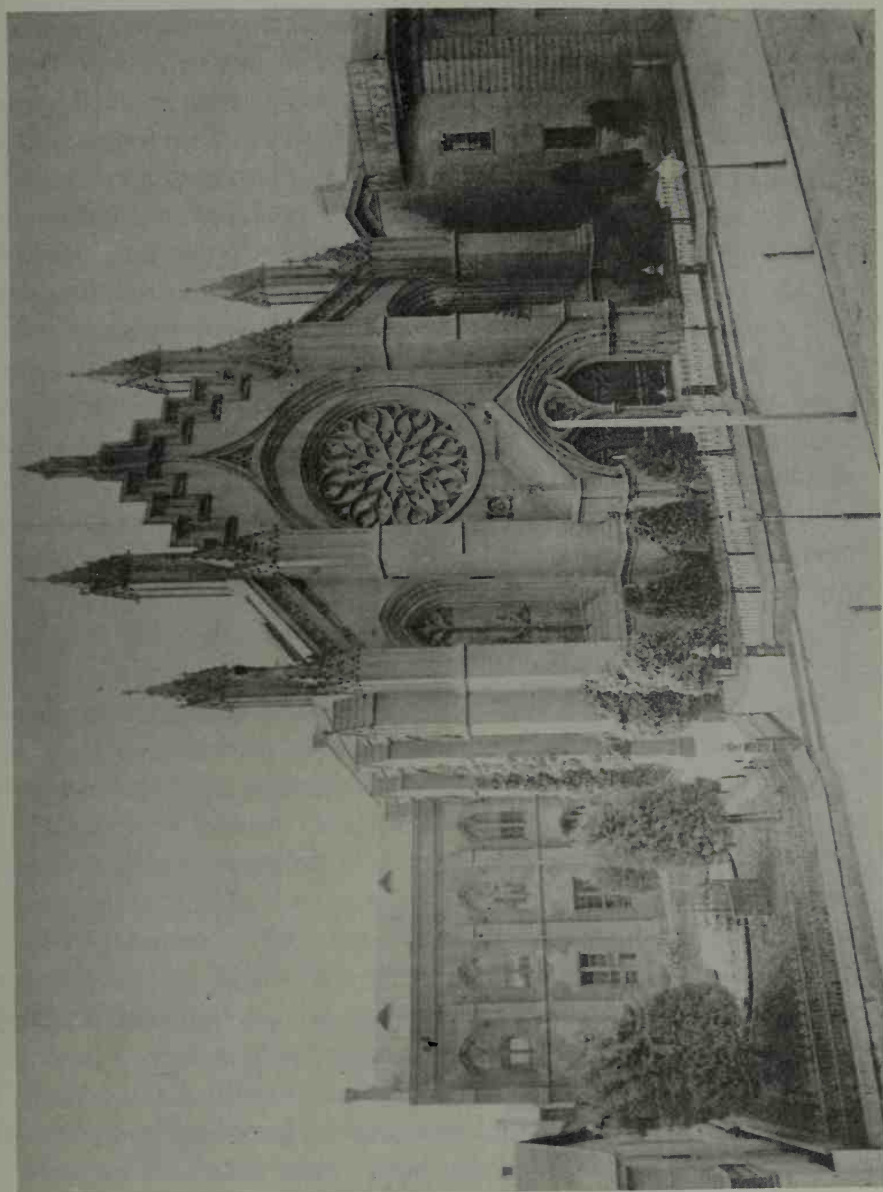






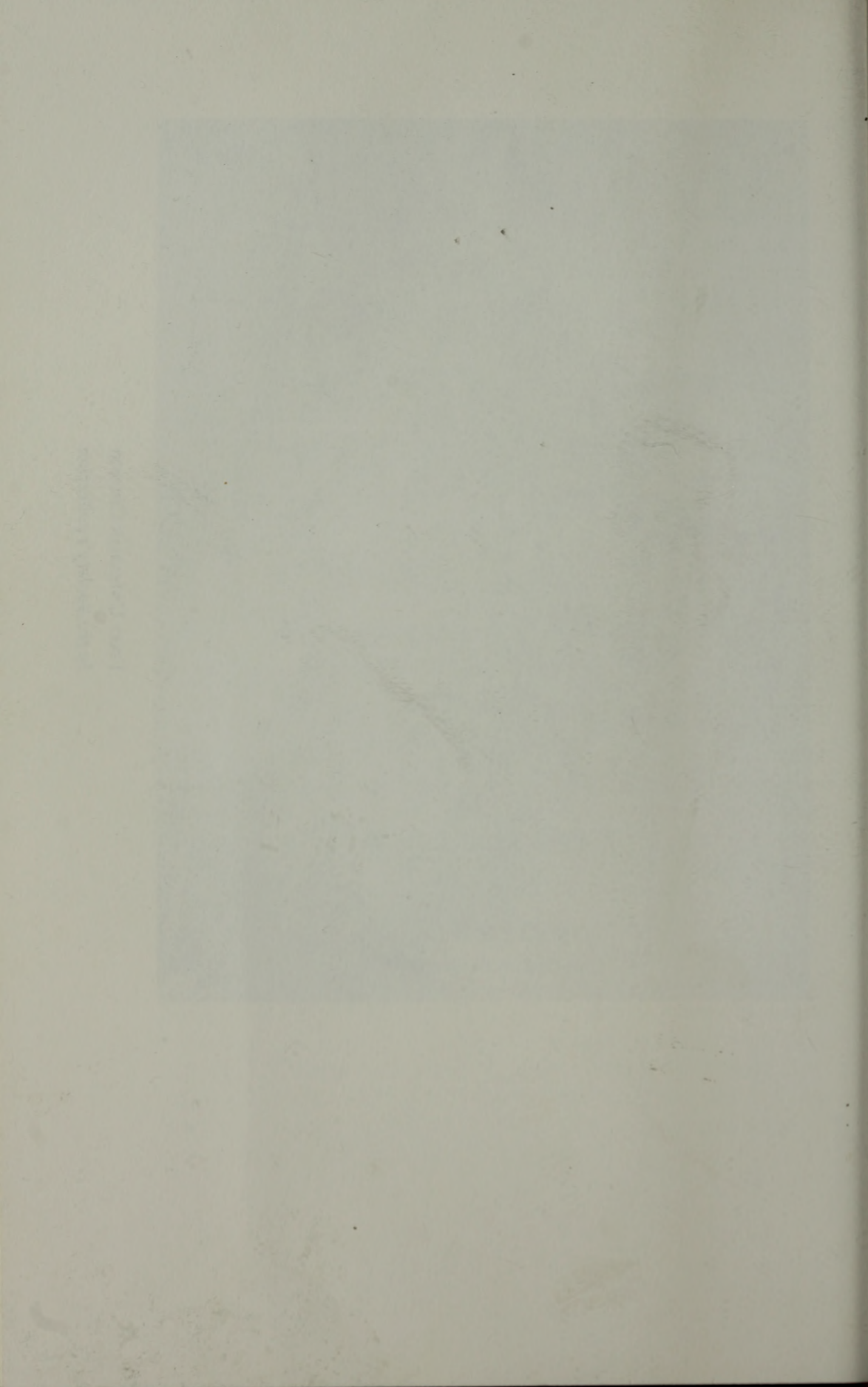
SECOND TEMPLE EMANU-EL

*In the Society's collection*



FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH  
*In the Society's collection*







Among the notable architectural novelties resorted to in the desperate search for living space were prefabricated sheet metal buildings imported from all parts of Europe and Asia. Iron houses and warehouses manufactured by E. T. Bellhouse of Manchester and John Walker of London were imported to California in numbers in 1849. The forty corrugated iron buildings of English origin then reported from San Francisco, a dozen of which are said to have been the property of the early millionaire James Lick, were presumably from these manufacturers. In the autumn of 1849, Taylor claimed to have seen seventy-five prefabricated iron houses which were imported from Canton and erected in California by Chinese carpenters. The Forty-Niner James Barnes recalled putting up several one-room iron houses in Sacramento in November, 1850, and another in the immediate neighborhood in the following year; in Los Angeles the one recorded iron house was of English origin and stood at the corner of Court and Spring Streets.<sup>44</sup>

The number of prefabricated frame structures alleged to have been erected in the urban and mountain communities during the gold era is the subject of the most exaggerated speculation. It seems certain that the largest single order for frame structures was a shipment of twenty-five prefabricated houses which arrived in San Francisco from Boston in November, 1849, aboard the *Oxnard*. These houses were consigned to the merchant William Howard, who sold a dozen of them to Captain Joseph L. Folsom, a number of which were eventually set up on Mission Street near Third. In the summer of 1850 William Heath Davis purchased eight or ten prefabricated buildings from the cargo of the *Cybell*, out of Portland, Maine. Somewhat later, Commodore Robert Field Stockton imported ten frame houses and erected them in Alameda Gardens, a residential subdivision near San Jose. A historian of San Francisco in the fifties records the existence of more than fifty such frame houses, "mustered in sections and fitted in Boston."<sup>45</sup>

Many of the frame houses imported into San Francisco were consigned for ultimate shipment to inland communities and isolated mountain hamlets. The first recorded dwellings in Stockton and Marysville were clapboard houses which arrived from the metropolis by river steamer after a sea journey around South America; one of the earliest frame structures in Sacramento was a substantial "Gothic cottage" trimmed with wooden scroll work and set up on L Street by a pioneer

physician. Perhaps the most ambitious of these imported frames was the Yankee-fitted mansion assembled by Samuel Brannan in 1849 on the banks of the Feather River near Nicolaus, which local tradition credits with eight rooms and a winding staircase. Some of the difficulties incident to setting up an imported wooden house in the interior are recounted in the memoirs of the Swiss emigrant Heinrich Lienhard, who accepted as payment for a \$2,000 debt a frame house measuring 24 x 25 feet. Before his house was habitable, however, Lienhard paid a freight bill of \$1,200 to have the parts floated up the Feather River, engaged a pair of Yankee carpenters at \$600 to assemble the frame, and was forced to purchase additional materials worth \$800. When finally completed, the two-room structure cost its bewildered owner \$4,600.<sup>46</sup>

Typically New England in style and construction, the imported frame buildings of Gold Rush California were invariably painted white with green shutters. The clapboard houses which Howard erected south of Market Street in San Francisco had peaked shingled roofs trimmed under the eaves with Gothic drippings and porches adorned with turned wooden balustrades. One of the houses purchased by Davis, and shipped to San Diego for his own residence, was a fair specimen of the symmetrical, colonial frame house which was the American archetype in California until after the Civil War. It is possible that Judge Burritt's San Francisco house, described by Barry and Patten in 1851 as "a sweet bit of our old home spirited across the continent," was another of Davis' imported Maine frames.<sup>47</sup>

The Parker House, erected in San Francisco in 1849, was either constructed of sections shipped from the east coast or pieced together from imported materials. If the latter case is true, it is probably the work of Levi Goodrich, who is credited with the first work wrought in San Francisco by a professional architect. At any rate, something of the impatient and grandiose building conceptions of the Gold Rush are illustrated in the construction of this famous old hostelry, whose owners, when they discovered that the glass ordered for the windows was improperly cut, refused to reduce the size of the apertures and instead dispatched a fast-sailing vessel to the Sandwich Islands for accurately measured glass.<sup>48</sup>

The religious congregations in Gold Rush California were housed in

Yankee frame structures that differed neither in style nor construction from the more numerous sea-borne secular buildings. The era of worship under canvas, when the Baptists of San Francisco met beneath a roof made from old ship's sails, and the Presbyterians crowded into a tent which formerly served as the marquee of a Massachusetts military company, merged quickly into one of prefabricated frame buildings. In 1849 the Methodist-Episcopal congregation of San Francisco was sheltered in a small frame structure shipped from Oregon; one Roman Catholic body met in a timbered house on Vallejo Street; and the Baptists gathered in a primitive clapboard and shingled house on Washington St. In the summer of 1850 the Methodists in Nevada City put up a frame church, and the same year the San Francisco Presbyterians replaced their tent with a "neat Gothic edifice" designed and built in New York by J. Coleman Hart.<sup>49</sup>

Such was the state of building in California in 1849 and 1850. As architecture it has no importance other than as a catalogue of frontier housing. And yet the Gold Rush remains the single most significant factor in the development of California architecture, not because of the enormous wealth extracted from the Sierra deposits but rather because of the nature of its pioneer immigration. How quickly the architects who came for gold in 1849 and 1850 found professional employment is evident in the fact that in the year immediately following the Gold Rush San Franciscans could boast of their city hall (originally the Jenny Lind Theater), a handsome classic structure of yellow sandstone imported from Australia, and the United States Customhouse and Post Office, constructed in brick and granite in the manner of the federal office buildings in Washington by the Bostonian Gridley Bryant. It was inevitable that in a new, rich, progressive, and international society important architectural advances would take place. And with the decline of gold production in 1853 and the spread of farms and orchards over the mine-scarred foothills and the founding of mills and factories in the former gold towns the great era of California building began. This first flowering of western architecture in the several decades following the discovery of gold resulted from the nature of pioneer immigration and was the cultural compensation for the turbulence, disappointment, and waste of the Gold Rush.



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# Frederic Hall

By KENNETH M. JOHNSON

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FREDERIC HALL, now known chiefly for his *History of San Jose*, is both a fascinating and exasperating subject; fascinating because he participated directly in many of the most interesting developments during the first fifty years of California's statehood and exasperating because he left so few traces. Clyde Arbuckle, secretary of the San Jose Historic Landmarks Commission, in reply to a request for information, made the following remarks which are certainly applicable:

Maybe we can both sum up our feelings toward Frederic Hall with a quotation from Charles Kelly's *Old Greenwood*. 'His name occurs so infrequently that no historian has seen fit to attempt a story of his life; yet wherever he is mentioned one glimpses a most unusual character, creating a desire to know more of him.'<sup>1</sup>

Lawyers usually leave an ample record for posterity; however Hall avoided all of the bench-and-bar mugbooks that were issued during the latter part of the nineteenth century. No mention of him is found in the various works of Oscar T. Shuck, the historian of the California bar. Although eligible, Hall did not join any of the pioneer organizations that were formed rather early in California. This lack of recorded notice is rather strange since Hall had an extensive acquaintance with the prominent people of the period. Hall's surviving daughter, Mrs. Rollo R. Millar of San Francisco (without whose help this article could not have been written), states that Stephen J. Field always had dinner with the Hall family when in San Francisco. However Hall cannot be blamed too much for this lack of a record; from his youth he kept a diary in which he daily recorded his own activities and also comments on the events of his time. This diary, along with other papers, was destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906. Also destroyed was his large library, rich in Spanish and Mexican source material for the history of California. We know also that Hall was a prolific letter writer but search in libraries on both the east and west coasts, as well as advertising, have failed to locate any collection of his letters.



Frederic Hall was born into a well-to-do family of Rutland, Vermont, on October 16, 1825.<sup>2</sup> His father was William Hall, who was Probate Judge for Rutland County and earlier had been State School Commissioner. The family was large—six sons and six daughters—and Frederic was the youngest child. All of the boys except Frederic went to Amherst College. One brother, Henry, was also a lawyer and was the author of a biography of Ethan Allen.

After graduation from high school Frederic felt a desire to earn his own money and to roam. He worked as a clerk in Walpole, New Hampshire (1844), in Canton, Massachusetts (1847), and in New Orleans (1848). New Orleans was and still is a favorite port of entry for Latin Americans and Hall soon picked up a working knowledge of Spanish, the first of four foreign languages with which he was to become familiar. Hall's work was in an import-export house which did considerable business with Mexico and he soon made the acquaintance of a wealthy resident of Mexico City who asked him to come to Mexico as a tutor for his son. Hall accepted and after the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848 sailed for Vera Cruz, arriving shortly thereafter in Mexico City to begin his duties as tutor.

We know very little of this period of Hall's life. In 1849 the news of the gold discovery in California reached Mexico City and caused as much interest there as elsewhere. Hall and his student and one or two other young men decided to go to California to see for themselves. Instead of taking the usual route to Mazatlán and from there by ship to California, they decided to go by mule and pack-train over the long trail north. Two Indians were taken as packers and guides and the long trip was started in April or May. The route was through Querétaro, Zacatecas, Torreón, Chihuahua, Tucson, and the Gila river; from there the party continued west and reached the Pacific coast in the late fall of 1849. Hall's daughter recalls stories of the trip and the difficulties encountered in finding feed and water.<sup>3</sup>

In December of 1849 Hall was in Monterey and discovered that money could be made much more surely through business than at mining. Wages were high and a person of Hall's training could and did earn as high as twenty-five dollars a day. This was a fabulous amount for a young man in his twenties and he made the most of it. Hall next went to San Jose where he was to remain for twenty odd years and

attain wealth. It was at San Jose that Hall saw the possibilities of acquiring land and visualized clearly the place of the lawyer in the land problems which were developing.

During the first session of the legislature Hall was in San Jose and in his *History of San Jose* gives an excellent picture of the times. He looked back at them with a touch of nostalgia:

How many thousand upon thousand of times has the expression 'The Winter of 'Forty-nine and the Spring of 'Fifty,' fell from the lips of Californians? And how many whose fortune, ill or good, it was to have been in California during that period, do not now recount those by-gone scenes, as though they had their existence in a dream land.<sup>4</sup>

Hall studied law and became interested in land and cattle. In later years he never mentioned having studied with anyone and the presumption is that he prepared himself for the bar. He was admitted to practice before what was then known as the District Courts, and was admitted to practice before the State Supreme Court on March 6, 1852.<sup>5</sup> The person moving for his admission was Elisha O. Crosby.<sup>6</sup>

Hall's career as an attorney was somewhat unusual; he accepted few cases directly from the public but was associated with other attorneys from time to time in cases where his special knowledge was desired. His particular field was land law, in which he was recognized as a specialist. In a sense he was a lawyer's lawyer. During this early period he appears to have been associated in various cases with William T. Wallace (later Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court), John H. Moore (second District Attorney of Santa Clara County and later a judge), Craven P. Hester, A. P. Crittenden, Calhoun Benham, and Parker H. French; somewhat later there was an association with the famous Delphin M. Delmas.

In the *Rutland Herald* for October 30, 1851, there is a long letter from Frederic Hall dated September 12, 1851, in which he reviews the political situation in California, particularly as to the gubernatorial contest between John Bigler and Pearson B. Reading, and the general problems of the state. Following are extracts from this letter:

... The result of our election is not such as the Whigs expected. We expected to see Maj. Reading (Whig candidate for Gov.) to be elected by a large majority, but we have been disappointed. As yet we do not know who is elected. It will be a very even election, not more probably than a thousand majority either way.<sup>7</sup> Many think that there is no doubt of Bigler's election, Democratic candidate for

Gov. I think to-day's returns show more favorable to Reading; but they run so close no one wants to bet much on either side. Bigler traveled through the mining districts and conversed with every one he saw, thereby gaining many friends and votes. Major Reading's health was such that he was unable to travel as he wished to have done. Many of the miners being willing to vote for what they called a 'clever fellow' voted for Bigler because they had seen him and thought they had better vote for one they had seen than one they knew nothing about.

... Maj. Reading is a gentleman much esteemed by all who know him; he has been in this county about five years; and is noted for his hospitality to those that have arrived here penniless. He has a large *rancho* (farm,) and never sold any produce from it until this year, but has given thousands away.

Mr. Bigler is a man that has many friends, but they do not live about this valley of Santa Clara. He was speaker of the House of Assembly, in the last Legislature, and at the commencement of the session gave his word and honor to the members from this county that he would vote to have the Capitol remain here at San Jose, but he did say San Jose *nary time*, but Vallejo *all the time*.

... The question which now seems most to agitate the minds of the people in the southern part of this State is, a division of the State. They have well founded objections to remaining as they now are. They support the State Government, and yet, the northern part controls, having a greater population, that are continually changing their places of abode, caring nothing for the government of the State—only for the gold which they dig. They pay no taxes comparatively speaking and many vote who are not entitled so to do. I am satisfied were it divided that all would receive a benefit from it; and if a statement of facts should be laid before Congress, whenever California shall apply there for a division, that she will meet with no opposition.

There is to be a convention held at Monterey on the 15th inst. for the purpose of taking into consideration what steps are requisite to pursue in order to succeed in obtaining a division. This convention was called merely by request of the citizens of the southern part of the state.

There are a great many things that California wants—she is, it is true, a young state, but with all the wants of an old one. We want a mint here—we want the much talked about Railroad through the Rocky Mountains—and most of all just now, the Commissioners to settle the land claims. The non appearance of that board has been a great draw-back to California. No one wishes to purchase land until he can ascertain what he is getting for his money.<sup>8</sup>

As suggested in the above letter, Hall was interested in keeping the capital at San Jose. The entire story of the "Revolving Capital"—San Jose—Vallejo—Benicia—Sacramento—is too long even to be summarized here; however the story of Hall would not be complete without considering his participation in it. To begin with there was a provision in the Constitution of 1849 reading as follows:

... the first session of the Legislature shall be held at the Pueblo de San Jose,



which place shall be the permanent Seat of Government until removed by law; provided however that two-thirds of all the members elected to each house of the Legislature shall concur in the passage of such law.

In the first session of the Legislature in 1849-50 the question of the permanent seat of government was debated at great length. In nearly every contemporaneous report of this session there is a suggestion of bribery and that the capital was for sale to the highest bidder.<sup>9</sup> The legislators decided to pass the buck and called a special election in October, 1850, for the purpose of determining a permanent capital. Twenty-one places were proposed. Vallejo won with 7,477 votes; San Jose was next with 1,292.<sup>10</sup> All in all, there was a rather strange lack of interest in the subject. The total vote was 10,869 and no location other than Vallejo and San Jose got as many as 700 votes. Long's Bar, Nicolaus, Stuart's Bar, Marysville, and Trinidad City each received one vote.

The legislature in 1851 by a two-thirds vote decided to move to Vallejo contingent upon General M. G. Vallejo's providing land and certain facilities in accordance with an offer he had made. The conditions were not fulfilled and the Legislature subsequently moved the seat of government to Benicia and finally to Sacramento. None of these later moves was by a two-thirds majority. At that time the Supreme Court was required by law to be at the capital and the court by administrative action determined that in view of the foregoing the capital was legally at San Jose. Nothing was done in response to this determination and Hall and Parker H. French instituted a mandamus action to compel the various state departments to move to San Jose. In the District Court (at San Jose) before Judge Hester they were successful; however the case was appealed to the Supreme Court and that court reversed its earlier views and the decision of the District Court.<sup>11</sup> The Supreme Court, with Justice Heydenfeldt dissenting, held that the requirement of a two-thirds vote applied only to the first removal. By any standard of statutory construction Hall was correct but political pressures were too strong.

In the early fifties the questions pertaining to pueblo lands occupied the time and minds of many lawyers and Hall was in this group. He participated in the famous case of *Isaac Branham et al v. The Mayor and Common Council of San Jose*,<sup>12</sup> which involved both pueblo lands and the state capital. The case is treated at length by Hall along with the pueblo lands question in his *History of San Jose*.



Along with a developing knowledge of land law, Hall was acquiring land and cattle. He appears to have become very wealthy in a rather short time. In this he resembled another lawyer from Vermont, Frederick Billings of the famous early law firm of Halleck, Peachy, and Billings. Hall's principal holdings were in the eastern foothills in Santa Clara County, where Hall's Valley still perpetuates his name. One of his early holdings was an interest in the Rancho Cañada de Pala, a Mexican grant to José Jesús, José Antonio, and Juan Bernal. In connection with this rancho there is a rather interesting case known as *Hall v. Yoell et al.* In this case Hall brought an action for partition. The principal issue was whether an oral grant accompanied by possession was valid under Mexican law; Hall's title depended upon this. Hall acted as his own attorney and prevailed.<sup>13</sup>

In 1858 Hall went to Washington, D. C., in connection with the defense of John A. Sutter's land claims before the United States Supreme Court. This led to his admission to that court on March 7, 1859.<sup>14</sup> On his return to San Jose he again engaged in land operations, cattle raising, and the practice of law. Although Hall was badly hit by the drouth of 1863-64 and lost many cattle and sold others for practically nothing, he continued to prosper and individually or with others held approximately 9,000 acres.<sup>15</sup> California had been good to the young Yankee from Vermont.

One of Hall's clients was Ben Holladay, the stage and railroad magnate. Among Holladay's interests were certain silver mines in the State of San Luis Potosí, Mexico. Because of his knowledge of the Spanish language and his familiarity with Mexican mining and real estate law, Hall was selected to go to Mexico and make an investigation. The year was 1867, when the fantastic and tragic Maximilian episode was drawing to a close. There was active fighting north of Mexico City, but Hall felt that with his knowledge of the country and of the language he would have no trouble, and left in the early part of 1867 for Mexico.

Hall was in San Luis Potosí on May 15, 1867, when Maximilian was captured by General Mariano Escobedo at Querétaro, a hundred or so miles to the south. In some manner that is not entirely clear it was made known to Hall that the Emperor could use his services and on May 28th Hall left San Luis Potosí arriving in Querétaro at about 5 p.m. the following day. Maximilian was at that time imprisoned in the Capuchin

convent and Hall was immediately summoned. One story of the meeting is as follows:

Princess Salm-Salm had meanwhile ferreted out an American lawyer, Mr. Frederic Hall, who longed to champion Maximilian's cause. Almost at once Hall arrived on the scene, armed with a tome of Henry Wheaton's *History of the Law of Nations*, wherewith he planned to confound the authorities at Queretaro. As he entered the Capuchin Convent the diffident and professorial attorney noticed that, doubtless due to the extreme heat, the guards had relaxed their vigilance. The Emperor, the two generals and Felix [Salm-Salm], whose left foot was bandaged, sat in the cool corridor playing dominoes. Hall introduced himself, whereupon Mejia immediately counted out a set of stones for him, while Salm and Miramon made room on the tiled floor between them. All smiled sheepishly.

'This is a stupid game, sir,' said Maximilian, 'but won't you join?'

Hall did. They played for an hour, talking the while of escape. The princess had money and she was bribing everyone in sight.<sup>16</sup>

Maximilian I, Emperor of Mexico, brother of Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria—Hall was impressed. It was decided that the defense of Maximilian would be divided into two parts. Hall and Jesús M. Vázquez would work out the legal defenses while others would work out political approaches and appeals to the sympathy of Benito Juarez. Hall went to work and prepared a lengthy brief setting forth the reasons why Maximilian should be permitted to leave the country with his entourage. During this period Hall and Maximilian became very friendly and Hall asked for an autographed photo. Maximilian agreed but asked Hall for his autographed picture, too, and autographed photos were exchanged.<sup>17</sup>

On June 7 General Escobedo told Hall that all foreigners must leave the city. Hall communicated this information to Maximilian, who requested that Hall remain during the trial. Hall went to Escobedo and stated that as counsel for Maximilian he should be permitted to stay. Escobedo replied, "Foreigners cannot practice in our courts." On June 9th Hall left for Tacubaya, a suburb of Mexico City, and on June 19, 1867, Maximilian was executed.<sup>18</sup>

Hall realized that he had participated in a historical event and he immediately started to write a summary of the Maximilian story. He left Mexico via Vera Cruz and returned for a short visit to Rutland. Here he finished his book on Mexico and Maximilian, which was published in New York in the early part of 1868. Hall was the first to report the detail of the close of the reign of Maximilian.

Hall had promised to give to Franz Joseph the details surrounding the capture and execution of his brother and after a short stay in Rutland departed for Europe. Here he met the Emperor of Austria and was given letters to other rulers in Europe including the King of England. After what might be called a Grand Tour Hall returned to California. This trip was expensive in more ways than one; Hall had left his affairs in the hands of agents and they had not done so well. Some rather heavy mortgages were necessary to correct the situation.

Upon his return to San Jose, Hall commenced *The History of San Jose*, his second major literary effort. This was published by A. L. Bancroft & Company, San Francisco, in 1871. The history is a thoroughly creditable work and no subsequent history of the area can be written without reference to it. Hall was familiar with the pre-statehood records and made excellent use of them. After 1849 Hall was an observer and participant in the matters he records. Time, of course, has indicated a few errors; however the history's merits far outweigh its flaws. The work is truly source material for the time and area.

Shortly after the publication of the history Hall moved his residence to San Francisco. Here he continued to practice law in a consultative and advisory capacity. In 1875 he was a candidate for a District Court Judgeship in San Francisco, but was not elected. On July 4, 1876, he returned to San Jose for its Centennial Celebration and was the orator of the day.<sup>19</sup>

The year 1877 was rather an important one for Hall. On March 8, 1877, at the age of 51, he married Imogene Nicholls at Trinity Episcopal Church in San Francisco. William T. Wallace, his old friend, now Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court, gave the bride away. The bride was the daughter of John S. Nicholls, prominent in the volunteer fire companies of early San Francisco, and niece of Silas Wright, a United States Senator from New York. Imogene was in her early twenties and as can be imagined there was some comment about the marriage. The bride's mother later lived with the family and Hall's daughter has remarked that it was amusing to have a grandmother younger than her father. Of this marriage there were three children. One died in infancy; a son, Norman W. Hall, died in his thirties; and a daughter, Evelyn, above referred to, survives in San Francisco. There are no grandchildren.



During the 'seventies Hall, along with many others, suffered from the depression which reached its climax during the latter part of the decade. Securities fell in value and foreclosure proceedings were instituted against some of Hall's properties and he was forced to sell others. Fortunately an opportunity arose that was custom-tailored for Hall. In 1880 the same group of capitalists that had started the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad formed the Ferrocarril Central Mexicano under the laws of Massachusetts.<sup>20</sup> This railroad was originally planned to connect El Paso, Texas, with Mexico City. The promoters had been able to secure certain concessions from the Mexican Government and someone was needed who could guide the new company through the intricacies of Mexican law and politics. Hall was the person selected for this post and with his wife went to Mexico City, where he stayed for approximately four years. Thus Hall in a sense proved General Escobedo wrong; a foreigner could practice law in Mexico.

A busy four years were spent in Mexico. Hall was instrumental in drafting legislation designed to assist the new corporation and was present during the critical construction period of the "Central," which became Mexico's greatest railroad. Governmental relations, contracts, labor problems, and financing all passed over Hall's desk. Hall could not help but become an expert in current Mexican law. The volume which he began at this time was to become (when completed in 1884 on his return to California) the most extensive treatment in English of Mexican laws that had yet appeared.<sup>21</sup> It was particularly valuable in that it contained, in addition to legislation, many decrees and orders having the force of law and not heretofore gathered in a single volume. The work is still valuable as a statement of Mexican law of the period.

Upon his return to California Hall located in Los Angeles and again engaged in the practice of law. His early large land and cattle holdings were by this time gone. The Southern Pacific had extended into Mexico and Hall was from time to time called on for advice. He was also a consultant in what was known as the Blythe Estate litigation, which was in the California courts for years. The case had all the elements of courtroom drama, a multi-millionaire descendant who had lived under an assumed name, a tremendous fortune, an illegitimate daughter resident in a foreign country, and a host of claimants.<sup>22</sup> The California Supreme Court in considering this case said:

The case is most important from any view. The defendants claiming to be kindred are numbered by the hundred, many of them represented by separate counsel of great ability and experience in the law; the property interests involved are very large; the trial in the *nisi prius* court extended continuously through the greater portion of a year; the facts are novel and the principles of law applicable many and varied.<sup>23</sup>

The early 'nineties were certainly not so prosperous for Hall. He wrote several little booklets on the mining and corporation laws of the State of California. These were small paper-bound books which set forth the statutes and summarized decisions. They were published by J. Bell of Los Angeles and sold at prices of from twenty-five to thirty cents.

Hall decided that there should be a place for him in the government and approached his old friend, Stephen M. White, then United States Senator from California. On November 6, 1895, White wrote to President Grover Cleveland from Los Angeles as follows:

Mr. Frederic Hall a resident of this city, is desirous of obtaining some position under the government at Washington.

I have known Mr. Hall for many years. He is a gentleman of high standing as a lawyer, a man of culture and the author of several works—among them 'Hall's Mexican Law.' He is a good democrat, and capable of holding any position under the government.

I respectfully solicit that a place be given to him. He would like some place in the land department.<sup>24</sup>

Apparently nothing came of the above but in 1898 Hall obtained an appointment in the office of the U. S. Surveyor General as keeper of the pre-statehood archives in San Francisco. This was an appointment for which he was certainly qualified, but he did not hold the position long, as he died of a heart attack the day after Christmas in 1898.

In conclusion it may be said that Frederic Hall was a scholar as well as a lawyer and business man. As reflected in his works he appears reserved and somewhat austere; however it is clear that he numbered among his friends the leading men of the period and his estate contained from forty to fifty thousand dollars in promissory notes representing loans to friends, all of which proved uncollectible.

NOTES

1. Personal communication to the author. The reference is to Kelly, Charles, *Old Greenwood* (Salt Lake City, 1926).
2. The basic facts of Hall's birth, career, marriage, and death have been taken from obituaries appearing in the *San Francisco Examiner* on December 27, 1898, and in the *San Jose Mercury* of December 28, 1898. Substantially similar information was found in a manuscript note in the files of the Vermont Historical Society at Montpelier and in a written statement given the writer by Hall's surviving daughter, Mrs. Rollo R. Millar of San Francisco. A great deal of additional information has been obtained through several conversations with Mrs. Millar; although she was quite young when her father died his career was a matter of family pride and was discussed often enough to provide her with considerable detail. To avoid a plethora of footnotes these sources are not cited in the text.
3. For a description of the latter part of the route as Hall must have found it see *Mexican Gold Trail* (San Marino, 1945).
4. Hall, Frederic, *The History of San Jose* (San Francisco, 1871), p. 209.
5. Records of Clerk's Office, California Supreme Court at San Francisco.
6. For Crosby's place in California history see *Memoirs of Elisha Oscar Crosby* (San Marino, 1945), hereafter cited as Crosby.
7. Hall was a good guesser. Bigler received 23,176 votes and Reading 22,733. H. H. Bancroft, *History of California*, Vol. VI, p. 655. Hereafter cited as Bancroft.
8. Photostat in the California Historical Society.
9. Crosby, p. 60; Bancroft, Vol. VI, p. 325.
10. *Journal of the California Legislature—Second Session 1851*, p. 560.
11. 5 Calif. Reports 23.
12. 24 Calif. Reports 585. For a good discussion of the pueblo lands question see W. W. Robinson, *Land in California* (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1948).
13. 45 Calif. Reports 584. Hall's briefs in this case are in the Bancroft Library.
14. Records of Clerk's Office, U. S. Supreme Court.
15. See for example, the lands of Hall and Shafter on the map in Thompson and West's *Historical Atlas of Santa Clara County* (San Francisco, 1876), p. 28.
16. Harding, Bertita, *Phantom Crown* (First Mexican Edition, Mexico City, 1948), p. 360.
17. The photo of Maximilian is still in the possession of Hall's daughter.
18. The material on Hall and Maximilian is based almost entirely on his book *Mexico and Maximilian* (New York, 1868). The work was very popular and went through several editions with slight changes in title.
19. This speech, a summary of the history of San Jose, was printed in the *San Jose Pioneer* for January 13, 1877. A scrap book containing only a clipping of this speech is the "San Jose History Scrap-book" listed under Frederic Hall by Bancroft in "Authorities Quoted," Vol. I, p. liii. This item is still in the Bancroft Library.
20. Powell, Fred Wilber, *The Railroads of Mexico* (Boston, 1921).



21. Hall, Frederic, *The Laws of Mexico* (San Francisco, H. H. Bancroft Co., 1885).
22. Shuck, Oscar T., *History of the Bench and Bar of California* (Los Angeles, 1901), p. 358.
23. 96 Calif. Reports 532.
24. Letter to writer from National Archives and Record Service, Washington, D. C.

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## Two Men and a Mill

*John Dolbeer, William Carson, and the  
Redwood Lumber Industry in California*

By H. BRETT MELENDY

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THE CALIFORNIA redwood lumber industry is one of the oldest industries in the state and yet one that has been largely ignored by the state's historians. This industry has been an important contributor to the economy of California for over one hundred years; the uniqueness of its product and its location makes its history a fascinating story. Because of the habitat of the coast redwood, the *Sequoia sempervirens*, the industry has been confined to northern California coastal counties. Since 1850 many men have tried to launch careers as mill men but only a few have succeeded. Two such successful entrepreneurs were John Dolbeer and William Carson. Together they overcame the stupendous obstacles of moving the red giants from the woods to the mill. There they solved the problem of finding equipment sufficiently strong to handle the gigantic logs. They were also successful in finding suitable markets for their lumber throughout the Pacific area.

These two men and their mill are representative of that handful who were successful in the redwood lumber industry in the last half of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth century. In following their career and the company that they founded, one can gain an insight into the complex problems that faced all who attempted to establish themselves in the redwood industry, particularly in the three coastal counties of Del Norte, Humboldt, and Mendocino.

John Dolbeer and William Carson became partners in 1864, forming the Dolbeer & Carson Lumber Company.<sup>1</sup> This organization lasted until 1950. Its beginnings and its life span much of the industry's first one hundred years. Both Dolbeer and Carson were already old hands in the business of producing redwood lumber by 1864. Their joining forces was one of those happy circumstances which proved to be mutually beneficial.

John Dolbeer, the senior partner, was born in Epsom, New Hampshire, March 23, 1827. He arrived in California with other gold seekers in 1850. He joined a rush then underway to the Gold Bluffs along the coastline just north of Redwood Creek in Humboldt County during 1851.<sup>2</sup> In August, 1853, he made his first connection with the Humboldt Bay redwood industry when he joined Martin White, Isaac J. Upton, Dan Pickard, and C. W. Long to form the Bay Mill, which was located below the bluff at the foot of what is now N Street in Eureka.<sup>3</sup>

Martin White, the moving spirit of this enterprise, was an important figure in the history of the industry, for it was he who built the first sawmill, the Pioneer, on Humboldt Bay in September, 1850, at the foot of what is now M Street at Second Street. This first mill was operated until 1855.<sup>4</sup> White was also instrumental in organizing seven Humboldt Bay mills into the Humboldt Lumber Manufacturing Company in 1854 to solve the common problem of how to sell lumber at a profit. Unfortunately this organization immediately ran headlong into a declining lumber market and was soon in financial difficulty. Most of the mill owners, including Martin White, lost their holdings.<sup>5</sup>

The Bay Mill was one of the seven mills involved in the collapse of the ill-fated association. However, there appeared to be some irregularity in the actual transferring of the Bay Mill property to the association and John Dolbeer, alone, was able to retain his holdings in that mill while the other partners lost their shares.

The Bay Mill in 1854 was typical of the several sawmills located on Humboldt Bay. It had one sash saw, a rip saw mounted vertically in a frame. It could produce 15,000 feet of lumber and 6,000 laths daily. The mill employed ten men in its operations. According to the *Humboldt Times*, its capital investment was \$25,000.<sup>6</sup>

By 1856 the Bay Mill had weathered the storm occasioned by the failure of the Humboldt Lumber Manufacturing Company, and Dolbeer had allied himself with Charles McLean. McLean became the San Francisco partner of the firm; it was his job to take care of securing orders for the mill at Eureka. The two men made their venture a successful one. It prospered for it was not involved in costly litigation to clear its title as were the other mills of the defunct Humboldt Lumber Manufacturing Company.<sup>7</sup> On September 2, 1860, the Bay Mill was destroyed by fire. (Fire was always one of the big hazards of the



industry and it was doubly costly. Not only were mills and their stock destroyed, but these early ones were not covered by insurance, as the rates were prohibitive.) This fire was called the first big mill fire of the county by the *Humboldt Times*. By September 22, Dolbeer had started reconstruction. He seized the opportunity to bring his equipment up to date, installing a double circular saw head rig. This was the first use of such equipment in the county, and one of the first on the coast. The new mill was in operation by November, 1860.<sup>8</sup>

In 1863 a not too common occurrence took place on the bar of Humboldt Bay when the tug *Merrimac*, on its way from San Francisco, capsized and sank. Among those drowned was Charles McLean.<sup>9</sup> The death of McLean left Dolbeer again without a partner. It was at this time that the partnership was offered to William Carson, who purchased McLean's half-interest in the Bay Mill. The next year the new organization, the Dolbeer & Carson Lumber Company, came into being.<sup>10</sup>

William Carson was born near Saint John, New Brunswick. It was in this region that he became acquainted with the lumber trade. He, too, joined the rush to California, arriving at Humboldt Bay in October, 1850. Both Carson and Dolbeer present a common picture of what happened to many of the gold seekers. Upon arrival in San Francisco or after only a short visit to the gold fields, many men, like Carson and Dolbeer, became convinced that prospecting was a most difficult and uncertain livelihood and turned shortly to their former occupations. In the fall of 1850, Martin White was busy building his Pioneer Mill and Carson obtained the contract to supply logs for that mill. In November he established a logging camp on Ryan Slough and cut the first log on Humboldt Bay which was sawn into lumber. These first logs were spruce. The first years of the redwood lumber industry saw selective logging practiced because the primitive mills could not handle large logs. For the first two or three years at Humboldt Bay redwood was not commonly logged because of its size. Those logs that were sent to the mills were split with black powder in order that the saws could handle them. In March, 1851, Carson set out for the Trinity mines but returned to Eureka in 1852. In 1853 Carson, J. T. Ryan of the Eureka Mill, and Colonel W. H. Kingsburg of the Modena Mill were members of a committee to decide upon a uniform scale for sawlogs. The adopted scale was designed for spruce, fir, pine, and redwood, the major timber

species of the redwood area. With the advent of logging of redwood timber in great quantities, this scale became very important to the early loggers. It remained in vogue for many years.

In the summer of 1854, William Carson leased the Mula Mill, which was located at the foot of I Street at the bay's edge. His enterprise here shows the great efforts that many of these men made to gain success. He not only managed the mill's several operations, but also served as head sawyer every day and on alternate night shifts. It was through his work at the Mula Mill that the first redwood logs were successfully cut and sawn into lumber. The first cargo of redwood, priced to sell at \$12.50 per thousand, was shipped from this mill under Carson's direction. In 1855 he gave up the Mula Mill and leased the Vance Mill at the foot of G Street. The next few years saw him working in various lumber activities until he became Dolbeer's partner at the Bay Mill.<sup>11</sup>

Following the announcement of the partnership, Dolbeer and Carson hastened to timberlands in the Elk River area. The heavy investment in mill equipment and logging equipment meant that a firm had to be assured of long life if the owners were to make a profit in their venture and long life in the redwood industry was closely tied up with the size of one's timber holdings. It was commonly believed that a mill needed from twenty to thirty years of standing redwood timber to insure success. By 1875, the partners had bought up the heavily forested area of Lindsay Creek, five miles north of Humboldt Bay.<sup>12</sup>

Ordinary mill equipment, common throughout the rest of the country, was ill-suited to the handling of the giant redwood logs. Thus, during the first decades of their existence, the redwood mills underwent a time of trial and error as the owners tried to find adequate machinery that could stand up under the burden of the heavy logs. Owen C. Coy pictures some of the difficulties that these early mills faced in sawing the large logs, and cites the example of two logs handled at the Bay Mill. They were twelve feet and fourteen feet respectively in length and from eight to nine feet in diameter. These two logs produced 11,000 board feet of clear lumber.<sup>13</sup> Translated into dollars and the prices of that era, the lumber from those logs sold for about \$1,700, which was a high gross return. It was this opportunity for seemingly high profit that lured many men into the redwood region. The inherent risks remained hidden to most lumbermen until they were too deeply involved. Only the persevering survived.

In 1878 fire destroyed the second Bay Mill. In planning the rebuilding job, Dolbeer and Carson secured the services of an outstanding millwright, David Evans. Evans was one of the giants in the redwood industry in the Humboldt Bay area. He had invented a special headrig which utilized circular saws in such a manner as to enable the mills to cut logs of very large diameter. On the ordinary double circular saw headrig, the diameter of a log that could be sawn was limited by the distance between the axles of the two circular saws. In 1869 Evans had invented his "third saw" process by which two small circular saws were placed at right angles to each other and suspended above and ahead of the two major circular saws to cut off the top of the log as the main body was fed through the larger saws.<sup>14</sup> Evans designed and rebuilt the Bay Mill with his special third saw headrig installed. The next year saw the installation of gas lights at the mill, which made it the first in the county with such a facility. The *Humboldt Times* said the new mill was "complete in every respect."<sup>15</sup>

Dolbeer and Carson expanded their Humboldt County lumbering activities in 1878 when William Carson purchased the Salmon Creek mill at a sheriff's sale for \$23,650.<sup>16</sup> This mill, located near the southern end of Humboldt Bay, had been one of David Evans' several ventures that had come to naught. It was to prove a good investment for Dolbeer and Carson. On February 11, 1879, the partners filed articles of incorporation under the name of the Milford Land and Lumber Company. Control of the mill was divided between the two, with Carson holding 406 shares while Dolbeer had 250.<sup>17</sup> The Milford name was chosen to avoid confusion with the Salmon Creek Mill Company, then operating in Mendocino County. The Milford mill was capable of producing about 45,000 feet a day with its standard double circular head rig.

During the first thirty years of the industry, most of the logs had been cut near tidewater or along river banks. As a result, log drives of various sorts were utilized. (Here again is a reflection of the loggers' experiences in the forests of eastern North America.) The redwood logs had such a high water content that many simply sank to the bottom of the river and stayed there. Nevertheless with the primitive mills of that period, a sufficient quantity of redwood logs and logs of other species did reach the saws. As the mills improved their sawing techniques, there were heavier demands to move the logs at a faster rate. Thus the railroad



came into fairly common usage during the late 1870's and the 1880's. The next pressure felt by the industry was to find some means by which logs could be moved from the woods to the railheads more quickly.

It was in this phase of redwood logging that the ability of John Dolbeer came to the fore. One of his talents was mechanical aptitude. His skill was shown in May, 1863, when he applied for a patent on a mechanical tallying machine to count the number of board feet cut by the mill for any given length of time.<sup>18</sup> And it was Dolbeer who created the first invention that enabled the redwood logging crews to keep up with the mills and the railroad. The Dolbeer Steam Logging Donkey made its appearance in August, 1881, and totally revolutionized logging in the United States. It paved the way to modern logging, replacing man power with machine power for the heavy task of moving the logs through the forests. The donkey was able to pull in logs from the ravines and hillsides to be arranged so that the oxen teams could move the string of logs to the railhead. The first Dolbeer donkey had an upright boiler with a horizontal single cylinder which turned a gypsy head mounted on a horizontal shaft. Dolbeer received a patent on this machine April 18, 1882. It proved an immediate success on the logging claims of the Milford mill.

In 1883 Dolbeer came out with his "Improved Logging Engine" which received a patent on December 25, 1883. The new machine had an upright spool, replacing the horizontal gypsy head. Both types were used in the redwood region until about 1915 when larger and more efficient donkeys, brought in from the Pacific Northwest, took over.<sup>19</sup>

Dolbeer's donkey was mounted on a wooden skid platform. Around the gypsy head a four and one-half inch diameter manila rope line was turned two or three times and then played out to the log. A block and tackle system was used to increase the pulling power of the line to move the logs into position. The line, about 140 feet long, was played off the spool onto the ground as it was pulled in, instead of being wrapped on the spool. To operate the Dolbeer donkeys, three workers were used: an engineer, who operated the steam engine; a spool tender, who handled the line; and a boy, who had the unenviable job of supplying the hungry boiler with water and wood. The crew was under the supervision of the head chain tender, whose main responsibility was to make up the log strings to be moved out by the oxen teams.<sup>20</sup>

In 1883 Dolbeer made still another invention, a "logging locomotive," whereby logs near the railroad could be readily pulled in and the handling of the giants at the landing be facilitated. The locomotive had an unmilled cog wheel drive. The large central cog ran both the wheel drive, which was geared to neutral, forward and reverse gears, and a pull-in winch. The locomotive would run to the spot of operations and the wheel gears be placed in neutral. The pull-in winch, simply a gypsy head on a horizontal shaft, then operated in the same manner as the Dolbeer donkey engine. These logging locomotives were used in Humboldt County for the next several years, with high success.<sup>21</sup> Thus did the inventive genius of John Dolbeer contribute to the advancement of logging techniques in the West.

A problem most mills faced was that of building a railroad to move the logs to their saws. In order that this movement might be at a constant and dependable rate, William Carson in 1884 invested in the Bucksport & Elk River railroad. It was a narrow-gauge affair twelve miles long, and cost \$146,284.<sup>22</sup> This road was used by the Bay Mill until 1950. At the Bay Mill's other logging claim of the 1880's, Jacoby Creek, there was a small standard-gauge tramway operating on the principle of the inclined plane. The loaded cars rolled to tidewater by their own momentum, a distance of more than three miles. Horses then pulled the empty cars back to the head of the line.<sup>23</sup>

In 1885 the first bandsaw on the coast was installed at the Bay Mill in the industry's continuing effort to improve milling techniques. This installation was not a headrig but a recutting saw. The importance of this saw to the industry was quickly proven in a sawing demonstration between it and a circular pony saw. With the bandsaw there was about thirteen per cent less loss through sawdust. Out of every 1,200 feet of lumber cut, the bandsaw produced 160 feet more than did the circular saws.<sup>24</sup> This fact spelled the doom of circular saws in the industry. An additional fact of the utmost importance to the redwood lumbermen was that a bandsaw could cut through logs of larger diameter than could the circular saw headrigs and do it more quickly.

The earliest surviving copy of Articles of Incorporation for the Dolbeer & Carson Lumber Company dates from 1886. It lists the Board of Directors as William Carson of Eureka, 998 shares; John Dolbeer of San Francisco, 998 shares; George D. Gray of Oakland, two shares;

William D. Mugan of San Francisco, one share; and John Carson of Eureka, one share.<sup>25</sup> This of course shows quite clearly that the enterprises of the Bay Mill was a two-man partnership and that Dolbeer and Carson directed the destinies of the concern. John Dolbeer resided permanently in San Francisco after 1866. The responsibility of handling the sales and marketing aspect of the firm was his. It was common among the several partnerships in the industry in its early stages, when communication was slow between the redwood coast and San Francisco, to have one partner reside in San Francisco, the major financial center of the West, to secure orders and handle sales. The other partner resided at the mill site and looked after the logging and milling operations.

William Carson, as manager of the woods and plant facilities, made his home in Eureka. In doing so, he created for himself a mansion that was to become one of the outstanding monuments to the Victorian style of architecture. The house, built in 1885-1886, incorporated in both its exteriors and interiors the height of architectural fashion of the day. Located on the bluff overlooking the Bay Mill and standing at the head of Second Street, the Carson mansion with its ornate tower dominated the skyline of that part of Eureka.

Throughout most of its career, the Dolbeer & Carson Lumber Company was known to the millman and the logger as a good firm for which to work. An examination of the company payroll books at the Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley, reveals the benevolent attitude of the employers. In September, 1890, William Carson took the unprecedented step of voluntarily cutting the working day of the mill crew from twelve hours to ten hours without cutting wages. The other mills of Humboldt County quickly followed, reflecting the general paternalistic attitude prevalent at that period in the area.<sup>26</sup> Behind this paternalism there was also the hard fact that the lumber market was not very stable and all mills were faced with the problem of overproduction.

The position that the Dolbeer & Carson Lumber Company held with the working man was demonstrated in 1907, when the first industry-wide strike occurred in Humboldt County. Dolbeer and Carson, as employers, together with the Elk River Mill & Lumber Company, were excluded from the strike by the union for they were already meeting the working and wage demands of the strikers.<sup>27</sup>



In 1891 the Bay Mill turned to a lumbering technique that was to become a specialty of that mill for the next two decades, that of air drying and curing redwood lumber. Large drying yards were built to the east of the mill where the lumber could be stacked for curing.<sup>28</sup> The use of dry kilns and an understanding of their operation was just beginning in the industry. Redwood lumber was of the highest quality when cured for some two years by the salt air and then milled into a finished product. The drawback was the length of time that the stock was tied up in the yard. For this reason, the kiln, which accomplished drying in about a two-week period, gained widespread acceptance by the turn of the century.

In 1895 the firm closed down its logging camp on Elk River and moved into the Lindsay Creek region, where it had 9,000 acres ready for immediate logging. In one year a logging crew of sixty men had three and one-half million feet of logs down and the area ready to be burned.<sup>29</sup> The standard logging practice in the redwood forests at that time was to fell the trees, cut them into logs, and then set the area on fire to burn away the debris, leaving the fire-resistant redwood logs relatively undamaged. This was done just prior to the rainy season, allowing the rain to wash away the soot and ashes. Burning was usually done a year in advance of the need of the logs at the mill. The first trainload of logs from Lindsay Creek arrived at Humboldt Bay in May, 1897.<sup>30</sup>

The Milford Land and Lumber Company was producing about one million board feet a month in 1897. It still utilized river drives of a sort. The logs from the Salmon Creek claim were placed in the stream bed behind sluice dams. When there was a sufficient quantity of water, the dams were opened and the logs were floated with good success to the log pond.<sup>31</sup> The Milford mill was sold in 1902 and the equipment was moved by the new owners to Fields Landing. Carson felt that with the opening of the Lindsay Creek camp and the Bay Mill running at top capacity, there was no further need for the mill at Salmon Creek to supplement the filling of orders for the Dolbeer & Carson Lumber Company.<sup>32</sup>

An indication of why only a few were successful in the industry and some measure of the capital required to operate a redwood lumber concern by the last decade of the nineteenth century are given in a

survey made by David Evans of Eureka. His report shows that the Dolbeer & Carson Lumber Company held some 16,270 acres (about twenty-four square miles) of timberland, worth \$1,093,128. The Bay Mill and its equipment were valued at \$160,000. The log dump at Samoa on the bay was worth \$3,000. The logging equipment consisted of two bull engines worth \$4,500, five Dolbeer donkey engines worth \$5,000, and logging supplies worth \$5,000. A shingle mill at Samoa was valued at \$12,000, while the Bucksport and Elk River Railroad was worth \$60,000. John Dolbeer and William Carson had assets in the Bay Mill and its affiliated operations totaling \$1,342,628.<sup>33</sup>

John Dolbeer died in San Francisco in August, 1902. He was survived by a daughter. His wife had died in 1879 and his only son had been killed in a wagon accident in 1886. The daughter, Bertha Dolbeer, was a reported suicide in New York City a few years after her father's death. The Dolbeer estate, valued at \$400,000, was involved in lengthy litigation.<sup>34</sup>

The firm continued to follow the policies established by the partnership. In early 1912 the mill stopped shipping its own lumber. This was in anticipation of the Northwestern Pacific railroad, which was under construction, and also because there was a large volume of maritime business in and out of the port of Eureka. By March, 1912, the lumber schooners *Lottie Carson* and *Bertha Dolbeer*, built in 1881, had been sold.<sup>35</sup>

On February 19, 1912, William Carson died. His remaining in Eureka at the head of a successful company had made him one of the town's leading citizens. He was at the time of his death associated with the Humboldt County Bank, the Bank of Eureka, and the Savings Bank of Eureka. He had been an incorporator of the Eel River & Eureka Railroad, the Bucksport & Elk River railroad, the Milford Land & Lumber Company, the San Diego Lumber Company, the West Coast Lumber Company, and the Humboldt Lumber Manufacturers' Association.<sup>36</sup> With the passing of William Carson, the "golden era" of the redwood lumber industry in Humboldt County came to its end. He was the last of the individual giants who had worked long and hard to make a success of his enterprise. It is important to note the outstanding role that such men played in the economic life of the United States. Not only did he have a major role in managing an important mill but he was also

involved in the financial institutions and transportation facilities of the area. In this he was a typical redwood lumber entrepreneur.

Upon the death of William Carson, his interests passed to his family while the Dolbeer interests were vested in the Warren family, which had secured that block of stock through settlement in the courts. The new head of the concern was John Milton Carson. The two founders had been relegated to history but the Bay Mill continued in the mainstream of the redwood lumber industry.

In the early 1920's the company found that its ability to compete with newer organizations was limited by its older facilities. The turn of the century had seen the influx of lumbermen from older timber areas such as the Great Lakes and Oregon and Washington. They brought with them the latest logging and milling techniques and the new mills soon surpassed the older ones. Plans were made to abandon the old Bay Mill and build the first all-electric mill on the Pacific coast. The new plant was designed to double the capacity of the old mill. The new mill had two bandsaw headrigs capable of cutting 150,000 feet daily and was equipped with dry kilns. Construction started in 1922 and the plant was ready in 1924.<sup>37</sup>

The mill met the expectations of its owners and competed on equal terms with others during the remainder of the 1920's. As was the case for most concerns, the depression years hit the Bay Mill hard; however, it was able to withstand the collapse of the lumber market during the 1930's.

The firm prospered during the Second World War and survived the industry-wide strike of twenty-six months. On December 16, 1950, the Dolbeer & Carson Lumber Company, the oldest redwood firm then operating, came to an end when the Bay Mill and the timber holdings were sold to The Pacific Lumber Company. This closed a business career of ninety-six years.<sup>38</sup>

By 1950 a new era had started in the Humboldt County Lumber industry. The pioneers were long gone and in their place stood a few giant business consolidations. A third generation of lumber operators were upon the scene. Nevertheless this new group was deeply in the debt of such men as John Dolbeer and William Carson for their contributions to the redwood lumber industry.



## NOTES

1. Humboldt County Recorder, *Deeds, Book D*, p. 641.
2. *Wood and Iron* (San Francisco), XXXVIII-3 (Sept. 1902), 18.
3. *Humboldt Times* (Eureka), Sept. 16, 1854, 2.
4. Humboldt County Recorder, *Chattel Mortgages, Book A*, pp. 19-24.
5. Owen C. Coy, *The Humboldt Bay Region, 1850-1875* (Los Angeles, 1929), p. 119.
6. *Humboldt Times*, Sept. 16, 1854, 2.
7. *Ibid.*, Aug. 2, 1856, 2.
8. *Ibid.*, Sept. 8, 1860, 2; Nov. 10, 1860, 3.
9. *Ibid.*, Aug. 4, 1904, 4.
10. Humboldt County Recorder, *Deeds, Book D*, p. 641; *Humboldt Standard* (Eureka), Feb. 20, 1912, 1.
11. *Humboldt Times*, Dec. 31, 1899, 3; Humboldt County Recorder, *Deeds, Book B*, p. 332.
12. Humboldt County Recorder, *Deeds, Book F*, p. 656; *Book I*, p. 758; *Book P*, pp. 252-261.
13. Coy, *op. cit.*, p. 261.
14. *Humboldt Times*, April 27, 1878, 3; United States Commissioner of Patents, *Annual Report, 1869*, p. 528.
15. *Humboldt Times*, Nov. 22, 1879, 3; interview with Peter J. Rutledge of Eureka, former superintendent of the Bay Mill, Aug. 20, 1949.
16. *Humboldt Times*, March 29, 1878, 3.
17. Humboldt County Clerk, *Articles of Incorporation*.
18. *Humboldt Times*, May 16, 1863, 3.
19. *The Timberman* (Portland, Oregon), XXXIV-5 (March, 1933), 9.
20. *Humboldt Times*, Oct. 24, 1889, 2; Nov. 7, 1899, 3.
21. Interview with Peter J. Rutledge of Eureka.
22. Lillie E. Hamm, publisher, *1890-1 History and Business Directory of Humboldt County* (Eureka, 1890), p. 69.
23. *Wood and Iron*, VII-7 (July, 1887), 69.
24. *Humboldt Times*, Oct. 31, 1885, 3.
25. Humboldt County Clerk, *Articles of Incorporation*.
26. *Humboldt Times*, Sept. 2, 1890, 2.
27. *Ibid.*, March 31, 1907, 1; April 30, 1907, 1.
28. *Ibid.*, March 19, 1891, 3.
29. *Wood and Iron*, XXV-5 (May, 1896), p. 180.
30. *Humboldt Times*, May 13, 1897, 3.
31. Redwood Lumber Manufacturers' Association, *The Home of the Redwood* (San Francisco, 1897), p. 47.
32. *Wood and Iron*, XXXVIII-3 (Sept. 1902), 1.
33. "David Evans' Survey." Manuscript in possession of Peter J. Rutledge, Eureka, California.

34. *Wood and Iron*, XXXVIII-3 (Sept. 1902), 18.
35. *Humboldt Standard* (Eureka), Jan. 29, 1912, 5; March 19, 1912, 8.
36. *Humboldt Standard*, Feb. 20, 1912, 1. The San Diego Lumber Company and the West Coast Lumber Company are indicative of a common practice in the industry. Mill owners secured interests in retail concerns elsewhere in the state to guarantee an outlet for their lumber.
37. Interview with Peter J. Rutledge.
38. *Humboldt Times*, Dec. 15, 1950, 1.

## Annual Report for 1958

GATHERED IN THE BALLROOM of the Society Headquarters from every section of the State, one hundred and forty-five members followed with interest and enthusiasm the summation of the year's work, the presentation of awards and a challenging address, "The Role of the Learned Society Today," delivered by Dr. C. Easton Rothwell and appearing in this issue of the *Quarterly*.

"Developmental Program" was the phrase used by Director Donald C. Biggs to characterize the accomplishments of the year. Following are highlights from his report.

*President and Staff.* The Director acknowledged the guidance and assistance of President George L. Harding and the vital support of a devoted corps of volunteers working with the staff. The staff was then introduced (beginning with the newest staff member and following in reverse chronological order): Philip Watkins, Maude Swingle, Janet Womack, William Whitney, Jean Martin, Edwin Carpenter, Geraldine Stern and James de T. Abajian.

*Membership.* The 20% increase during the year brought the total membership on December 31, 1958, to 2,495. Mr. Biggs commented on the outstanding achievements of the Regional Membership Committee's campaign, administered by Justice Frank Bray, Committee Chairman, and sparked by hard-working Regional Chairmen throughout the state. Mr. Biggs said that he hoped that the campaign so successfully initiated will continue in 1959 and never cease.

*Innovations.* For the first time the Society sponsored an exhibit at the State Fair; a series of receptions for County historical societies was inaugurated; a traveling art exhibit was assembled and sent on a series of showings throughout the state; and a comprehensive survey and study of the library was made by Dr. Roscoe R. Hill. The Director and President, in an unprecedented amount of traveling, filled speaking engagements in every section of the state. The most memorable of the firsts of the year was the *Romería* to Monterey and San Simeon. Future excursions will explore other points of historic and scenic interest.

*Departments.* A brief survey was given by the Director of each of the departments: the outstanding new acquisitions gained by the Library and Exhibit Departments, mention of significant research, and of exhibits successfully staged; a summary of press releases, meeting plans, special events, and publications originating in the Public Information Department, particularly the increase in size and scope of the *Notes*; a review of projects and publications in addition to the *Quarterly*, undertaken by the Editorial Department working with the Publications Committee, the best known of which are the runaway best seller, *Fabulous San Simeon* and the outstanding Christmas book, *Navidad and Pastorela*. The Director also noted the continued progress Dr. Carpenter is making in the compilation of a cumulative analytical index of the *Quarterly*.

*Needs.* The urgent needs of the Society, if a progressive program is to be realized,



were outlined by Director Biggs. Foremost among these is, of course, continued financial support for the Society's work. Specific needs include equipment for Headquarters, cataloging of the library, inception of an educational program, more paintings, prints and books, maintenance and service of library and exhibit collections, more space, more statewide activity and more volunteer workers.

*President's Report and Election of Trustees.* President Harding provided a concise summary of the Society's financial position and prospects and then presided over the unanimous election of the 1959 Class of Trustees: Dwight L. Clarke, Los Angeles; Hon. Thomas Coakley, Mariposa; Peter Cook, Jr., Rio Vista; Aubrey Drury, San Francisco; Mrs. Van Rensselaer Wilbur, Pasadena.

*Presentation of Awards.* President Harding explained criteria for the selection of candidates for Fellowships and Awards of Merit as recommended by the Committee on Honors (Glenn S. Dumke, Chairman) and approved by the Society's Board of Trustees. He called upon the Honorable Joseph R. Knowland, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, to present the candidates. The names of those receiving awards, together with their accompanying citations, are given below:

### *Fellows*

*John Walton Caughey*—This certificate is presented to John Walton Caughey as Fellow of the California Historical Society by the Board of Trustees. Editor and Managing Editor of the *Pacific Historical Review* since 1937, Dr. Caughey is Professor of History at the University of California, Los Angeles, where he has taught since 1930. He has edited and written many works in American and California History, including a one-volume history of California, and the biography of Hubert Howe Bancroft. He has also been associated with the state government as a member of the California Landmarks Approval Commission and Consultant to the California State Lands Commission.

*Sidney Myer Ehrman*—This certificate is presented to Sidney Myer Ehrman upon his election as a Fellow of the California Historical Society by the Board of Trustees. A distinguished San Francisco attorney since 1898, Mr. Ehrman served more than twenty years as a Regent of the University of California, as well as in many other official capacities. Since joining the California Historical Society upon its reorganization in 1922, he served it as a member of the Board of Directors for twenty-two years, as Vice-President for nineteen years, and as President for two.

*George Peter Hammond*—This certificate is presented to George Peter Hammond upon his election as Fellow of the California Historical Society by the Board of Trustees. Dr. Hammond taught in the History Department and served as Dean of the Graduate school of the University of New Mexico from 1935 to 1946, since which time he has been Director of the Bancroft Library and Professor of History at the University of California, Berkeley. In addition to the assistance these positions have enabled him to give historians of the American West,

Dr. Hammond has worked in this field as author, editor, and translator. He has been a member of the California Historical Society since 1932, and serves as a member of its Publications Committee.

*Carl Irving Wheat*—This certificate is presented to Carl Irving Wheat upon his election as a Fellow of the California Historical Society by the Board of Trustees. A graduate of Pomona College, of which he is an honorary trustee, Mr. Wheat has been an attorney since 1920, practicing in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Washington, D. C., particularly in connection with public utilities. He has edited and written many works on western American history, especially on historical cartography, in which he is at present engaged in a monumental publication project. A member of the California Historical Society since 1924, Mr. Wheat served it as a member of the Board of Directors for thirty years, as a member of the Publications Committee for thirty years, and as Editor of its *Quarterly* from 1927 to 1932. He confesses to being the resuscitator, Grand Clampatriarch, and EX-NGH of Yerba Buena Chapter of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus.

*Edith Margaret Coulter*—This certificate is presented to Edith Margaret Coulter upon her election as Fellow of the California Historical Society by the Board of Trustees. A graduate of Stanford University and the University of California, Miss Coulter has enjoyed a long career in librarianship and education for librarianship. From 1911 to 1928 she was head of the Reference Department of the Library of the University of California, Berkeley, and from 1918 to 1953 on the faculty of the University's School of Librarianship of which she is now Professor Emeritus. In 1952 the Alumni Association of the school established in her honor the Edith M. Coulter Lectures in the Fields of Bibliography and History, emphasizing her field of interest, California. Miss Coulter has been a member of the California Historical Society since 1941, and serves as a member of its Exhibit Committee.

### *Awards of Merit*

*Margaret Anna Jacks*—To Margaret Anna Jacks, faithful and generous friend of the California Historical Society, for her consistent interest in California history generally as reflected in part by her contributions to the authentic preservation of California's old Pacific Capital, Monterey, and her gifts to the State of California of the Pacific House and Monterey's Memory Garden, the California Historical Society in appreciation presents to its patron member this Award of Merit.

*Cora Miranda Older*—To Cora Miranda Older, distinguished member of the California Historical Society for more than thirty years, for advancement of the public's interest in the history of her adopted state, most especially in focussing attention upon and aiding the preservation of Spanish folkways and Mission architecture, through successful publication of eleven books from her pen, the Society presents this Award of Merit.

*Fred Blackburn Rogers*—To Fred Blackburn Rogers, Colonel United States Army, Retired, the California Historical Society presents this Award of Merit

for singular and continuous devotion to the history of the United States Armed Services, with special reference to individual activities of members in California before the granting of Statehood; and for his general devotion to the interests and well-being of the Society, which published his *Bear Flag Lieutenant* in 1951.

*Tullius Albert Strobbridge*—To Tullius Albert Strobbridge, patron member of this Society, we present an Award of Merit for his dedicated and vigorous volunteer activity allowing for much progress in every phase of the Society's enterprise, but most particularly for two years of his time given generously to the orderly arrangement of periodicals, maps and Society publications; and for his own original research, and the encouragement given to others, in recording the history of Anderson Valley of Mendocino County.

*American Association for State and Local History*—To the American Association for State and Local History for nineteen years of enthusiastic service to the needs of California state and local historical agencies through tangible encouragement and professional advice and aid from its officers and through its excellent periodical publication, *History News*, the California Historical Society presents this Award of Merit. (This Award was accepted for the American Association for State and Local History by John D. Hicks, Professor Emeritus of the University of California, Berkeley.)

*Arthur Woodward*—To Arthur Woodward, archaeologist and historian, the California Historical Society presents this Award of Merit for his contributions in his writings and in his capacities as Staff Member of the Los Angeles County Museum, Advisor to the National Park Service, and officer of The Westerners to the uncovering, restoration, and presentation of historic sites and materials in the West.

*Kern County Museum*—To the Kern County Museum, Bakersfield, this Award of Merit is presented by the California Historical Society for the establishment and successful operation of its pioneer village, an open-air installation already containing some thirty structures on eleven acres—visited in 1958 by 80,000 Californians, and although a private, non-profit institution, for its ability to attract county tax support to its enterprise in giving a visual approach to the California heritage. (This Award was accepted by Richard C. Bailey, the Director.)

*Monterey History and Art Association*—To the Monterey History and Art Association, for its remarkable achievement in pioneering the struggle to retain the spirit and color of the old Pueblo, Monterey; for its work and high attainment in the preservation of the city's historic adobe structures; and for its recognized success in arousing civic consciousness of the unique position which the old Pacific Capital occupies in the history of California, the California Historical Society presents this Award of Merit. (The Award was accepted by James van Loben Sels, President of the Association.)

*Sacramento Bee*—To the *Sacramento Bee*, published in the highest standard of journalism for more than a century by the McClatchy family, the California



Historical Society presents this Award of Merit for its singular historical series, the 1958 Centennial Album, commemorating the one hundred years of reporting California life in the Sacramento Valley—its agriculture and commerce, its theaters, and its social life. (In the absence of Miss McClatchy, who was in the U.S.S.R., the Award was accepted by Franklin C. McPeak, Director of Public Relations for the McClatchy newspapers.)

*Gladys C. Wickson*—To Gladys Clare Wickson, daughter of a distinguished father, pioneer in California agricultural publishing, the California Historical Society presents this Award of Merit in gratitude for thirteen years of devoted service given as Editor of its *Quarterly*; for the extensive and painstaking research necessary to keep secure its high reputation among the historical journals of the nation; and particularly for her encouragement given to the literary efforts of those new to the historical publication field.

*The following congratulatory messages were read by the Director:*

TO DIRECTOR DONALD BIGGS:

On behalf of the Council and members of the American Association for State and Local History I wish to thank the Board of Trustees and members of the California Historical Society for the honor they have bestowed upon us. It is gratifying to know that the work of the Association has given impetus to the cause of California history. We sincerely hope that the Association may continue to serve the California Historical Society in the future.

*Signed:* Clement Silvestro, Executive Secretary.

TO GEORGE L. HARDING:

In honoring the Monterey History and Art Association and Citizen Excellencia Miss Margaret Jacks you have also done a great honor to the City of Monterey. The Monterey Association has contributed immeasurably to the preservation of the historical significance of our city. The people of Monterey and the City Council are well aware that many of the Association's achievements are attributable to the whole-hearted support and interest of persons such as Miss Margaret Jacks.

*Signed:* Dan Searle, Mayor of Monterey.

TO MISS GLADYS WICKSON:

Hearty congratulations upon the receipt of a well-earned reward.

*Signed:* W. Barclay Stephens.

## New Books

*Desert Voices, A Descriptive Bibliography.* By E. I. Edwards (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1958. Six full-page photographic illustrations, two facsimile title pages, and sketch map. xxviii + 215 pp. \$12.50).

A landmark in bibliographical literature has been established with publication of *Desert Voices, A Descriptive Bibliography*, by E. I. Edwards.

This is the first comprehensive bibliography of the California deserts. From this view alone the work is important, but its value is several-fold. Students and writers who cannot spend a good part of a lifetime tracking down obscure sources will be indebted to Edwards for years to come.

In a larger sense it is a unique course in desert appreciation and Southwest history. As the author so aptly expresses in the introduction, "Our Bibliography becomes, after its fashion, something of a directional guide to the superb narrative of the California deserts. It is essentially an index to the history, drama, philosophy and adventure which are all inextricably woven into the glamorous pattern of our desert fabric by hundreds of devoted writers—many of them prominent, others not so well known; but each, to the extent of his ability, depicting some brilliantly-conceived facet of the desert's romantic story." The value of the author's material beyond a conventional bibliography is tremendous. Mainly the book is a critical review of over seven hundred items, with added information on as many more listed in the three appendices.

*Desert Voices* does for the California deserts what Wagner and Camp's *The Plains and the Rockies*, and Cowan's bibliographies of California and the Pacific West do for their respective areas and periods. Like them, it will probably endure a long time before is superseded. Moreover, Edwards' work is so spiced with personal comment and opinion that it will be the delight of both the desert-minded reader and the book collector.

Some basic titles on the Colorado River are included, although Edwards consciously omitted the bulk of River Literature, which was

well covered by Francis P. Farquhar in his selective Bibliography, "*The Books of the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon.*"

The items are listed, not geographically, but by author. This arrangement presents a rich and intriguing kaleidoscope of an area still relatively little known to the public. For the general reader, though, a fuller subject index than is provided would be helpful.

His evaluation of the works shows the author to be a man of enthusiasms about certain sections of the desert. Because his response to the desert is personal, there will be disagreements with some of his assessments by those whose preferred magazine article, favorite author, or well-loved desert retreat is missing. But this very approach should arouse much of the interest which a more impersonal appraisal would have precluded. It is an approach more likely to fire enthusiasm for the subject than would a more dispassionate presentation.

Even those familiar with much of the desert literature will find new gems or will look with a new slant upon well known books. The author states his opinions forcefully, such as—"... we do assert without qualification that, in its field, the Ellenbecker (*Jayhawkers of Death Valley*) stands pre-eminently above any other book or article on Death Valley..." He gives high praise to many, including the following on George Wharton James' *Wonders of the Colorado Desert*—"... Few, indeed, are the literary crumbs of omitted comment—even upon the most isolated portions of this desert—that have fallen from his richly laden table. He has doubtless inspired many with the urge to write, but has effectually denied them sufficiently virgin material with which to accomplish this urge..." Castigation and stinging comment are not eschewed when he feels these deserved—"The author is sadly confused in his historical accounting and in certain of his personal deductions." This, of a distinguished and famous author on natural history, with details explaining reasons for his rebuke. But on the whole, he is kindly disposed toward those who have written of the desert.

The California Historical Society, it will be seen in checking through the main section of the Edwards bibliography, has made an impressive contribution to material on the California deserts.

Included is a rarity, Hubert Howe Bancroft's *Guide to the Colorado Mines*, which was reproduced in the March, 1933, issue of the *California Historical Society Quarterly*.

Another item is Charles L. Camp's *Kit Carson in California*, reprint



of the October, 1922, issue of the *Quarterly*, of which Edwards says: "In this excellent article, Dr. Camp draws from available sources whatever material bears upon Carson's exploits and experiences in California . . ."

Still another item from the *Quarterly* is the Charles Cardinell *Diary* reprint from the July, 1922, issue, relating Cardinell's journey afoot and alone to the gold fields via the southern route in 1850.

Of another, *A Doctor Comes to California*, John S. Griffin, M.D., (Special Publication No. 18, 1943), Edwards comments on George D. Lyman's foreword, "... we may say, without qualification, that it affords the best descriptive account of the Battle of San Pasqual we have yet examined."

Among other *Quarterly* articles cited are *Early History of Mono County*, Maxine Chappell, September 1947; *A Trip to the Colorado Mines in 1862*, M. D. Fairchild, March 1933; *The Founding of a Mojave Desert Community*, James E. Goulding, June 1948; *Kit Carson at Cajon - Not Tejon*, John Adams Hussey, March 1950; *The Richard Campbell Party of 1827*, Alice B. Maloney, December 1939; *Diary of 1851*, Parley Parker Pratt, March and June 1935; *Fage's Crossing of the Cuyamacs*, H. E. Rensch, September 1955; *Woods' Shorter Mountain Trail to San Diego*, Rensch, June 1957; *Bodie: The Last of the Old-Time Mining Camps*, Grant H. Smith, March 1925; *Audubon's Ill-Fated Western Journey*, Jeanne S. Van Nostrand, December, March, 1942-1943; *Pioneer Visits to Death Valley After the Forty-Niners*, Carl I. Wheat, reprinted from September 1939; *Lances at San Pasqual*, Arthur Woodward, CHS Special Publication No. 22, 1948.

The core of the present work was Edwards' *Desert Treasure*, published in 1948. In 1940 his important and now scarce *The Valley Whose Name Is Death*, provided not only a bibliography on Death Valley, but a summary of the Death Valley emigrant parties of 1849.

Besides writing about books, Edwards has added to desert literature as in *Desert Yarns* and *Into an Alkali Valley*.

Harold O. Weight, in writing the foreword, says that for a writer seeking a specific background, eyewitness account, or obscure episode in history, such a work may be literally indispensable. "And no one can read the introduction and text . . . without expanding his knowledge of our deserts and their history."

The photographic illustrations, by Weight, supplement the text in

creating the feel of the desert. The jacket, opened double, is a panoramic view of haunting beauty—a stark, lone desert palm in the isolation of the Borrego Badlands of the Colorado Desert. Other views are of Dos Palmas Oasis on an ancient desert route; Bitter Springs on the Old Spanish Trail; the Butterfield Stage Road beyond Vallecito; historic Fort Yuma Hill; remnants of the Tonopah & Tidewater narrow gauge railroad near the sink of the Mojave River. Other illustrations are a map and two title pages.

Weight evaluates this bibliography of deserts from his viewpoint as a writer, editor, and publisher dealing almost exclusively with the Desert Southwest over a period of many years. Penetrating the desert and mining country of the Southwest, Weight and his wife, Lucile, have photographed, logged, interviewed, and tape-recorded—preserving considerable material and in some cases throwing new light on semi-legendary lore. Some of this material has appeared in such magazines as *Desert*, *Natural History*, *Pacific Discovery*, *Westways*, *Ford Times*, *Nature Magazine*, *National Publisher*, and its reprint in *Magazine Digest*, and much more in the Western American magazine, *Calico Print*, which the Weights published for several years, and in their Southwest Panorama series.

With the publication of this volume, it can be expected that there will be a clamor for similar works on other localities. Indeed there may be a demand for a second volume to this title, to include an ever-growing list of new books, as well as many newspaper clippings, scientific and technical items, and general magazine articles regrettably omitted from the present work.

*Desert Voices* in the meantime provides listings and comments on about 1,500 entries—a splendid key with which to unlock the treasury of desert literature.

E. M. W.

*Journey Through the Rocky Mountains and the Humboldt Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.* By Jacob H. Schiel. Translated and edited by Thomas N. Bonner. Illustrated by Joe Beeler. (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. 1959. 114 pp. \$3.75.)

Through the efforts of Thomas N. Bonner, Chairman of the Department of Social Science in the University of Omaha, this small book was

rescued from practical oblivion. When Dr. Bonner was visiting in Germany his particular interest was German-American medical relations and because Jacob Heinrich Schiel wrote of this journey as "surgeon" to the Gunnison Expedition of 1853 the volume at first sight seemed pertinent. Actually Schiel had a degree as doctor of philosophy from the University of Heidelberg and no formal medical training. However he accompanied the Gunnison Party in the capacity of surgeon, apparently with no complaints that he thought worthy of mention and a good deal of satisfaction to himself. When Dr. Bonner realized how rare was the item he had re-discovered (only three copies were known to exist in this country) he translated and edited the volume for the benefit of historians.

The early western scientific expeditions in the United States, although well understood to be dangerous, had a fascination for European scholars, for every phase of America was then new, unexpected, and often rewarding. Doubtless Schiel had his own good reasons for wishing to be included.

The Gunnison Survey Party was charged by the government to explore the Central or Middle Route to California lying between the 38th and 39th parallels in the hope of finding a practicable course for a railroad. Of this route the mountainous portion was always difficult but in the summer months the beauty of the Rockies had an appeal superior to that of the semi-desert country traversed by the more usual trails. The author mentions that a wagon road had recently been opened as far as the valley of the Sevier River, but does not seem impressed with the fact that the expedition with which he travelled was actually opening a new road to California that proved much more comfortable for travelers and their stock than the old route through South Pass and down the Humboldt River.

Schiel's story is evidently taken from a journal and occasionally he gives a dated entry verbatim, but ordinarily tells of the daily happenings in a clear narrative which stresses route and the scenery of plains and mountains with emphasis on geological formations. He does not include to any great extent the health of the party or the future destination of the railroad. The fact that Schiel wrote in German for a German reading public encouraged him to complete candor. He outspokenly grew tired of the unending grass of the prairie; foresaw the extinction



of the buffalo; was enthusiastic over the beauty of the Rockies; evaluated shrewdly the various Indian tribes encountered; liked his American comrades and heartily disliked the Mormons.

The tragic climax of the narrative is, of course, the massacre by Utah Indians of Captain Gunnison and seven others while they were making a subsidiary excursion. Among the victims were F. Creutzfeldt and Richard Kern who had almost lost their lives four years before during J. C. Frémont's abortive attempt to take an exploring party through the San Juan Mountains in the winter of 1848-49. It cannot be denied that the men of science had courage and persistence. Schiel started to the scene of the tragedy with the remainder of the military escort (not over 22 men) but his horse fell dead on the way and they unhesitatingly left him afoot to walk fifteen miles through Indian country back to headquarters.

The party, under the new command of Lieut. E. G. Beckwith, hurried to finish a few auxiliary surveys and went into winter quarters at Salt Lake City. Through the good offices of the Mormon leaders the topographical notes and the instruments taken by the Indians were returned; but even that could not compensate the German scientist for the fact that the City of the Saints was muddy and, according to him, did not include one woman of charm.

The massacre had far-reaching consequences: the riflemen, under Colonel Steptoe, who were sent to find and punish the murderers, were also quartered in Salt Lake City and, unhappily, the hard-won peace that had lately prevailed between Mormon and Gentile did not survive the winter.

When spring arrived the survey went on, of course. Schiel, in a sketchy way, tells of their progress through the salt deserts and the startling Humboldt Mountains; describes a few friendly Indians and intimates that they are approaching the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California—on which note he casually stops writing without in any way disposing of the proposed railroad. His verbose characterization of the Mormons and their city shows his obvious bias; the survey from the Humboldt to the Sierra Nevada Mountains is barely touched. On the other hand the considerable addition to our knowledge of the Gunnison Massacre is most welcome. The invaluable contribution made by Dr. Schiel is the splendid portrayal as far as Utah of the Central, or Middle, Route to California. This takes its place with the best.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A translation of Schiel's Journal was published by the Westernlore Press of Los Angeles in 1957. It appeared in an edition of 500 copies as No. IX of their Great West and Indian Series. It was entitled "The Land Between" and the translators were Frederick W. Bachmann of El Paso and William Swilling Wallace of Las Vegas.

*Libros Californianos or Five Feet of California Books.* By Phil Townsend Hanna. Revised and Enlarged by Lawrence Clark Powell. (Los Angeles: Zeitlin & Ver Brugge, 1958. 87 pp. \$7.50.)

I do not know if collectors of stamps and coins, for instance, are subjected to "guides" in the form of selected lists of desirable items, but book collectors have had perhaps more than a fair share of what has become almost a national pastime. And a very pleasant and harmless pastime it is, too. It has been remarked, unkindly, that these lists are compiled because many readers and collectors (sometimes they are synonymous) are not sufficiently intelligent to make up their own minds as to what they should collect. I prefer to regard such compilations as one man's or a group of experts' opinions in a given field—opinions which he or they wish to share with other enthusiasts.

In the past we have had Newton's "One Hundred Good Novels," Barton Currie's "Quadrant," the two lists published by the Grolier Club, and "Zamorano 80," to mention some of the best known. These are all highly personal, reflecting the tastes and knowledge of their compilers, and readers are invited to profit by them if they wish or leave them strictly alone. Therein lies their charm. They are not like bibliographies which when they are well done compel reverence and become a working tool. They are, rather, entertaining dicta with which you can disagree to your heart's content, happy in the thought that you could make up a much better list yourself.

With the many thousands of books on California that have been published it is no easy task for one person to choose a handful of the rarest and most important. He is a brave man who would attempt this. Of such courageous caliber was the late Phil Townsend Hanna, for many years the genial editor of *Westways*, the monthly magazine of the Automobile Club of Southern California; but even he hedged a bit by inviting three other experts to submit their lists of "best and rarest 20," thus neatly quartering the criticism which must inevitably attend such a project.

It was in 1931 that Hanna's *Libros Californianos* was first published in Los Angeles by Jake Zeitlin. It contained besides his own "Five Feet of California Books," the lists of those eminent Californian scholars, Leslie Bliss of the Huntington Library, Robert E. Cowan, bibliographer and librarian of the William Andrews Clark Library, and the dean of all California historians, Henry R. Wagner. An imposing triumvirate, and one that it was almost heresy to argue with. But no doubt arguments were started, for, as I have suggested, no such lists can possibly satisfy every customer. Hanna's little book soon went out of print and became somewhat of a rarity in itself. One seldom saw it on booksellers' shelves or offered in catalogues. It was, therefore, an excellent idea to reissue the book, freshly edited and with certain additions.

This new edition has much to recommend it and what criticism I have to offer is minor. Dr. Lawrence Clark Powell has done a splendid job of editing. Wisely he left most of Hanna's text as it was written, omitting only some long and not very enlightening quotations from Bancroft which had been inserted originally to show that great historian's literary style—a style best forgotten. Powell has also corrected some obvious errors, such as the statement that *Roughing It* was Twain's *second* book. Again, in Hanna's "five foot shelf" Powell has added or deleted the notes to bring them up to date. I could wish that he had added notes to the selections of Wagner and Cowan which were originally, and still are in this edition, mere listings of titles, and perhaps asked Mr. Bliss, who is happily still with us, to make comments on *his* selections.

Two important additions are Powell's own list of twenty-five most significant works of Californiana published between 1932 and 1957, with pertinent and always interesting comments, and a group of "the twenty rarest books not included in Bliss, Cowan, Wagner or "Zamorano 80," compiled by Glen Dawson and Warren Howell, well-known antiquarian booksellers. Another feature, unforgivably omitted in the original edition, is an index.

Altogether, I would say this new edition of *Libros Californianos* has been well worth doing, and the editor, publisher and printer are to be congratulated on making a charming, entertaining and valuable addition to the long list of bibliographical studies of historical books in California.

DAVID MAGEE



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BEATRICE JUDD RYAN, who is a Stanford graduate, spent many years in New York City and Europe. She opened the Galerie Beaux Arts in San Francisco in 1925. For three years she was Director of the Federal Art Project in California and five Western States. In 1940 she became Assistant Director for Art in Action at the Fine Arts Palace of the Exposition. She was also Chairman of the Federal Art Week held the same year at the Palace Hotel. In 1941 she was engaged by Paul Verdier to organize Art in Action for the City of Paris, and later became curator of the Rotunda Gallery there.

THEODORE M. LILIENTHAL, who was born in San Francisco, was in the class of 1915 of Cornell University. He went to France with the American Field Service in World War I. He subsequently became Director of the Bureau of Manufactures which made all of the splints used by the A.E.F. in France. After the war he joined the bond Department of the Anglo-London National Bank. During World War II he was Director of the San Mateo War Council which had jurisdiction over county-wide Civil Defense Programs. Mr. Lilienthal is well-known as a discriminating book collector and a connoisseur of painting.

DR. C. EASTON ROTHWELL is Director of the Hoover Institute and Library on War, Revolution, and Peace, of Stanford University, and President-elect of Mills College, Oakland. A native of Denver, Colorado, Dr. Rothwell was graduated from Reed College in Oregon, received his master's degree in 1929 from the



### MARGINALIA (*continued*)

University of Oregon and his doctorate from Stanford in 1938. From 1941 to 1946 Dr. Rothwell served as a U. S. State Department executive; in 1945 he was executive secretary of the 500-member group that set up the United Nations conference in San Francisco. He was Secretary-general to the U. S. delegation at the General Assembly in London in 1945-46. Among his writings are "An economic geography of the Oregon region" and "The Comparative Study of Elites."

DR. DELLO G. DAYTON is Chairman of the Social Science Division of Weber College, Utah. He received his B.S. degree from Utah State University, and his M.S. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of California at Berkeley. Dr. Dayton was in the Armed Services from 1941 to 1946, having entered as Second Lieutenant and being released as Major. He was also Historian with the Allied Land Forces in France from 1952-1954.

KENNETH JOHNSON, who is Vice-President and Counsel of Bank of America NT&SA, has been particularly interested in California legal history and biography, and is a member of the State Bar and San Francisco Committees on these subjects. *The Strange Eventful History of Parker H. French*, by Edward McGowan, was edited by Mr. Johnson and published last year by Dawson in Los Angeles. Mr. Johnson graduated from Stanford University in 1926 and from Stanford Law School in 1928. He is a native Californian and was born in San Jose.

DR. HAROLD KIRKER, a fifth-generation San Franciscan, studied at Harvard University and received his doctorate from the University of California in 1957. He is Assistant Professor of History at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His field of interest is California history.

DR. H. BRETT MELENDY was born in Eureka. He received his degree from Stanford University with a doctorate being awarded in 1952. His field of special interest is the history of the Western United States. His doctoral dissertation was "One Hundred Years of the Redwood Lumber Industry, 1850-1950." He joined the faculty of San Jose State College in 1955 and is now an associate professor of History and Chairman of the History Department. He is a contributing author to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

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HISTORICAL  
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QUARTERLY

June 1959

# California Historical Society Quarterly

DONALD C. BIGGS, *Director and Editor*

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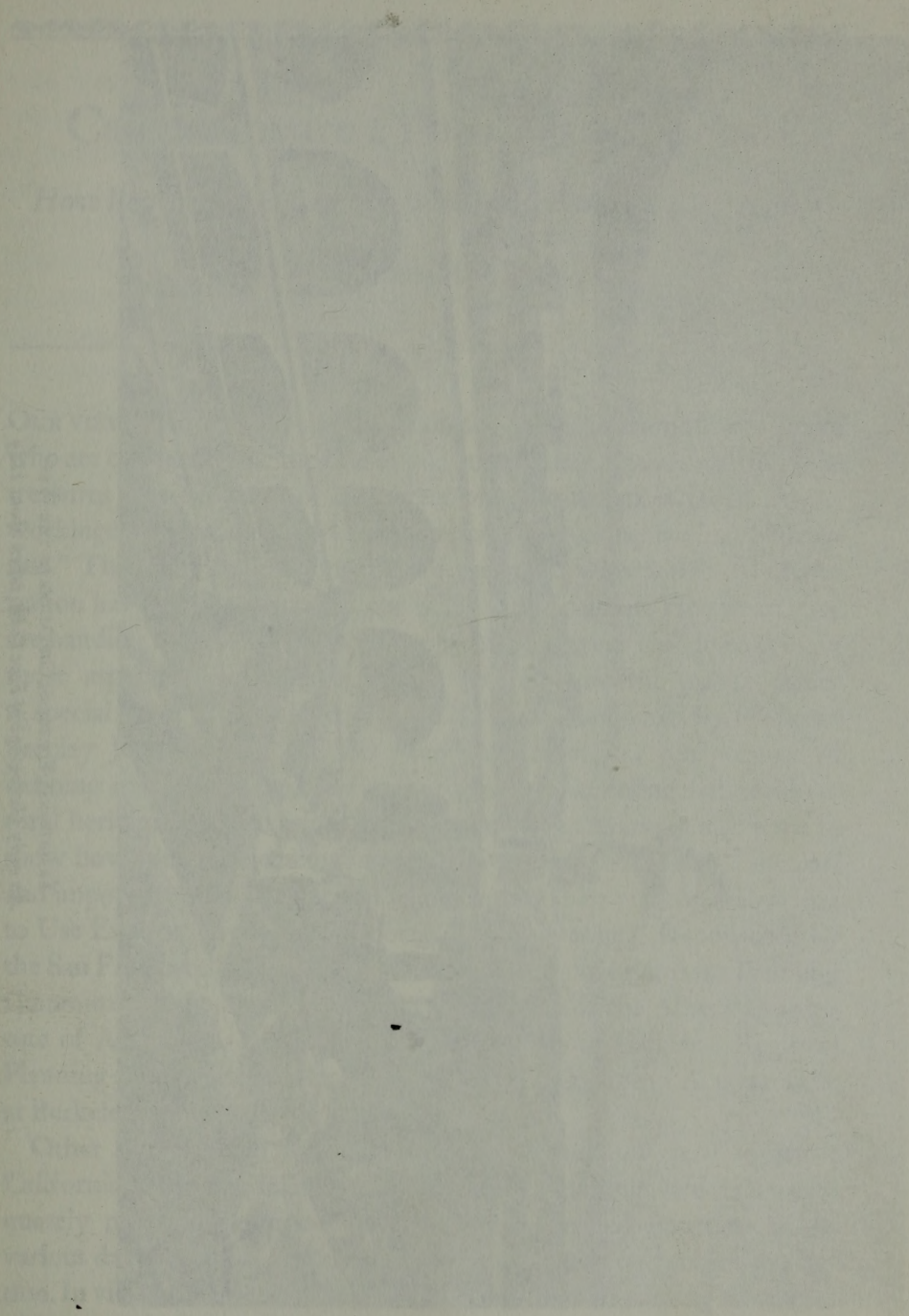
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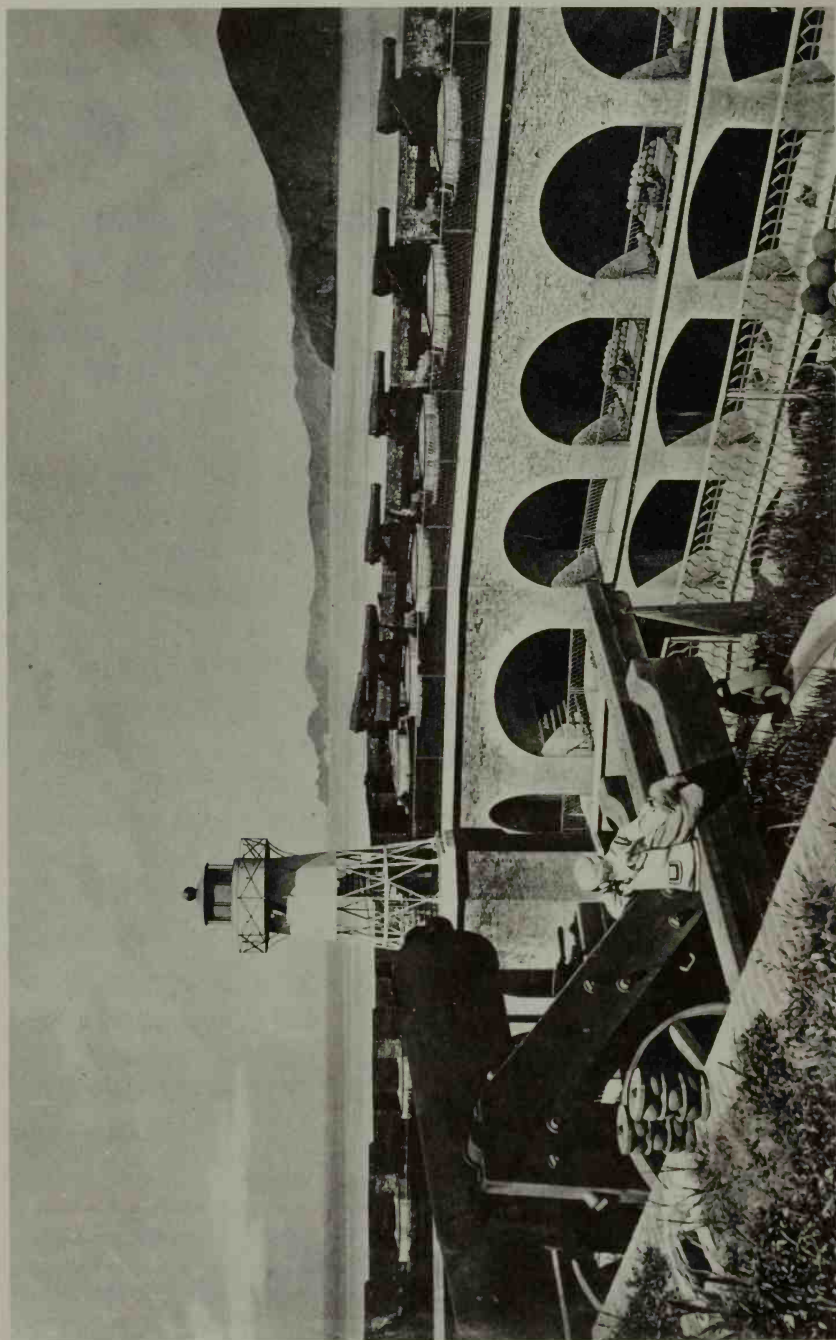
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TRADITIONAL FORTRESS: GIBRALTAR OF THE WEST  
*An early photograph of Fort Point, taken about 1869*

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## Can we Insure a Future for the Past?

*How Best to Use Existing Architectural Forms in City Design*

By STEPHEN W. JACOBS

---

OUR VIEW OF THE PAST will condition the future in many ways. Those who are concerned for the fate of our cultural heritage are aware of the treasures that exist and of the threat to these treasures posed by the workings of our society and its concepts of "development" and "progress." They may be less conscious of the speed with which suburbanization has actually overtaken our older urban centers. However, they are banding together to see what responsible citizens can do to protect those aspects of our environment which represent public assets. A special study at the University of California, conducted by Professor Barclay Jones and myself, has been undertaken for the purpose of defining and solving the most urgent problems affecting our architectural heritage. We are using San Francisco as an example and hope to show how the best elements of our "cityscapes" can be made integral and important parts of the cities of the future. The project "How Best to Use Existing Architectural Forms in City Design," is sponsored by the San Francisco Department of City Planning and the Area Planning Committee of the Northern California Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, as well as the Departments of City and Regional Planning and Landscape Architecture, and the College of Architecture, at Berkeley.

Other speakers and writers have pointed out how very scanty is California's stock of distinguished or historic buildings which are adequately protected at present, and they have called attention to the various dangers which threaten the sites that do not enjoy such protection. In view of the need to insure the preservation of existing structures of interest in many parts of the state, it is important to develop methods for discovering and evaluating those that remain, and then to insure that

the best architectural examples among them are incorporated in the new plans for the areas concerned. In the past this has been done in some instances on a highly selective basis and at other times almost at random. Our object is to indicate how this discovery and evaluation can be done systematically, and as an integral part of the planning process.

Ordinarily historic preservation is a matter of rescue operations, involving the prevention of conversion or demolition, or the replacement of specific structures. "Saving" buildings after they have been threatened is dramatic but it is also unduly complicated and expensive. Before the impending change is announced someone has made an investment. Either he has made a study of the feasibility of the alternative use, or has already purchased the structure or site for demolition or conversion. Possibly plans have been made and contracts let to do the work. Many people will have a legitimate economic interest in the disappearance of the landmark concerned. To halt the proceedings at this stage is a major, and often painful, struggle. The real solution is to decide in advance how important buildings or places can be kept alive, and to make sure that the community's investment in conservation is the most efficient and successful that can be made in the given situation.

The problem is particularly acute in the cities, much of whose character and reputation is the product of their monuments, associations, and visual character. And of course most worthwhile old buildings occur in downtown areas at the core of the city where land values and speculative pressures, to say nothing of tax figures, are the highest.

Major changes are now being made in many of our older cities. In most cases the need for the retention of significant landmarks is clearly felt, if only by those who have experienced the results of the failure to do so. Newly developed or rebuilt areas are now generally criticized for their barren and uninviting character. Our object is to provide the tools for incorporating the best of the existing forms, whether historic, artistic, or simply those rich in human appeal, in the remodeled or redeveloped city.

We are particularly concerned with four aspects of the problem which we feel must be considered to assure that existing values are not neglected.

1. The public, and particularly those people making decisions about old buildings, historic sites, and other relics of cultural or artistic sig-



nificance, are not sufficiently aware of the inherent possibilities in these vestiges of the past. Nor do they realize their importance as vital components of new design. Also they fail to appreciate these assets as sources of orientation and interest for the individual in the city. We hope to establish the importance that historic buildings and sites will have for future generations as well as for contemporary planning, and also to assist those concerned with protecting relics which are of value in their own right.

2. As you must sense from past discussions regarding the California Street Fire House and the old Mint, Gold Rush classics of the Mother Lode and the traditional fortress at the Presidio, it is difficult to identify all the complex considerations of preservation. It is particularly hard to establish items which could or should be preserved.

In suggesting criteria, the National Trust for Historic Preservation has led the way. It is interesting that its experts, like other groups involved in these problems, feel that the standards must vary with the jurisdiction. Thus a very few major structures or sites are of national importance and the proper concern of citizens in all parts of the country. Others should concern all Californians. And, most neglected of all, many more could be retained as key elements for particular cities or neighborhoods to serve as landmarks and possible points of reference in today's mechanical maelstrom. In this context the "museum piece" is less meaningful than the still-usable structure, area, or object which may witness the efforts of a generation and then live on at relatively little expense to the community.

To test possible ways of identifying valuable objects, and forms with "cityscape" possibilities, we have made a sample survey of San Francisco. As everybody knows, most of San Francisco was burned a half century ago, and as a complete building only the Mission Dolores goes back much more than a full century. Therefore, it seemed an ideal city to study in order to develop techniques for locating the significant items in what might be considered unpromising urban settings. After combining sample areas in the various outlying districts of the city, and concentrating on the historic commercial and residential areas lying between Bush Street, Van Ness Avenue and the Harbor, we feel that, by means of snapshots and listings of social organizations, we have pretty well documented the forms which might conceivably be of

community interest and which should be familiar to planners working on the redevelopment of the areas involved.

The degree of importance that should be attached to these several thousand individual items is of course the crux of the matter. We hope to develop some serviceable criteria for communities whose monuments and charms are relatively unsung, or too recent to have achieved the dignity of advanced old age.

3. We particularly wish to interject consideration for existing buildings and objects into the current design process. At present, to perpetuate anything now on the site when redesigning an urban area seems to be too much trouble and too complicated. And of course for the present generation progress is equated with total change and submission to mechanization, rather than with artistic and social control of such changes. Our goal is to educate those making designs for cities not only to properly appreciate and evaluate their heritage, however obscure, but also to show how they can retain the important landmarks of the past that survive and use them to strengthen and give character to plans for redevelopment.

4. Finally, we hope to make this whole process more responsive to local feeling. What is often discounted by "practical" business men as mere sentimentality for the past has real commercial value (as well as social and historical and possibly esthetic virtues) in terms of people's relationship to their setting and their willingness to "do business" with that setting. There is a need for communicating the attitudes and enthusiasms of the local residents to those who actually control the destiny of an area. The stake of the inhabitant, as against the entrepreneur, in a given situation needs to be more clearly understood and expressed. We hope to suggest ways in which people can be heard. This includes those for whom parts of the existing "cityscape" embody purely local cultural, artistic or emotional values, as well as the groups who properly concern themselves with matters of metropolitan, regional or national importance.

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# Early Days at Mission Santa Clara

*Recollections of Nasario Galindo*

*Translated by MRS. CRISTINA ALVISO CHAPMAN*

*with an introduction by KEITH PONSFORD*

---

INTRODUCTION—Nasario Galindo, who was born about 1810 at the San Francisco Presidio, was a son of Don Leandro Galindo, who is mentioned in the manuscript as the *mayordomo del campo* at Mission Santa Clara. As a young boy he lived with his parents at the Mission and later heard from his father the recollections which he put down on paper. Serving in the San Francisco Presidial Company from 1832 to 1843, he was promoted to sergeant, taking an active part in various Indian campaigns, some of which he wrote about in later years.

Living in the fifties near the rancho of Don Agustín Alviso, his boyhood friend, for both their families had lived at the Mission, may have prompted Nasario to commence the manuscript which mentions in detail the work of Agustín's father, Don Ygnacio Alviso. It was there that "El Sargento," as Nasario was known, was encouraged to pursue his laborious efforts, for later he gave to Agustín's eldest son, Don Valentín, this simple narrative.

My inquiries for information regarding the author yielded the following from Ruperto Peralta-Galindo:

"You ask about Nasario Galindo. He was my mother's uncle and she was very fond of him. I knew him very well as he visited my mother quite often. He had one of the keenest minds of the old timers whom I knew. He was a man of average height, ruddy complexioned to the point where he could have been taken as Irish or Scotch. He had blue eyes, wore his hair 'crew cut' style, and despite his 88 years had all his teeth. (The Californios used to say that their teeth were well preserved because they were meat eaters.)

"Nasario Galindo was born at the Presidio in San Francisco about 1810. He was a sergeant in the army and often told me of his exploits against the marauding Indians of the times. All the old timers knew him as 'El Sargento'."

How fitting that the translator, being one of the last of the Alvisos and the great-granddaughter of the *mayordomo* mentioned in the manuscript, should have known as a girl the white-haired "El Sargento" when he came to visit and reminisce with her father in Oakland in the late eighties.

The manuscript written by Nasario Galindo, dated Oakland, July 30, 1883, entitled "Segunda Campana en el mismo año, el 1 de Diciembre de 1842" is in the



possession of Mrs. Cristina Alviso Chapman. Although it is difficult to decipher, lacks punctuation entirely, and contains many spelling errors, Mrs. Chapman, possessing knowledge of the idiom of the country, has succeeded in conveying the true intent of the author.

### THE NASARIO GALINDO MANUSCRIPT

At the Mission of Santa Clara and the Mission of San Jose, in the twelfth year<sup>1</sup> that I (Nasario) was near at hand, this was the manner of governing by the padres, Father José Viader and Father Magín Catalá<sup>2</sup> (at Santa Clara). These sainted priests made it the custom to have all the boys and all the young girls, when they reached the age of ten years, separated from their Indian parents so that they could be put under the charge of one of the Indian *alcaldes*, who were elderly men, known to be of good repute. There were two houses where these children were assigned, one for the boys and one for the girls, and each *alcalde* had a list of their names. These names were written on a paper that was pasted upon a board and alongside each name was a *correa* or strip of leather that was worn around the neck.

It was the custom for these children to say their prayers in the church both at night and in the morning, and they would attend when the bell rang at the accustomed hour. The *alcalde*, by looking over the list of names, could detect any that were missing because not only did they not answer their name when the roll was called but the *correa* would not be in place. When this occurred, the runaway was sought and when found was brought back to the Mission and punished. Besides the children that went daily to the church for Mass, all the Indians that lived outside the Mission also attended these services. There was one Indian who knew how to recite the prayers and he taught the rest in their own language and all followed him in praying in a loud voice. After the Mass was over, they all sang the "Santo Dios" and on Friday they sang the "Adorete Santa Cruz."

After the service of Mass, all the Indians left the church, for all of them had to work at a trade. There were weavers, drovers, tanners, shoemakers, blacksmiths, masons, carpenters and butchers, the latter named *seberos* because they took care of the rendering of the tallow from the cattle that were killed about every eight days for the maintenance of all these people. Outside the church, the Indians gathered according to their trades and from there the groups went to their work.

All the people who worked on the land were under a *mayordomo*, who was Don Ygnacio Alviso,<sup>3</sup> a very good overseer at all classes of the work. He was the one who built all the adobe houses and the church at the Mission of Santa Clara.

There was also a *mayordomo del campo* who had 25 vaqueros, all Indians, under him. He was Don Leandro Galindo.<sup>4</sup> In his charge were 3,000 head of cattle, about 30,000 sheep, some 1,500 horses, a herd of burros, and 50 mules. This *mayordomo* was responsible for these vaqueros' training the horses and mules, and for the giving of cattle rodeos, as well as bringing the slaughtered cattle to the Mission. It was the custom to kill, each Saturday in the winter months, 50 beeves for the maintenance of all the people, but in the spring when the cattle were fat, 100 were killed each week. All the lard was gathered for the supply of the *mayordomos* and the soldiers that were always at the Mission, consisting of a corporal and four soldiers for the protection of the padres. Each month all the tallow was separated and rendered for the making of candles.

The *mayordomos* and all the soldiers were given each month one arroba of lard, one fanega of beans, one of corn, lentils and garbanzos and one fat beef besides being paid a salary in money. The *mayordomo* in charge of the land gave his accounts to the padre, Father José Viader, who had charge of all the Mission business, and the same was done by the *mayordomo del campo*.

Every year, in the months of June and July, the calves that had been born that year were branded. There were times when 10,000 head were branded, other times about 8,000. During the winter, many calves, sheep and horses were found dead, killed by coyotes and wolves. Before the beginning of the winter, all the sheep were sheared and the wool was woven on the looms to clothe the Indians, and as soon as November arrived, all the big and little children were also clothed.

There were at Santa Clara about 2,000 souls, and to sustain them it required sowing a great area with all varieties of seeds. Santa Clara, having an abundance of water for irrigation, did not fear the dry years so that all the crops flourished, filling the storehouses at harvest time with all that one could wish. Some of these storehouses were about 500 varas in length and about 50 varas wide and contained wheat, barley, corn, beans, lentils, garbanzos and horse beans. All of these were piled

up in the granaries because there were no sacks in those times. When the time arrived for harvesting the grain, 100 Indians were employed to clean it before putting it in the storehouses. They had one measure which when used twice made a fanega, as it was called in Spanish. Each Indian would take about 50 pounds in his blanket, so that it was filled, and conveying it in this manner they filled the storehouses with grain, cleaner than that which was threshed by machines, because the winnowing was done on the threshing floor. When the wheat was spread on the floors, mares were used to tread it, then about 40 Indians, called *paleros*, piled it with wooden shovels called *palas* and threw it in the air so chaff and straw would separate. Indian women with brooms swept the chaff away after the spears of grain had come out whole and these were flailed by Indians so as to produce the grain. To clean it further, it was shoveled into a *savanda*, or crib, a square container fashioned of rawhide that had been hardened in the sun and then pierced with many little holes made with a hot iron instrument having many points, and through these holes the grain was sifted. This was the manner of cleaning all the harvested grain. Indians also were taught to take care of the orchard, supplying the priests with fruit when it was ripe.

In a large house there were six copper ollas that could hold two or three barrels of water and to this was added a fanega of mixed grain with horse beans. This was the noon-day meal and when the bell was rung, all the Indians came with their little baskets to receive their ration of food. Every evening, three or four fanegas of pinole were made, to which was added a gruel of barley, and again the bell was rung, summoning the Indians for their evening meal. The young girls, known as nuns, were fed separately, each receiving a ration of *posol* at noon and a meal of pinole in the evening. Every day of the year, this was the customary manner of feeding the Indians at all the missions in California.

The missions of San Rafael and Sonoma had the fewest Indians, not because there were fewer Indians in the region but because these were the last missions to be founded. They both had sufficient Indians to do the work, for these two missions were rich in cattle, horses, and flocks of sheep, and raised enough food to maintain all the Indians that the priest, Juan Amoroso, had in his charge.

One time the heathen Indians, who were named in their tongue *Cainameros*, rose up and fell upon the Mission of San Rafael, where



they broke open the doors to the storehouses and stole everything that they could before returning to their *ranchería*. The padre, Juan Amoroso,<sup>5</sup> escaped with the help of some old Indians, Christians of the same Mission, who led him out under cover of night and, secreting him on a raft of tules, took him to San Francisco, the day being Sunday, November 23rd, 1833.

Immediately we went forth from San Francisco, 25 men under the command of Comandante Don José Antonio Sánchez, and passed the port that very same day in a boat that belonged to the Mission de Dolores, named "La Taba," and soon arrived at Sausalito. There were horses awaiting the expedition, under the *mayordomo* Don Miguel Alvarado, and we saddled and set forth for the *ranchería*. On the third day, Tuesday, November 26th, we had the very good fortune of taking the Indians while they still slept, because they had been celebrating and dancing both day and night. We came upon them at the early dawn, before the sun rose, this being the custom of this Comandante, Señor Sánchez, and so we fell upon them without making a sound. We recovered all the stolen goods, including blankets and other things belonging to the Mission and captured the four Christian Indians that had induced the others to do this crime. We returned on Wednesday, the 27th, and arrived at San Francisco on the 29th, bringing the horses with us. As soon as we arrived; Señor Sánchez ordered the captives to be fettered; they remained prisoners for about two years, working at hard labor. Two days later, the 1st of December, the padre returned to San Rafael with an escort of five soldiers under a corporal, Apolinario Miranda, and the orders to the corporal were that he was not to let the padre go anywhere without this bodyguard. The comandante, Señor Sánchez, reported all this to the Governor, Don José Figueroa, at Monterey in the year 1833, and received orders that the Indian captives were to remain prisoners until further orders.

Now I will tell something of the life of the Reverend Father Magín Catalá of the Mission of Santa Clara. This sainted priest never interfered at any time with the many "*tratos y contratos*" (secular transactions) at the Mission. He used to say to the Reverend Father José Viader that the latter could attend to all the outside business of this Mission, while he, Father Catalá, would attend only to church matters, "which are best for me," adding that he would "help souls upon the road to



Heaven." This saintly man never saw himself possessing one dollar, yet he always found alms for the needy.

"How many children have they? Three? Four? Take care of them well" was his saying, sending them to the storerooms. He would give to each one a blanket, cloth for shirts and to a husband and wife, two large blankets besides anything else that they might need. Then he would say "Go to the keeper of the keys, Don Ygnacio Alviso, and he will give you one fanega each of corn, beans, lard, and tallow." He always returned any money offered him by saying "when I die all that I can take is only my good works." If the money were more than fifteen or twenty pesos, he would say "Put it on top of the table" and after the persons had gone, he would call Leandro, and say to him, "Take this money," and they would go to the storehouse. There there was a chest, which they opened and put the money in it. "You see all that silver?" Father Catalá would say. "When I die I cannot take any of it with me."

All that this sainted priest foretold came to pass. There was a time that he preached in the church "Let us pray, Our Father and Hail Mary, because of two sudden deaths that will be of a husband and wife, and it shall be written by my hand forever." While he was talking the people were silent. "What to do?" they said to each other. "Which of us will it be?" And immediately the most devout prepared to make their confessions. This prophecy was made on a Sunday, and four days later in the night, one Don Lucás Altamirano,<sup>6</sup> having been asleep with his wife, Doña Gerónima García, arose from his bed and going outside, fell down dead. His wife, finding that he had not returned, went out and found her husband dead. Calling her children she said to put Don Lucás on the bed and at eleven o'clock the same day, she also died. When Father Catalá was notified at Santa Clara, and before they could talk to him, he said "It is Lucás and Gerónima. I already knew it. Tell Marcos to bring them to the church for Mass, and then to have them buried together."

These and many other things this sainted priest foretold; all came true. One day at a fiesta he also said in the church, "Let us pray, Our Father and Hail Mary, because of a sudden death that shall be on the eighth day after Palm Sunday." Margarita Aceves de Martínez, who was milking a cow, fell dead at the feet of the animal. When Reyes García arrived at the Mission of Santa Clara to bring the news, before

he could speak, Father Catalá said to him "Margarita has died. I had known it. Tell Martínez to bring her for Mass and I will bury her."

A tragic misfortune occurred at the Mission of Santa Cruz to the person of the Reverend Father Quintana,<sup>7</sup> who was about 70 years old or more. This sainted priest was called out by some *vuerteros* Indians on the plea that he should hear their confessions, so one night he went out without telling the corporal of the guard, Don Crisóstomo Galindo.<sup>8</sup> The Indians led the priest to the orchard, where they suddenly seized him and hung him. So that no one would know the manner of his death, they took the body to his room, they put him in his bed, covering him with a blanket, and locked the door of his room. The next day, the corporal noticed that Father Quintana had not appeared or tolled the bell for Mass, as was his custom every day, and said "What could have happened to the padre—perhaps he is sick?" He asked this of the padre's servant, who said, "The padre is sleeping." The corporal replied "It is very late for him to be sleeping," and knocked on the door three or four times. Receiving no answer, he ordered the door broken down. Seeing the priest lying in bed he talked to him but obtaining no response he uncovered him and found the sainted father dead. Corporal Galindo asked the servant about him but the servant said he did not know anything; so with two soldiers the corporal searched the body and found that the priest had been hung. Giving notice to Monterey and San Francisco, he received orders to imprison the *vuerteros* Indians, together with the servant, until they confessed. The corporal complied with this order but, unable to obtain further evidence, had the prisoners fettered and conveyed to San Francisco. In the course of time, two Indian women of this same Mission had a quarrel and one said to the other "Now then, I will accuse you" and said in the language of the Indians, "You killed Father Quintana." That was the way the criminal was discovered and the servant implicated. So long were the prisoners in jail that they died there. It was seen as a judgment of God, for even the trees in the orchard where the Father had been hanged all died.

Another thing I will tell are the services performed by Don Ygnacio Alviso at the Mission of Santa Clara in the years 1815 to 1822, when the governor was Don Pablo Vicente de Solá. Señor Alviso was a very industrious man and his name should be immortalized and engraved in letters of gold. He was a man of great intelligence and extraordinary

talents, which enabled him to build all the houses that today exist at the Mission of Santa Clara. Having built all the houses in the square for the use of the priests, he then built similar houses for the soldiers of the guard. As soon as these houses were finished he moved the priests to the new mission, as well as the soldiers and the officer in charge of the guard. He then commenced the houses for the nuns and the young single neophytes, after which he commenced the building of the church. Don Ygnacio was of such great intelligence that he did not need anyone to assist him in this work. He was enterprising in business, especially in agriculture. When the church was finished it was whitened with plaster which the Indians brought from the Sierra and then it was painted. Don Ygnacio was the godfather at the benediction when all was finished, this being before the winter.

Don Ygnacio then commenced the making of ploughs for the sowing of seed that year. He used a hundred ploughs that he had made in the pattern of this country as you will see from a sample of this plough that was made that first year of the founding of the new Mission of Santa Clara. In that same time he equipped a hundred pairs of oxen and a hundred Indian *gañanes*, as the workers on the land were called; breaking the soil of a thousand acres about half a league from the Mission, the place being called "El Alto" because it was not marshy land. It was a pleasure to see those pairs of oxen traveling along, one behind the other without leaving the furrow, with the Indians using their goads to which were fastened little red flags so that we would see the line of oxen working very well and in order, with Don Ygnacio on his horse supervising everything.

That year there was a good harvest of wheat and barley. There were raised 8,000 fanegas, also a quantity of beans, corn, garbanzos, lentils, and other kinds of grain, so that the storehouses were full. The priests did not want this *mayordomo* ever to leave them because he was so useful and they could see how well the Mission was progressing. The other *mayordomo*, Don Leandro Galindo, was also appreciated by the priests as much as Don Ygnacio, for the former knew much of the country.

These two men, Don Leandro Galindo and Don Ygnacio Alviso, were great friends and enjoyed each other's company. Both of them were married, Señor Alviso to Doña Margarita Bernal and Señor



Galindo to Doña Rosa Linares. These two ladies served faithfully in the church of Santa Clara, attending to the altar and vestments, which they washed and ironed, to the gratification of the priests, who appreciated these services.

Señor Alviso, who was a good soldier, had been in command of soldiers at the missions at San Francisco, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, and San Jose. These two men, serving the King of Spain with good services and honorable behavior, were given absolute authority by the King, Ferdinand VII, to perform both civil and military services. So that this would not be embarrassing to them they were granted immunity to perform these tasks and these same officials recommended them to the priests so that these two men were well received by all who knew them. Señor Alviso, besides attending to the raising of crops, also attended to the workers inside the Mission. These were weavers, carpenters, shoemakers, masons, blacksmiths, tanners, candlemakers, tallow workers, soap makers, and butchers.

When the crops were harvested they would be put into the storehouses and were used to feed the troops and the priests, and great quantities were sent to San Francisco to sustain the troops and the guard at the Presidio.

Señor Alviso prepared his lists and accounts, making no mistakes, and would give account to the priests of all his comings and goings. This was clever of him for he could not write, but he knew how to figure his accounts by numbers. Señor Galindo also kept his accounts, having charge of the calves and the branding of cattle. Every year it was customary to brand the calves, and there were times when 8,000 to 10,000 were branded, as well as the horses and the herds of sheep. The latter were kept at two ranchos, some 5,000 at one and 30,000 at the other. Each of the ranchos had an Indian *mayordomo* over the many shepherds and the former would give their accounts to the *mayordomo del campo*. In their own tongue they only counted up to ten: 1—*Imefen*; 2—*Uchigin*; 3—*Capagan*; 4—*Caturvas*; 5—*Misur*; 6—*Saquen*; 7—*Quenetes*; 8—*Usates*; 9—*Telequites*; 10—*Ybues*. This was the manner of their counting because they did not know anything better. When the time came for the shearing of the sheep, they counted on a little stick with great difficulties, marking the stick in such a way as to account for the flock.

Once a great swarm of locusts came, in such quantities that the crops were [almost] destroyed, and the priests said that they were not worth the gathering. The locusts would eat the green wheat, even the stems, stripping the whole. Señor Alviso, seeing that the nostrums and holy water used by the priests were of no avail, showed his natural ability and industriousness by mobilising 200 Indians and their wives and ordering them to the fields to protect the crops. Another fifty men were ordered to bring dried hay and spread it outside the planted area. Each Indian brought his blanket and, holding these by the corners, they formed a large curving line, while other men armed with branches beat the ground so as to keep the locusts moving. The advancing line of blankets formed a barrier so that the insects were driven into the dried hay, which was then set on fire so as to destroy the pests. This was done every day, for such was the multitude of locusts that the Indians gathered them in bushels to dry them to make *atole*. In this manner the crops were saved and a good harvest resulted. The priests were amazed to see this further capacity in their *mayordomo*, Señor Alviso. As a last word, I say that if these two men had not had their names immortalized, it would be because there was no one who could have given the knowledge of what they were in those days.

I say the same thing of Señor Don José María Amador, who served a number of years at the Mission of San Jose. Señor Alviso and Señor Amador had no envy toward each other but worked together in the business of agriculture, and many were the things that they did together. All of these men were enriched by their work and afterwards had their ranchos. Señor Alviso had Rincón de los Esteros, Señor Amador had San Ramón and Señor Galindo had Los Capitanillos. After Señor Amador was conceded his rancho in 1835, he planted wheat in 1837 at Sunol with Señor Don Roberto Livermore. This wheat was seeded by using a plough pulled by oxen, while the men went behind to sow the furrows. The seed was sown in a steady stream from the fingers with great patience. The Indians were used as ploughmen with both men following the ploughs, and the first year they harvested 10,000 fanegas of wheat. The following year they raised a volunteer crop and harvested 7,000 fanegas, and all this work was done by industry and experience.

NOTES

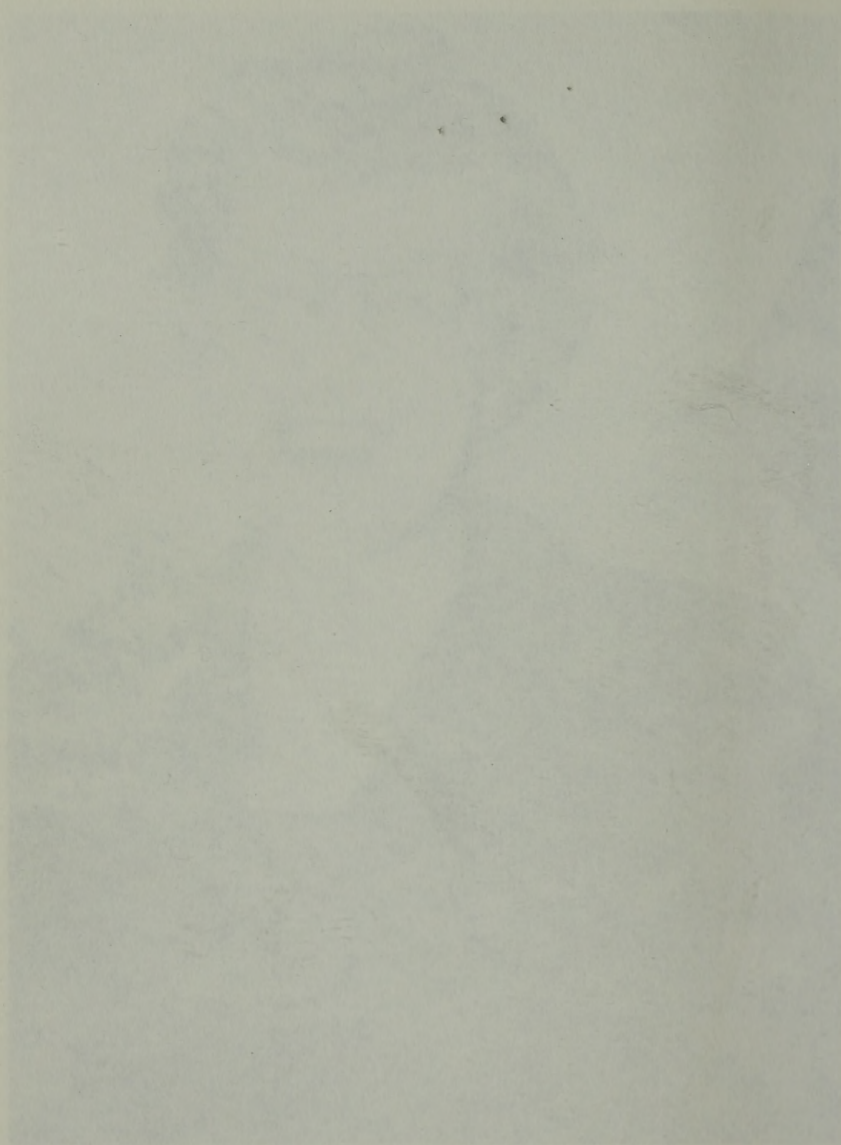
1. 1822.
2. Fr. José Viader served at Santa Clara 1796-1833.  
Fr. Magín Catalá served at Santa Clara 1794-1830.
3. Don Juan Ygnacio Alviso, 1772-1848. Corporal of the guard of Santa Clara, 1816. Administrator of Santa Clara, 1840-1842. Although grantee of Rincón de los Esteros in 1838, he resided at his house at the Mission from 1816 to the end of his days.
4. Don José Leandro Galindo, born 1785. Son of Nicolás Galindo and María Teresa Pinto, both members of the Anza expedition of 1775-1776.
5. Fr. Juan Amoroso, served at San Rafael 1819-1832, according to Bancroft, who refers to this episode as "a tradition." Vol. XX, p. 716.
6. Lucas Domingo Altamirano, 1778-1821. His daughter, María Antonia, married a son of Juan Ygnacio Alviso, in 1823.
7. Fr. Andrés Quintana served at Santa Cruz till murdered, October 12, 1812.
8. Don Juan Crisóstomo Galindo, born 1783, elder brother of José Leandro Galindo.







CAROLINE WENZEL  
*Courtesy Sacramento Bee*



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# The Shiftless Belligerent Pike

*An Early Western Emigrant Type as described by Clarence King<sup>1</sup>*

By ROGER H. PEARL

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ESSENTIALLY the literature of the Far West and that specifically concerned with the Pike (a term used to designate the rustic or unsophisticated early Western emigrant) may be classified into that which is conditioned by the Eastern point of view and that conditioned by the Western; or to be more specific, that which is committed to a sophisticated, supercilious attitude toward the West and that committed to an idealistic, romantically tinged attitude. In American literature this basic opposition is first set forth in the *Leather-Stocking Tales*. Natty Bumppo, the vital personification of the Daniel Boone image, is presented as torn between that highest achievement of civilization, the genteel heroine of sentimental fiction, and the primitivistic haven of the wilderness. In the end, after several near-fatal romances, *Leather-Stocking* finds a greater community of interest with the noble savage of *The Prairie* (1827) or even with that pseudo-barbaric prototype of the Pike, Ishmael Bush.

Cooper represents Bush as a backwoods squatter fleeing from the encroachment of civilization. He is staunchly independent and rigorously faithful to his own values; however, he is rendered in terms of the stereotyped fictive conventions with which Cooper worked and which, for instance, endow the squatter with an impeccable command of the English language. The generic relationship between Bush and the Pike is suggested by this description:

Ishmael Bush had passed the whole of a life of more than fifty years on the skirts of society. He boasted that he had never dwelt where he might not safely fell every tree he could view from his own threshold; that the law had rarely been known to enter his clearing; and that his ears had never willingly admitted the sound of a church bell. His exertions seldom exceeded his wants, which were peculiar to his class, and rarely failed of being supplied. He had no respect for



learning, except that of the leech; because he was ignorant of the application of any other intelligence than such as met the senses.<sup>2</sup>

Clarence King's delineation of the Pike in *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*<sup>3</sup> is in the tradition of that side of Cooper's attitude, suggested above, which condescended to the frontier as an elementary stage of established society.

It is not surprising that the term Pike became almost synonymous with the less sophisticated type of early Western emigrant when it is remembered that all of the Overland routes began in Missouri. To be sure, not a few of these emigrants were natives of the prodigious Missouri county itself or one of the others which bore the same name in neighboring states. The derisive epithet Pike and its variant Piker evidently derive from the county name. The origin of another variant, Puke, is explained as follows: "Missouri had sent up to the Galena [Illinois] country whole herds of uncouth ruffians, from which it was inferred that Missouri had taken a 'puke'."<sup>4</sup>

Bayard Taylor's definition is as follows:

A "Pike," in the California dialect, is a native of Missouri, Arkansas, Northern Texas, or Southern Illinois. The first emigrants that came over the plains were from Pike county, Missouri; but as the phrase, "a Pike county man," was altogether too long for this short life of ours, it was soon abbreviated into "a Pike." Besides, the emigrants from the afore-mentioned localities belonged evidently to the same *genus*, and the epithet "Western" was by no means sufficiently descriptive. . . . He is the Anglo-Saxon relapsed into semi-barbarism. He is long, lathy, and sallow; he expectorates vehemently; he takes naturally to whisky; he has the "shakes" his life long at home though he generally manages to get rid of them in California; he has little respect for the rights of others; he distrusts men in "store clothes," but venerates the memory of Andrew Jackson; finally, he has an implacable dislike of trees. Girdling is his favorite mode of exterminating them; but he sometimes contents himself with cutting off the largest and handsomest limbs. When he spares one, for the sake of a little shade near his house, he whitewashes the trunk.<sup>5</sup>

Whatever his origin, however, he was catapulted to fame in the literature of the Pacific Coast.

Fred Lewis Pattee relates the Pike to works of the Old Southwest by Augustus B. Longstreet, George W. Harris and others in which the same generic type is treated: "In all this work he was simply the crude, uncouth Westerner, the antithesis of the man of the East."<sup>6</sup> As Mr.

Pattee further points out, the genuine California Pike was first delineated and denominated by George Derby in *Phoenixiana* (1855). Pattee attributes the national scope of Pike literature chiefly to the work of Bret Harte, John Hay and Edward Eggleston and considers the Pike one of the unique types indigenous to American soil along with the Yankee, the Leather-Stocking, the Southern darky and the circuit rider.

Wallace Stegner stresses the larger significance of the Pike on American literature:

... his discovery by writers of the sixties, seventies, and eighties was something tremendous and wonderful for native literature. And when Pikes began *writing* books, we had for the first time a literature that mass America could feel in its bones. Ultimately, the biggest discovery of the whole period was the Pike, the common man.<sup>7</sup>

As the tone of Taylor's remarks indicates, the Pike did not lend himself well to dispassionate treatment. He was either derided as a barbarian or glorified, with equal vehemence, as a folk hero. In fact, he lent himself so readily to both caricature and sentimentalizing, exemplified respectively in Derby's humorous *Phoenixiana* and Alonzo Delano's amusing melodrama *A Live Woman in the Mines; or, Pike County Ahead* (1857), that it may be conjectured a large measure of his reputation derives from a practice of abstracting him into a bigger than life personification of these opposing points of view. King's treatment of the Pike, in a less obvious manner, fits into this category.

King's *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* (1872) is a delightfully urbane, witty and informative narrative of the young geologist's experiences as a member of the Geological Survey of California from 1864 to 1873. Three of these chapters, however, cultivate quite a different vein from that of the main text. Although purporting to be as truthfully based on the author's experiences as the other eleven chapters, one may suspect that imagination rather than fact lies behind these episodes. They reflect the current preoccupation with local color and legendry which had rocketed Harte to such fame. Because of the Pike's conspicuous place in the early literature of the Pacific Coast there is reason to believe that King's familiarity with this protean character was as much derived from this source as from first hand observation.

"The Newtys of Pike" is a study of a family of the nomadic Pike quite similar in essence to J. Ross Browne's briefer encounter with a

family of Pike in his humorous travel narrative *Adventures in the Apache Country*.<sup>8</sup> Incidentally, King and Browne met in 1864 just previous to the departure of the former's party for the Sierra Nevadas described in King's book,<sup>9</sup> and it is likely that he was familiar with Browne's popular literary productions. Mr. Stegner says this of the sketch: "In the chapter 'The Newtys of Pike' he gives us a Pike family with an odd, sidelong sympathy, one of the best and subtlest portraits of the Pike in our literature."<sup>10</sup> "Cut-off Copples's" depicts a homespun, Sierran artist who dilates in a similarly colorful dialect such as that set forth in Harte's dialect poems;<sup>11</sup> and "Kaweah's Run" recounts a spell-binding adventure with two Mexican bandits reminiscent of Browne's more dramatic "A Dangerous Journey" (1864).<sup>12</sup>

At the beginning of "The Newtys of Pike" there is no indication that the ensuing events will not follow the autobiographic vein previously cultivated. King describes the return of the survey party, of which he was a member, to the San Joaquin Valley and the circumstances leading to his private expedition to climb Mount Whitney. Almost immediately, however, there is a hint of something new in the offing. He refuses to divulge his route into the mountains under the pretext of jeopardizing his safety should he wish to revisit the scene of the action to be described. (King's concern here may be partially genuine, however, since the Newtys are evidently an exaggeration of real "folks" at the "Hog Ranch" to which he referred in his notes at the time in July, 1864.)<sup>13</sup> Whether merely arch or not this aura of mystery arouses one's curiosity and supplies an effective screen to make the transition into the realm of fiction. Correspondingly, an almost imperceptible transformation affects the character of the narrator in the sense that he brings to bear on the action a sharper focus of his own cultivated sensibility, similar to that of Cooper and Taylor, yet hidden by a thoroughly amiable attitude and behavior. (This heightened sensibility is evident in the preciousness of his farewell to Mrs. Newty, "I have come to bid you good-by, Madam. . .")

Arriving in the timber belt by nightfall, he sights two campfires near a meadow and camps near them. One of them is surrounded by a company of hunters who shock and repel the abstemious geologist by inviting him to join their orgy of bacchanalian revelry and tall tales. He leaves them firmly convinced that he and they are two separate



species, and casually drops the name Huxley. At the other camp, a singular scene, significantly at variance with the surrounding beauty, greets his eye. A squatter family of five is wretchedly arrayed on an assortment of bald buffalo robes and nondescript "comforters," outstretched before a campfire, feet forward, as if prostrated by some calamity. On one end reclines the complacent father. At the opposite end the wizened mother sits with clay pipe in mouth ominously spitting tobacco juice, in true Pike fashion, at a select spot in the fire. She is archetypally described as:

... a bony sister, in the yellow, shrunken, of sharp visage, in which were prominent two cold eyes and a positively poisonous mouth; her hair, the color of faded hay, tangled in a jungle around her head.<sup>14</sup>

Next to the father, an Amazon of a girl is stretched out with her leg forked in the air, forebodingly squinting her eye toward the fire and, at the same time, idly tracing the outlines of the firelight with her size eleven boot. Sandwiched between are two sickly youngsters.

After an awkward loss to find words at such a tribal spectacle, King hopefully comments upon the happy choice of campsite. "They's wus, and then again they's better," Mrs. Newty unpropitiously replies. "Doos well for our hogs. We've a band of pork that make out to find feed," a band of "nigh three thousand," Newty himself more promisingly interjects. The geologist is invited to remain by the lady of the camp but declines the honor proffered him by her sharp rebuke of Susan for presuming to so much of the mattress. True to most portrayals of the Pike, this unnatural reticence is soon dashed by an avalanche of interrogation. Satisfying everyone except the mother by the account he gives of himself, he notes that his remarks have served to stimulate an internecine rivalry between the mother, on one side, and the father and Susan, on the other. By deserving the disdain of Mrs. Newty he wins the approbation of the opposing faction. A tremor of anticipation thrills through the camp, accompanied by certain meaningful foot movements and solicitous squints of Susan's eye at the spot in the fire foredoomed to her mother's triumphant salivary accuracy.

Interrupting his indoctrination into the subtleties of the Newtys' family life, a call summons the geologist back to his own camp for supper. At the invitation of Newty, he promises to return later in the evening. This hiatus in the action reveals the author's care to preserve



the sense of verisimilitude, and enables him to rejoin the Newtys as someone more intimate than an intruder. After supper he returns to the redoubtable squatters more disposed to indulge himself in their primitive hospitality by reclining in the dirt before the fire, parallel with the family—first noting that his trousers were impervious to dirt, and, he might have added, his soul also.

At the moment of his arrival, Mrs. Newty was telling a coon-story to her entranced little boy, marshalling it to a conclusion with the flourish, "and when Johnny fired, the coon fell and busted open." Exultant in this rousing and gory denouement, she uncannily senses the opportunity to unleash her disdain on the unwary visitor by the imperious challenge, "I allow you have killed your coon in your day?" Perceiving his predicament, he is obliged to confess with chagrin that he has not. Susan and her father are somewhat staggered by this embarrassing disclosure, but their entrenched animosity to Mrs. Newty compels them to rationalize the geologist's fall from grace. "Maybe that they don't have coon around the city of York," rallies Newty. Mild rejoinders are insufficient to gratify Susan's more aggressive nature, however. With nonchalant malevolence, she gets up, stretches her huge frame before the fire, and pokes to fiery oblivion the place produced by her mother's fond and precise expectation.

Mrs. Newty's disapproval of the genial King reveals a state of mind blighted by a paradox central to the Pike character. It is tinged with the tribal ferocity which stewes in the Pike mentality. What seems a pungent irony in this outcropping of pride merely reflects the Pike's defiant self-righteousness and tenacious loyalty to his own kin and native soil, be they ever so perverse. As the editor of *The Pioneer* expressed it: "His very gospel is but a paraphrase of Titmouse's poem:

*'Pike, O! Pike, it is my name,  
Missourer is my nation,  
Pike County is my dwelling-place,  
And Pike is my salvation!'*"<sup>15</sup>

One need only conjure up the image of Irving's "raw boned, hard-riding, hard-winking knight errant of the frontier" who was determined to whip the inoffensive Osage (1835)<sup>16</sup>; or the "rebellious vanity" of Stevenson's Irvine Lovelands (1883)<sup>17</sup>; or, best of all, that climax of

squatter superiority, Pap Finn (1884), to place Mrs. Newty in the proper perspective.<sup>18</sup>

King deftly manipulates the two Pike characteristics of egotism and perversity. Bret Harte often gave his stories a provoking twist by a sudden revelation or insight at the very end. But in King's fiction the action is developed on a consistent interplay of subtle cross currents. By a few sharp insights the author forcefully illustrates the primitive techniques of psychological warfare waged within the framework of squatter relationships. Henry James would show the need for hundreds of pages to clarify a situation of intersocial tension at play in a complex society while King treats the theme in a more abrupt manner appropriate to a more elementary social plane. Contention seems to occupy the Newtys in the same way that dog fights and other forms of brutality do the sporting loafers of Mark Twain's Mississippi Pikesville.<sup>19</sup>

For the rest of the evening, King congenially converses with that half of the family whose favor he had won upon their favorite subject of pork, concealing his own distaste for this viand, while "taciturnity and clouds of Virginia plug" reigned supreme with the other half. King seems to exemplify the contrary loquacious and reclusive moods of the Pike by the two family factions, respectively.<sup>20</sup> At length, Newty's drowsiness compels him to ask Susan to inspect the corral before she retires, proudly adding that the herd was the "Pootiest band of hogs in Tulare County! [with] littler of the real sissorbill nor Mexican racer stock than any band I have ever seen in the State." Once again displaying her magnitude in a convulsive stretch and yawn, Susan invites the guest to visit the seat of the family fortune with her. Soon the two are standing in the midst of the two acres of restless, contentious swine, a kind of Darwinian free-for-all:

The air was filled with heavy breathing, interrupted by here and there a snore, and at times by crescendos of tumult, caused by forty or fifty pigs doing battle for some favorite bed-place.<sup>21</sup>

Susan surveys the scene with pride remarking how she had "growed with 'em." Before they depart, she demonstrates her fitness over the herd by reducing to submission a particularly vicious hog named Old Arkansas by applying the tip of her boot to its flank. Having returned to the camp, he witnesses Susan's folk informality of simply kicking her boots into the air before turning in fully clad, after which he modestly "fled precipitately" to his own camp.

Ensnared in his blankets, the geologist lies in a stupor, with the dual images of Mrs. Newty and her coons, and Susan and Old Arkansas reverberating in his mind. Nowhere is the author's artistry more evident than in his use of the hog and coon as images serving to conceptualize states of mind; to reinforce the theme of evolution introduced at the beginning of the story; and to expand its meaningfulness with symbolic overtones. The hog is used recurrently in the fiction of Mark Twain, for instance, to typify the squatter, poor white mentality.<sup>22</sup> In like manner the cunning coon is surrounded with an aura of folk superstition among the backwoods people of the Old Southwest.<sup>23</sup> Mrs. Newty's coons counterbalance Susan and her father's swine. Both factions regard one or the other animal as a standard to which they owe their jealous allegiance. All values must eventually be determined by reference to these ideological fountainheads. Brute strength, greedy egocentrism and animal cunning are not then without a kind of inverted idealism in the Pike scheme of things.

Appropriately awakened by the restless commotion of swine early the next morning, King observes the squatter camp, which bears a suspicious resemblance to the hog corral, stir across the brook. Mrs. Newty rouses her daughter by a shrill hog-call, "Yew Suse!" similar to Susan's fighting ejaculation the night before, "S-S-oway, Arkansas!" She is then admonished to "Get up and let the *hogs* out!" Rubbing the sleep from her eyes with pig-like knuckles, she at length gets up and meets the geologist at the brook. He describes how Susan, after a rather ineffectual toilet, is inspired to a renewed effort from watching his own ablutions. A lurking spark of femininity gleams in her eyes for a moment as she considers in King's looking glass the result of her labor with King's comb. He cannot help but appreciate her superb physique, which many another Western writer has observed of the Pike, in springing deftly across the stream to her own camp, from whence she had come to inspect those curious articles which he gallantly presents to her as a gift. After the Newtys' expeditious breakfast of pork, another phase of the morning ritual takes place:

Susan, after a second appeal from her mother, ran over to the corral and let out the family capital, who streamed with exultant grunt through the forest, darkening the fair green meadow gardens, and happily passing out of sight.<sup>24</sup>

Not only does the significance of the hogs expand with symbolic



overtones, but here, also, they denote a formidable family capital with the implication that wealth is quite compatible with spiritual bankruptcy in the fecund land of the West. In the final chapter of the book entitled "The People," King indicates his subscription to the traditional interpretation of the frontier as developing in successive stages by this wry comment: "By 1860, California had made the vast inspiring stride from barbarism to vulgarity."<sup>25</sup> With this evaluation in mind it is not difficult to appreciate the broader symbolic ramifications of the sea of hogs inundating the ordered sanctuary of nature. The image graphically evokes and, for the most part, presages the judgment of such intellectuals as Henry Adams and William Dean Howells, with whom King was soon to be on intimate terms, upon the ascendance of materialism and commercialism in American society.

King observes with disgust that the hunters, whom he ironically denominates "children of the forest," perhaps with the person of Leather-Stocking himself in mind, remain dormant until the sun rouses them, after which they energetically begin the day with a game of poker. Generously enough, King seems to consider the Newtys above the base hunters by ascribing to the latter some of the more obvious vices often attributed to the Pike, such as prevarication, gambling and inebriation. Clearly, these "children of the forest" are little above the hogs and coons.

After his own repast, King joins Newty at the corral where the garrulous Pike leisurely spins out the family saga. King ruefully cites this history as an indication of a familiar pattern of social degradation. He takes special care to emphasize the representative nature of this pattern by prefacing a summary of the Newty story with a panegyric on the long-suffering, but socially productive overland emigration, contrasted with the forlorn perigrinations of a race of perpetual green-horns, victims of a Western myth, in search of the frontier New Eden, productive only of bleached bones, graves and dead souls. Then he describes the sequence of wanderings undertaken when the image of the West was invested with its greatest lustre. Starting from Pike County in 1850 with the nucleus of the present herd of swine,<sup>26</sup> the Newtys settled in Oregon, and then, driven by some chronic inner deficiency, uprooted themselves at intervals in a ceaseless quest until they arrived in California where they are already looking wistfully



towards Montana. With great foresight King surmises that, once in Montana, they will inevitably be persuaded that salvation lies in Texas! All the while the Newtys continue to beget children, dig graves, and remorselessly increase the herd of swine until even Newty is so awed by its prodigality that he talks of putting "em all into bacon." Of such a family as the Newtys, emigrating from Oregon, King wrote in his journal in 1863: "... poor restless people who came from a better land."<sup>27</sup>

While returning to camp Newty apologizes for his wife's coon monomania wryly ascribing this eccentricity to her Arkansas origin. Evidently the ill-natured hog was not named by accident. As if to wink at his wife's simplicity, he slyly informs the geologist that although she had once sworn that no man should marry Susan who had not killed "coon enough for a bed quilt," she no longer insisted on this point. Before King allows his hopes to get the better of him, ironically implicating himself a little more directly in the action, Mrs. Newty seems to preclude such a happy consummation upon the return of the two men to the camp. With remorseless single-mindedness she queries her husband if he recollects what a "dead open-and-shut on coons" their little Johnny was—whose early demise King suspects may not be unrelated to the feckless lad's talent with the rifle. A look in the daylight at the ill-used mother and one of the sickly youngsters confirms the appalling consequences of "chronic emigration" to the geologist.

By noon King is ready to resume his journey. After Newty holds a suspicious conversation with Susan, he tells King that they will accompany him for a few miles. The geologist then obligingly bids Mrs. Newty farewell by requesting her to save up "one or two really first rate coon stories." To this she readily agrees with a first faint glimmer of kindness in her eyes, remembering a certain "coon that used to live under grandfather's barn."

As Susan and King ride amiably along through the woods the girl conjures up an image of brute strength and determined will by exulting in the conquest of her bucking colt. Thereafter he undertakes to determine her attitude toward nature by calling attention to the beauty of the forest. At first, she comprehends only in terms of fence-rails and board-feet, true to the Pike's implacable hatred of trees, but eventually

a gleam of recognition dawns in her eye and he rejoices in the discovery of a germ of receptivity in the Pike mentality.

The climax of the story is reached when Newty rides up announcing that he must go no farther, but knowingly permitting his daughter to accompany the eligible bachelor for another half mile. Calling him aside Newty portends an issue of great moment by displaying an insistent solicitude for the departing surveyor. Then, as if both to place the true worth of his daughter before the young man's eyes and to revile his wife's laughable qualification about the coon skin quilt, believing the avarice of the Pike to be universal, yet with trepidation on broaching so nice a matter, he says, "thet-thet-thet man what gets Susan *has half the hogs!*," after which he whirls around and rides complacently off. With the benignity of a philanthropist Newty not only is prepared to welcome King into the tribe but also ready to confer upon him a practical and profitable achievement of frontier culture, to wit: a herd of hybrid hogs, upon the excellence of which Newty had earlier expounded. King accompanies the innocent Susan for the allotted half mile, at the end of which he soberly shakes her hand and rides reflectively away, leaving her to face her father empty handed. For the fifth and final time that morning the multi-purpose Pike solicitation graces his ear: "Say, you'll take good care of yourself, won't you, say?" As far as East from West is Susan from the genteel heroine.

King rides back into the real world of geological survey slowly, in order to reflect upon the image which the Pikes had left on his mind. Belying the story's genial, gently satiric tone he ingenuously states that this image affected him rather too seriously to appreciate its comic side. Gravely he points out the retrogression of Newty and his wife from their progenitors, one of whom had been an educated New Englander and the other an Arkansas judge. The story concludes with this explicit judgment, which calls to mind Taylor's definition of the "Anglo-Saxon relapsed into semi barbarism":

If, as I suppose, we may all sooner or later give in our adhesion to the Darwinian view of development, does not the same law which permits such splendid scope for the better open up to us also possible gulfs of degradation, and are not these chronic emigrants whose broken-down wagons and weary faces greet you along the dusty highways of the far West melancholy examples of beings who have forever lost the conservatism of home and the power of improvement?<sup>28</sup>

King's not unreasonable if somewhat aristocratic belief in the retrogressive influence of the frontier, as it had an immediate bearing upon his own life, is vividly illustrated in an incident related by Rossiter W. Raymond, a colleague of King. Upon the occasion of visiting the geologist at work in a remote region of Utah, Mr. Raymond was astonished to discover King meticulously dressed in immaculate linen and silk stockings prepared to sit down to a handsomely appointed table for dinner. Mr. Raymond's good natured banter at the sight of such elegance in so wild a place elicited this reply:

It is all very well for you, who lead a civilized life nine or ten months in the year, and only get into the field for a few weeks at a time, to let yourself down to the pioneer level, and disregard the small elegancies of dress and manners which you can afterwards easily resume, because you have not laid them aside long enough to forget them. But I, who have been for years constantly in the field, would have lost my good habits altogether if I had not taken every possible opportunity to practice them. We don't dine this way every day, but we do so whenever we can.<sup>29</sup>

Mr. Raymond also relates that King almost always had a personal attendant.

"Cut-off Copples's" further delineates the Pike to some extent.<sup>30</sup> It recounts King's accidental meeting with the loquacious native who bears the name H. G. Smith.<sup>31</sup> Smith aspires to both fame as an artist and the hand of the widow Copples's buxom daughter. The sketch is largely concerned with the eccentricities of this self-styled "Pacific Slope Bonheur." Smith himself is not a Pike since he claims to be "California-born and mountain-raised." The Pike enters the story only incidentally but in a way which supplies one of the chief interests of the sketch.

As King and Smith approach Copples's stage station their attention is called to a twelve-mule team wagon which had stuck fast on a narrow grade and which obstructed traffic for some distance behind. After it became apparent that the driver was helpless to extricate his wagon a fellow teamster came forward "with a look of wrath absolutely devilish" and took charge of the situation.<sup>32</sup> The physiognomy and dress of this stranger, who calls to mind Mrs. Newty, left no doubt of his origin:

About five wagons back I noticed a tall Pike, dressed in checked shirt, and pantaloons tucked into jack-boots. A soft felt hat, worn on the back of his head, displayed long locks of flaxen hair, which hung freely about a florid pink



countenance, noticeable for its pair of violent little blue eyes, and facial angle rendered acute by a sharp, long nose.<sup>33</sup>

The Pike activated the mules merely by a volley of imprecation (not recorded). This preternatural, almost chemical profanity combined with the demonic wrath and fiery eye furnish another insight into that state of inner ferocity which was more subtly evoked in the malevolence of the Newtys. Pike belligerence is attested, incidentally, by one forty-niner who noted that peace in the gold fields came to an end when the migrants from Western Missouri arrived.<sup>34</sup>

Later, when the teamsters had all congregated at Copples's for the night King stands by while they partake of a meal, during which they use their forks to pick their teeth, clean their nails, harpoon readily reachable articles of food and drum the latest tunes on the bottom of their plates. This exhibition of almost winning dining room exuberance, expanding upon the familiar semi-barbaric quality of the Pike image, appropriately affects King with unmixed good humor now.

King's attitude throughout *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* is in keeping with the objective of clear-headed intellectual reassessment, which the new era of post Civil War America introduced. His book is pungent with the keen spice of iconoclasm in the spirit of Cervantes, whom he celebrated in his last sketch "The Helmet of Mambrino" (1886). In the chapter entitled "The Forest," for instance, he explodes romantic delusions about the noble redskin; and in the final chapter he debunks the armchair hypotheses of the physical geographers and the smug criticism of dilettante travelers from the East. And noting the happy influence of the climate on the Californian temperament he ponders whether the grimness of the New Englander may not also be attributable to climate instead of a highly developed moral sensibility.

His fiction is permeated with the spirit of realism as advocated by Howells. In "Cut-off Copples's" a casual reference is made to Howells' carefully executed little character sketch "Mrs. Johnson." There also may be found a statement embodying the essence of the realist's commitment to a faithful transcription of actual experience. Speaking of Smith's outlandish dialect, King says:

I let this singular man speak for himself in his own vernacular, pruning nothing of its idiom or slang, as you shall chose to call it. In this faithful transcript there are words I could have wished to expunge, but they are his, not mine, and illustrate his mental construction.<sup>35</sup>



Other characteristics of his fiction common to the realistic literature of the period are: the autobiographic method, the democratic attention to the commonplace, the pervasive satire and the careful delineation of folk ways, dialect, and personal characteristics, all of which impart a sense of inductive scrutiny dear to the realist's heart. This realism professed to reject *a priori* absolutes but, at the same time, it held that if the writer had correctly seen or perceived his material and rendered it with verisimilitude, a clear thematic pattern would necessarily result. In this manner, for instance, the depiction of the Newtys, who are seen in the perspective of their chronic wanderings, seems to prove the point of migratory retrogression with a kind of syllogistic inevitability. Indeed, the sketch ends on a scientific note by referring to Darwin's theory of evolution. The implication of pessimistic determinism is modified, however, by the faint glimmer in Mrs. Newty's eye and Susan's brief apprehension of an intangible idea, both of which leave the possibility of progress open. King's guarded optimism about Californian society at the end of the book is based not on what it is but on what it is becoming.

King's evaluation of Harte reveals an uncharacteristic lack of perception:

No one familiar with society as it then was feels the least surprise that Mr. Bret Harte should deal so largely in morbid anatomy, or appear to search painfully for a single noble trait to redeem the common bad.<sup>36</sup>

If King failed to recognize that Harte rather over supplied his characters with noble traits he did not commit the same error himself. Like Harte, King is prone to certain mannerisms. He is overfond of foreign expressions and allusions (as when he compares Susan to Ceres) and, at times, tends to exaggerate, as seen in some of the dialogue of H. G. Smith to which the *Atlantic* reviewer objected.<sup>37</sup> Nevertheless, he is every whit the proficient stylist that Harte is and is the more masculine and direct of the two.

"The Newtys of Pike" is not only a polished and witty sketch, reminiscent as much of Irving as of Harte, but it also incorporates a serious evaluation of the West, as place and myth, in American history. King invests the stock, comic figure of the Pike with life and psychological realism to personify the gullible emigrant-squatter and to comment upon the Western frontier in relation to American values and

civilization. As long as the frontier is seen as an elementary stage of society with the promise, to be sure, of orderly development toward established society and traditional values, it justifies the advent of Manifest Destiny, mass migration, and the primitive life of the frontier. But when it, as such, is invested with value, adding a kind of gilded glow to the popular image of the West, then tragedy is imminent for those deluded souls, such as the Newtys, who become afflicted with frontier fever. As a consequence, when the spiritual poverty of the Pike is paradoxically reinforced by material prosperity the transition from barbarism to vulgarity presents an equally uninspiring spectacle in King's eyes. Perhaps Derby implied something of this transition when he discerned in the countenance of the Pike "... a determined, combined with a sanctimonious expression."<sup>38</sup>

The persistence of the westward urge crops out in more recent literature in a bipolar pattern similar to that found in Cooper. With something of the same point of view as that of King, Sinclair Lewis depicts the Midwesterners of *Gopher Prairie*, impelled by the same restless inclinations as the Pike, pulling up stakes and heading West only to settle down in an exact replica of the town from which they departed (1920).<sup>39</sup> Contrariwise, more in the tradition of Harte, John Steinbeck presents his California bound Okies, who are kith and kin to the Pike, with a sympathy verging on sentimentality in *Grapes of Wrath* (1939).

Myth in American literature is rooted in primitivism whether it takes the form of Leather-Stocking and Chingachgook striking off for the Western wilds or Huck Finn and Nigger Jim rafting down the Mississippi. The Missouri waif Huck Finn may be seen as the idealized Pike freed of his Pap's more typical vices. (In one of his masterly prevarications Huck claims to be from a characteristically migratory Pike County family.)<sup>40</sup> Similarly, the difference between the worlds of the raft and the Mississippi Pikesville is essentially that between the realm of myth and observable phenomena. Clarence King's delineation of the California Pike falls within the latter category. It furnishes little justification for the exaltation of frontier values set forth by the Turner hypothesis.

## NOTES

1. I wish to thank Professor James D. Hart of the University of California, Berkeley, for help and encouragement in writing this article.
2. James Fenimore Cooper, *The Prairie* (New York, 1953), p. 70. I am indebted to Professor Henry Nash Smith's introduction to this edition.
3. Clarence King, *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*, Francis P. Farquhar, ed. (London, 1947). All page references are to this edition.
4. Sir William A. Craigie, ed., *A Dictionary of American English*, 4 vols. (Chicago, 1942).
- Bernard De Voto describes the primitive life and folk ways of the Pike in his native habitat in *Mark Twain's America* (Boston, 1932), pp. 53-77.
5. Bayard Taylor, *At Home and Abroad*, Second Series (New York, 1862), p. 51.
6. Fred Lewis Pattee, *A History of American Literature Since 1870* (New York, 1915), p. 84; see also pp. 83-98.
- G. R. MacMinn presents a composite picture of the California Pike as he is depicted in the literature and periodicals of the Golden State in the decade from 1850-1860 in "The Gentleman from Pike in Early California," *American Literature*, 1936, VIII, pp. 160-169. Credit is due Mr. MacMinn for his pioneering work on the Pike.
7. Robert E. Spiller *et al.*, editors, *Literary History of the United States*, 2 vols. (New York, 1948), II, pp. 864-865.
8. J. Ross Browne, *Adventures in the Apache Country* (New York, 1868), pp. 332-335; see also pp. 460-462.
9. Thurman Wilkins, *Clarence King* (New York, 1958), p. 63.
10. Spiller *et al.*, *op. cit.*, p. 873.
11. Pattee, *op. cit.*, p. 87, points out some almost identical features in certain of the Pike dialect poems of Harte, in *East and West Poems* (1871) and of Hay, in *Pike County Ballads* (1871). One such feature, which occurs in Harte's "Cicely" and Hay's "Little Breeches," recurs in "Cut-off Copples's" where the loquacious artist alludes to his *amour* with the refrain "and that's what's the matter with H. G.," suggesting the influence of this work on King. It is also worth noting that Harte's stories often appeared in the same issues of the *Atlantic Monthly* in which *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* appeared, in part, serially from May to December, 1871.
12. J. Ross Browne, *Crusoe's Island . . . with Sketches of Adventures in California and Washoe* (New York, 1864).
13. Wilkins, *op. cit.*, pp. 71, 142.
14. King, *op. cit.*, p. 114.
15. *The Pioneer*, 1854, I, p. 252.

16. Washington Irving, *A Tour on the Prairies*, John Francis McDermott, ed. (Norman, Oklahoma, 1956), pp. 32, 33.
17. Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Silverado Squatters* (New York, 1955), pp. 241-247.
18. Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (New York, 1955), pp. 23-29.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 140; see also p. 214.
20. Mr. MacMinn enumerates the various qualities of the Pike in his article. See Note 6.
21. King, *op. cit.*, p. 118.
22. Mark Twain, *op. cit.*, p. 140.
23. Vance Randolph, *Ozark Superstitions* (New York, 1947), pp. 240-263.
24. King, *op. cit.*, p. 122.
25. *Ibid.*, p. 312.
26. Inconsistent with this date is Newty's statement several pages before: "I driv the original outfit from Pike County to Oregon in '51 and '52'" p. 117. However, it is improbable that hogs were ever driven across the Plains, or even herded far into the mountains.
27. Wilkins, *op. cit.*, p. 71.
28. King, *op. cit.*, p. 128.
29. *Clarence King Memoirs* (New York, 1904), pp. 345, 346.
30. In the original publication by the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1871, "The Newtys of Pike" and "Cut-off Copples's" were combined under the single title "Wayside Pikes." The new titles denote the lesser importance of "Cut-off Copples's" as far as the Pike is concerned.
31. Mr. Wilkins points out that Smith is a caricature of one of King's Sierran acquaintances; *op. cit.*, p. 142.
32. The Pike is often associated with the picturesque occupation of the wagon or stage driver. See Taylor, *op. cit.*, for instance, p. 63.
33. King, *op. cit.*, p. 226.
34. Daniel Knower, *The Adventures of a Forty-Niner* (Albany, 1894), pp. 73, 74.
35. King, *op. cit.*, p. 225.
36. *Ibid.*, p. 308.
37. *Atlantic Monthly*, 1872, XXIX, pp. 500, 501.
38. George Derby, *Phoenixiana* (New York, 1856), p. 130.
39. Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street* (New York, 1920), pp. 247, 248.
40. Mark Twain, *op. cit.*, p. 126.





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# History in your own Backyard

## *Digging History Out of Journalism*

By GLENN S. DUMKE

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IN THE *Los Angeles Times* for July 3, 1887, there appeared a real estate advertisement with the following verse:

Go wing thy flight from star to star  
From world to luminous world as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres  
And multiply each through endless years  
One winter at Vernon is worth them all.

Now Vernon, for those of you who are unacquainted with southern California, started out to be a small suburb southeast of the civic center of Los Angeles and it currently is one of the most heavily and unattractively developed of the city's industrial districts. Yet there was a time, as this advertisement shows us, when Vernon was a respectable residential area, noted for its appeal to people who liked good living, a semi-tropical climate, and the opportunity to raise a few crops in their expanded backyards. I have examined the printed records of the period of the 1880's in southern California somewhat exhaustively, and I can recall no reference in any book—except the one I wrote which makes use of this source—which so clearly depicts the status of early Vernon and incorporates within it so much information as this one quotation.

This was a quotation from a newspaper. Newspapers are commonly not considered to be the best sources for unbiased and objective history, and yet they contain, as this demonstrates, much worthwhile material which is unavailable elsewhere. Certainly for the boom period of the 1880's in California, newspapers constitute one of the best, if not *the* best, record of what happened in those turbulent times.

Another journalistic example, from the *Los Angeles Times* of Decem-

ber 19, 1886, demonstrated the enthusiasm with which new residents of California advertised their new home to less fortunate colleagues who had remained in the East or Middle West.

WHEREAS we the members of the Illinois Association, having endured the tortures inseparably connected with life in a region of ice and snow, and having fled from our beloved state to this favored land.

NOW THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, that we deeply sympathize with our friends and former fellow citizens in Illinois who still endure the ills they have rather than fly to pleasures that they know not of. . . .

RESOLVED, that in this grand country we have the tallest mountains, the biggest trees, the crookedest railroads, the driest rivers, the loveliest flowers, the smoothest ocean, the finest fruits, the mildest lives, the softest breezes, the purest air, the heaviest pumpkins, the best schools, the most numerous stars, the most bashful real estate agents, the brightest skies, and the most genial sunshine to be found anywhere else in North America. . . .

RESOLVED, that we heartily welcome other refugees from Illinois and will do all in our power to make them realize that they are sojourning in a "City of the Angels" where their hearts will be irrigated by living waters flowing from the perennial fountains of health, happiness and longevity.

All of which is respectively submitted in faith, hope, and climate.

Such journalism not only helped to record history, it also helped to make it, by its distribution in the East at a time when people were in a frame of mind to be encouraged.

In the Los Angeles papers of the 1920's there appeared a series of advertisements of the Julian Petroleum Corporation. One of them is of particular interest because it announced to all that Courtney C. Julian had some excellent oil prospects in a field known as Santa Fe Springs, and that he needed money for immediate development. He urged people to send him this money with the hope and expectation that large profits would be forthcoming; "but," he said, "no widows or orphans need apply." And he came out frankly with the statement that this was a speculation and if anybody wanted to take a good gamble, this was it. The fact of the matter was that he needed a few thousand dollars to develop some options in that area, and within a very few weeks gullible and enthusiastic people of southern California had sent him, as a result of these advertisements, more than a *hundred* thousand, completely without security and almost wholly in response to these newspaper advertisements.



Many of you know what happened to the Julian Petroleum Corporation or "Julian Pete" as it was more popularly called. It developed into a huge organization, erupted into one of the biggest and messiest financial scandals of all western history, dragging down with it the district attorney of Los Angeles and besmirching many other reputable and responsible citizens, and at the depth of the depression Julian himself died a suicide in Shanghai, China. The story of "Julian Pete," which is one of the most spectacular and colorful episodes in the history of western business, can be traced fully only through newspapers.

#### MUGBOOKS

If you visit the stacks of any well-equipped historical library, you will see shelves of heavy telephone-book-size volumes, usually expensively bound, which are known as the "county histories" or "mugbooks." These books were written by individuals, some of them highly qualified, some without any background or experience in historical writing whatsoever, on a subscription basis, usually with the idea that after the history of a county or a city or a region was written, it could be published with the proceeds of fees paid by individuals whose biographies and portraits appeared in an appendix which was often many times the length of the history. A glance at these mugbooks will show page after page of self-righteous, bearded gentlemen; each of whom was apparently a paragon of virtue, industry, rugged American qualities, and the Horatio Alger tradition. The beards no one can deny; but the self-righteousness is under serious question considering the fact that the Victorian era was noted for the superficiality of its moral sense. Yet if one reads only the biographies, the picture one gets is that of a society composed entirely of stuffy, colorless individuals, each extremely virtuous and constructive, industriously cooperating like the impersonal inhabitants of an ant-hill while building a new community. You and I know this was simply not true. These were men and women—some of them good, some of them bad, some of them in between. Most of them were good men and true, but some of them as Guinn, author of one of the best of the mug-book histories, says, were

... fellows who had left their consciences (that is, if they had any to leave) on the other side of the Rockies. These professionals had learned the tricks of their trade in the boom cities of the West when that great wave of immigration which began moving after the close of the war was sweeping westward from the Mississippi



River to the shores of the Pacific. These came here not to build up the country, but to make money—honestly, if they could not make it any other way. It is needless to say they made it the other way.

And even the *Los Angeles Times* said that many of the newcomers were

... dudes, loafers, paupers, those who expect to astonish the natives, those who were afraid to pull off their coats, cheap politicians, business scrubs, impecunious clerks, lawyers and doctors.

And some of them were even accused of hanging oranges on Joshua trees and selling desert lots to greenhorns as citrus groves. In other words these were *people*, and in spite of a culture and an age which made it unfashionable to expose one's feelings, personality or character, they were still human beings.

Now you might think, with all of these negative characteristics and especially considering the fact that the author had to remember that the people he was writing about were helping to pay his bill, mugbook biographies would be of little use in historical research. The opposite is the fact. Without the mugbooks, without the attention paid to individuals who otherwise would not have appeared in the pages of broader histories, without the portraits which they give, both in text and photograph of the community leaders of that period, it would be very difficult for the regional historian to obtain a complete picture of that time. The mere fact that the biographies were eulogistic does not detract from their historical value. This factor merely presents an additional challenge to the historian in his customary job of weighing historical evidence.

Furthermore, the historical sections of these mugbooks are often very well done. James M. Guinn, whom I quoted earlier, wrote in the form of mugbooks two of the best histories of the Los Angeles region. Guinn was also superintendent of the Los Angeles city schools and was a periodic contributor to the annual of the Historical Society of Southern California. He knew what he was talking about. And the histories that he wrote give us information that simply does not appear in other sources. His analysis, for instance, of the economic flurry of the 1860's as it affected the Santa Ana region is unduplicated anywhere. And certainly my own studies in the economic history of southern California during the post-Civil War period would have been far less complete

and much more difficult if the county histories had not been thoroughly consulted.

There is one additional point which I think needs mentioning. I intend to mention it because it happens to be one of my hobbies. It is that history is really an account of people. And although many pages of history books concern trends and abstractions and currents and causes and results and statistics, still all of these things were caused by people. If one understands the people of an era, one understands the abstract generalities concerning them. If one does not have a comprehension of the people, then the abstractions mean little. I think, myself, that this is one of the reasons why most people are not interested in history. It is presented to them in their early school years in such broad and general and abstract terms that it carries little interest. Not until they become graduate students in the field do they dig deeply enough into a period so that the people really live. And then, of course, history becomes utterly fascinating.

To depreciate, therefore, the value of these mugbooks with their stiffly posed photographs, their stilted complimentary phraseology, and the fact that some of the authors were not at all well trained historically as they might have been is merely to say that one is uninterested in the people of an era, and this to the historian can never be valid. Some future foolish historian will depict the events of July, 1958, by saying merely that "United States Marines were landed in Lebanon to preserve the balance of power in the Middle East." And the fact that a shrewd Egyptian with driving ambitions and a thirst for oil and power, a chunky Russian willing to play with human destiny to promote his own interests, and a conniving politician from a tiny country who happens to be on our side are all using the quite legitimate aspirations of Arab nationalists and men's fear of war to promote their own ends will be utterly forgotten, and men who might have studied the incident to prevent a repetition of it will be turned away by lack of interest. If history has a curse, it is its fanatical insistence on dehumanizing itself.

#### CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE

The third source of information for regional history that I want to stress today has to do with chambers of commerce. Chambers of commerce, publicists, advertising organizations, promotional groups of one sort or another, and such phenomena are ordinarily not concerned with

objective data. It is therefore difficult for the average person to understand why chamber of commerce pamphlets, the astronomical statistics that appear in the local press which emerge from such organizations, and similar information are of any value at all. I would like to point out that they are of tremendous value—again, with the ever-present reservation that it is necessary always for the historian to use well his techniques of weighing historical evidence before coming to any conclusions. But in many cases literature from promotional groups can give a better picture of the psychology and the attitudes of a period than can all of the carefully weighed, predigested analyses by calmer observers.

Historians are prone to forget that most history is made by men who do things, not men who analyze things, and the man who does things is interested in getting his job done as quickly and as effectively as possible. If a promoter in the 1880's wanted to sell land in a tract, he was interested in convincing people of the value of the tract, and in laying forth his arguments he pulled out all the stops he could think of. In so doing, he proceeded to document for the use of future historians many of the characteristics of life in a new land, and the mere fact that he exaggerated and emphasized certain items at the expense of others indicates to the historian some excellent guidelines as to the mental makeup of the people who lived in that period and in that area.

The tendency of many modern libraries to concentrate with more emphasis on collection of ephemera is, I think, a healthy sign. Certainly, it will fill gaps in many areas of our history. It is interesting that in periods remote from our own the most enlightening comments can sometimes be made by materials not designed to stand for all time, colloquialisms scratched on a Roman wall, business reports from an early commercial firm, political pamphlets by an author who was not interested at all in historical accuracy, but who was merely trying to promote somebody and ruin someone else at the same time. This is documentation which is very close to life, and the closer to life a historian can get the more accurate his carefully weighed evaluation of that life will be.

I have examined many of the pamphlets, folders, brochures, tract maps, plats, and prospectuses of the early real estate men in southern California; and yet the prize example of them all I have never seen. If any of you have an indication as to where I might obtain a copy, I



would be most grateful. A group of promoters from Chicago planned a town on the banks of the San Gabriel River near the present town of Azusa. They called it Chicago Park. It was located on a part of the San Francisquito Ranch lands and consisted of a rectangular plot some two and one-half blocks long by five blocks wide. Most of the lots were small, 25 feet by 133 feet, and street names such as State and Dearborn recall the promoters' affinity for the Windy City. Chicago Park was an especially remarkable boom achievement because it was platted squarely in the sandy bed of the San Gabriel River. This fact produced a poster which I have never seen. The poster supposedly showed steamers on their way up the rippling waters of the San Gabriel, landing their rich cargoes on the busy wharves of Chicago Park. Only a southern Californian can appreciate the joke, for the San Gabriel River consists largely of underground flow and its surface waters never rise more than a few inches except during brief floods. I have never seen one of these posters, but there are so many references to them that I have no doubt that they actually existed for out-of-state distribution. What could they tell us? First, that sales were expected to be made to people who did not live in the area; secondly, that urban development, not rural, was the goal of the midwestern newcomers; thirdly, that the Middle West was represented in the southern California boom; fourthly, that economic profit through ocean trade, however hypothetical, was appealing to the aims and aspirations of these people; fifthly, that not all promoters were members of the Better Business Bureau. But we could go on at length. If such a poster really exists, it could tell us much about southern California in the boom of the '80's, and even if it does not, the mere fact that it was mentioned indicates certain historical facts which are incontrovertible. I know it is not necessary to talk some librarians into realizing the value of ephemera, but it is surprising how many libraries place small value on such materials.

Now for a few suggestions which come out of my experience as a historian working with the various types of materials that I have been talking about. I think that every library—and this even includes small town libraries with some interest in local history—should attempt to maintain as complete a file as possible of at least one good regional newspaper. Two things can be done with this file: First, it can be put into microfilm and thus not occupy the space that newspaper files ordinarily



consume, and secondly, it should be indexed. I am not talking about an exhaustive index. I am merely suggesting that, for optimum use, some of the reference books in the area's history might be checked over for a list of important names and events and then these items noted and card-filed so that the researcher would at least have a beginning in his attempt to utilize the material. It would seem to me that this might even be an acceptable project for a graduate student of a nearby college history department, maybe not a Ph.D. candidate, but someone working for his M.A. Obviously, his project would not consist solely of the index, but in working up some regional history topic the student would gain enough information so that he could prepare such an index with a minimum of effort. In addition to microfilming, some sample copies of the original paper should be kept so that the format of the early 1900's can be compared with the presentation of today.

Obviously, I am being modest in my request. I would like very much to see *all* newspapers kept and certainly more than one in every area, but I realize the material limitations of library staffs and budgets, and I will not ask for the moon.

As far as mugbooks are concerned, I would keep them all, even the bad ones. There are some individuals who are mentioned only once in one volume, and this constitutes the only historical data concerning them. They are simply too valuable to throw away. One method which I think libraries have neglected in gathering them is to indicate to the citizens of a community that it would be interested in acquiring these volumes. Many families have them with no idea at all of their value and with no possibility of ever putting them to good use.

#### EPHEMERA

With regard to ephemera, I cannot be too emphatic. I think every library which has any pretensions at all of being a historical source should collect and keep all of such materials that it possibly can manage. Here again the local community is a good source, and many persons would be glad to turn over to the library accumulations of such materials, where they have inadvertently been saved, to avoid the trouble of destroying them.

If I have a complaint, it is that the small regional library, which often considers research materials beyond its province, is neglecting its great opportunity to be the chief medium of preservation of such types of

materials. And, if properly managed, the job should be relatively easy and inexpensive.

Now, in conclusion, I should like to sum up my reasons why I think these three types of materials I have talked about are important. First, they are highly significant because, as I said before, these are the materials which emphasize people, and people are the stuff of which history is made. In teacher education, it would seem to me that one of the best ways of getting students interested in history in general would be through the medium of local or regional history, particularly by way of the individuals connected with it who might in turn have been associated with their own families or backgrounds. Materials such as these make history very much alive. The daily press, with its interpretation of life in a community, its advertisements, editorials, cartoons, and pictures, is one of the most excellent historical sources because it gives one a quick insight into the patterns of thought of a particular period and culture. I think one of the reasons that we find it so hard today to accept the sack dress is that it really requires the cultural milieu of the 1920's to appreciate it.

Secondly, I can think of no better type of material with which to acquaint a student of history with the basic techniques of the weighing of historical evidence. None of these sources that we have been talking about is really dependable in terms of fact. They all have a tendency to exaggerate, warp, and twist for specific purposes. A student who can draw out of such materials a well balanced, thoughtful, and reasonable analysis has learned practically all there is to know about judging historical documents.

And finally, the record of a people and a time is always important, and libraries, I think, have the responsibility—and I know that they realize it—of preserving these cultures for whatever value they may have to future society. Newspapers, local history, and promotional literature are perhaps more directly reflective of the immediate problems of a people than any other type of historical source. They should be preserved because it is the duty of our culture to preserve its past.

Let me conclude with a final illustration. In the *Los Angeles Times*, March 5, 1887, an article appeared.

## STILL CUTTING

*The Railroads Get the Knife in a Little Further, San Francisco, March 4.*

All overland roads this morning made open rates on limited tickets to eastern points as follows: Boston, \$47; New York, \$45; Chicago, \$32.

And in the same article there was another section entitled,

## A SECOND CUT IN FARES

Prices of limited tickets were cut a second time to the following figures: Chicago, \$25; New York, \$40; Boston, \$42.

The climax came on March 6, 1886, when both the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe railroads settled down to a finish fight over the fares between Kansas City and Los Angeles. In the morning the Southern Pacific met the Santa Fe at \$12. The latter then dropped to \$10 and the Southern Pacific followed suit. The Santa Fe cut again to \$8 and was met. Then the Southern Pacific, through some apparent misunderstanding, underbid itself, cutting to \$6 then to \$4. Finally, shortly after noon, the Southern Pacific announced the sum of \$1 for a full railroad fare from the Middle West to California.

Here in a series of brief and spectacular newspaper articles is the real and dramatic reason for the boom of the '80's in southern California and also for the establishment of the tradition of rapid growth with which we are still attempting to cope. In this instance the press provided the only hour-by-hour, day-by-day, colorful, vivid account of a business battle which helped to develop a great frontier.

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# A Belgian in the Gold Rush: California Indians

*A Memoir by Dr. J. J. F. Haine*

*Translated, with an Introduction by JAN ALBERT GORIS*

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## INTRODUCTION

DR. JEAN JOSEPH FRANÇOIS HAINE arrived in San Francisco on January 10, 1850, and remained in California until the end of his career. In 1883, having probably retired from practice, he lectured on his experiences before the *Société Royale de Géographie d'Anvers*. We have translated his contribution to the history of California which contains some valuable information.

Dr. Haine was born in Antwerp in 1809. He belonged to a well-known family; one of his uncles was a Catholic prelate, Mgr. Antoine Haine. Dr. Haine obtained his degree of Doctor of Medicine in Louvain University on July 8, 1833, and in February 1835 he became a doctor of obstetrics. He arrived in San Francisco at the age of 41; his name is listed in the San Francisco Medical Directory from 1852 to 1883. He became a naturalized citizen at an unknown date and his name figures in the list of voters. He contributed medical articles to the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* (March 1869 and November 1877) and to the *San Francisco Medical Press* (April and July 1860). Three of his addresses are known: in 1856 he lived at 228 Washington Street, in 1866 at 132 Geary, and in 1877 at 415 Sutter Street. At one time he was connected with the French Hospital. He probably left San Francisco in 1882 and spent two years in Germany from 1882 to 1885. He died in Belgium in 1891.

A Belgian painter, Theodore T'Scharner (1826-1900), who was a great traveler, visited California between 1850 and 1853. It is known that he brought back a series of about forty drawings made in and



around San Francisco and a number of watercolors. Unfortunately the sketchbook is lost and all efforts to trace it have been in vain. A few reproductions of these valuable drawings are contained in a book Edmund De Bruyn wrote about the painter in 1908 (Brussels). They show miners in a forest (March 1851), a view of Grey Eagle City, the interior of an inn with four miners in San Francisco (February 1851), and a group of naked Indians in Georgetown (sic). Their documentary and artistic value makes the loss of the entire series the more regrettable.

#### CALIFORNIA INDIANS

The major part of the country belonged to a few Californians who possessed from 400 to 500 sq. miles of land. Their great wealth consisted of innumerable cattle, which they put to pasture in the valleys and the mountains where there was abundant food.

The first category of Californians are of mixed Spanish and Mexican race. The men are good-looking, strong, robust, intelligent and well educated. The women are beautiful, of gentle disposition, simple, and modest. Their complexion varies from white to rather dark brown. As this group is very rich, their homes are beautiful, large, spacious, and furnished with luxury and comfort. They are built of adobe.

The second and most numerous class of Californians, called *peones*, are a mixture of Spanish, Mexican, and Indian blood. Their coloring varies from brown to a more or less deep black. Their hair is black, dull, and coarse. In general the men are strong, robust; they are indolent and their character is rather soft. Since their main occupation is to guard and to take care of the cattle, they are nearly always on horseback. They are good but rude horsemen. Their great pleasure is to see their mounts with bloody foam at the mouth. They wear felt hats with large brims, a poncho at the shoulder, leather pants and long gaiters in which they always carry one or two long dagger-knives. They wear heavy mountain boots to which they attach spurs of extraordinary length.

Once he is mounted on horseback in a Mexican saddle, the Californian always has a lasso handy, suspended from the pommel of the saddle or from his arm. He uses this lasso with the greatest dexterity, and it is a terrible weapon in his hands. He seldom misses his aim when he throws it around some animal. It always encircles either the neck, or a leg in the slip knot (noose); then the horse, who knows his job, rears back and

throws the animal, which, caught in the lasso, becomes the prey of its persecutor.

California horses are of average size, lively, alert, do not tire easily, and eat little. They are swift steeds; their eyes are lively and intelligent; and they hold the bridle well.

The character of the Californian is indolent. He spends half his life on horseback; the other half he devotes to gambling, to dancing, and to drinking. The smallest quarrel often ends in murder.

The Californian speaks Spanish and professes the Roman Catholic religion, which he practices in its greatest simplicity, not without adding to it great doses of superstition and fanaticism. His education leaves much to be desired.

As for the women, there are no outstanding beauties. Their character is gentle; they take care of their households, which are simple, and then they participate in the amusements of the men.

The way in which Californians catch and tame wild horses is strange enough for me to describe briefly. In 1850, I was at St. Pablo Bay and was called to a distance of about 50 miles to minister to a child suffering from cerebral fever. I had been called the night before, but since there were neither horses nor carriage available, two or three *peones* left at dawn in order to catch a horse. They met a herd of them and chased them to within the neighborhood of the ranch. One of the horses was lassoed; it fell down and fought with all its strength. Using the usual method, they put a leather cap over its head, and they let it twist itself at will, until it was completely exhausted. About a half an hour later, they unbound its hind legs, and while it was still wearing the cap, they put a bridle of cord in its mouth. The horse stood upright, trembling and foaming; it still wanted to fight, but had no strength left.

They walked it slowly, and after a lot of trouble and a thousand trials, they put an old harness on it and succeeded in hitching it to a kind of old carriage. I am unable to describe what followed, but the poor horse seemed to quiet down and to get somewhat accustomed to the irresistible domination of his persecutors; finally I agreed, not without fear, to get into the vehicle. Never in my life did I have such a trip. The horse reared, jumped to the left and to the right, stood still and then, all of a sudden, went as fast as the wind. Finally, covered with foam and probably totally exhausted, it decided to move in a more regular

fashion and to take us to our destination. I never again found the courage to take part in such an adventure.

During the last two or three centuries, the Jesuit Fathers established several missions in California. These missions were generally located in well-chosen regions. Several of them, still in existence, astonish the traveler by the beauty and richness of the churches and the vast buildings constructed of adobe. Each of these missions was surrounded by beautiful gardens, where *padres*, with the assistance of *peones* or Christian Indians, cultivated all kinds of vegetables and fruit trees. The surrounding fields furnished an abundance of all kinds of cereals. In a land where vines, apples and corn grow, it is easy to make wine, cider, and beer; thus these were not lacking.

Under the guardianship of the *padres*, the Californians, a semi-savage race, have greatly improved; as for the pure Indian, he has been a problem, because he has always retained his tendency to become again a man of the woods and an enemy of the white people.

In 1848, the year when gold was discovered, California was inhabited only by the aborigines and a few strangers. Its savage Indian tribes roamed in the mountains, among the rocks, and on the plains of Upper and Lower California. These horrible and cruel redskins, constantly at war against each other, considered themselves as absolute masters of this beautiful land, which they ravaged at their ease, and they saw in the invasion of the white man the end of their rule; thus they have constantly declared war on him, not a fair war, but a war of ambush, traps, and surprises. They mercilessly massacred the unfortunate people who fell into their hands and crowned their barbarous atrocities by stealing all they could take along and by destroying by fire all that was left. The reprisals of the white man, as one may well imagine, were not less terrible.

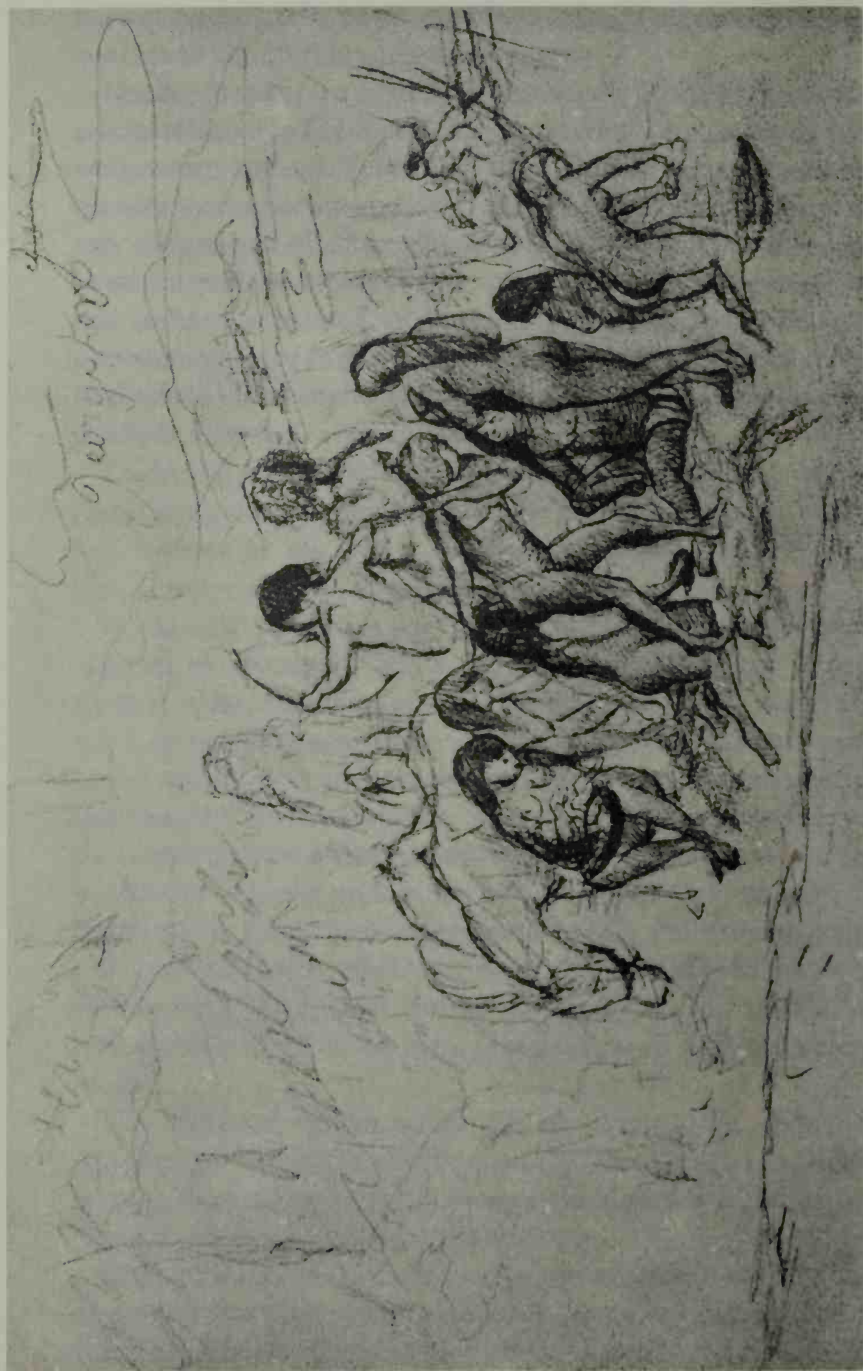
The different Indian tribes are the Yumas, the Piouchees, the Apaches, the Arapagos, the Modocs, the Nez-Percés, the Diggers, etc. Among these different tribes, that of the Apaches is the most savage, the most cruel, and the most dauntless.

Each tribe is composed of one or of several chiefs, of a *medicine man*, of several warriors, of women called *squaws*, and children, called *papooses*. The warriors are also called *bucks*. They have two kinds of houses. The first has the pyramid form of a tent and is called a *wigwam*.









INDIANS AT GEORGETOWN, CALIFORNIA  
*Drawn by Theodore T'Scharner between 1850 and 1853*

It is composed of a few long tree branches, gathered together at the top and extended towards the base in a circle ten to fifteen feet in diameter, the whole affair being covered by dried skins. The other houses are domes, built of wood, covered by sod, skins and dry leaves. These dwellings have a height of about 12 feet. At the top of the dome, there is a hole nearly half a foot in diameter, to permit the escape of the smoke arising from the fire which is kept burning constantly in the middle of the hut. The heat is considerable there and the air, which can come in only through an opening scarcely large enough to let one man pass, is foul. The smoke is so dense, that it is not surprising that most of these unfortunate, subterranean inhabitants suffer from eye and lung disease.

The basic food of the Indian is the acorn which, during the season, is gathered by the women and the children, while the *bucks* are hunting or fishing. Pine kernels, as large as a small almond, are particularly appreciated. The Indians are also very fond of grilled grasshoppers, of which they consume a lot. This kind of food, when one is a little accustomed to it and of good will, is not unpleasant.

In December 1850, being at Marysville, I went for about 12 days to visit a village of peaceful Indians, located on the banks of the Yuba. The houses were not at all attractive; on the contrary, everything was disorderly and disgusting, and very dirty children were running in great numbers around the wigwams; the women, not at all pleasing in appearance, were covered—one, with a piece of a dirty woolen bedspread; another, with a dress of unseemly cut. Some were wearing a man's pants or jacket. Some others were washing their papooses, Indian fashion. The children trembled with cold, for it was winter-time, and they came out of their holes all perspiring.

The oldest women prepared the meal. Their only dress consisted of a woven grass skirt that extended to the knees.

Since it was lunch time, and I saw a great fire burning in front of the *wigwam*, I wanted to be present at the preparation of an Indian meal. Several *squaws* were engaged in pounding the acorns to reduce them to a coarse powder. This powder was placed in a basket made of a certain kind of straw; it was mixed with some water, and slices of dried meat and dried salmon added.

But where was the kitchen utensil in which this meal was to be

cooked? I did not see any except the basket in which this concoction was contained, and certainly I could not believe that they would put that on the fire. Yet there was no doubt the luncheon had to be cooked in the only available or visible utensil — the basket.

This riddle was soon solved for me. One of the old cooks, using a kind of pincers, took out of the fire big, red-hot pebbles and threw them into the basket, while another rapidly shook the mixture. After a few moments, it boiled, and in less than fifteen minutes, they held that the meal was ready. It was a matter of first come, first served, in taking part in the repast. There was no order, no ceremony. For a few moments, everybody tried to swallow the prepared nourishment as fast as possible, as gluttonously as possible, and it should be said, as savagely as possible. As soon as they had satisfied their voracious appetites, they tried to find a convenient place to rest and to allow their stomach to well fulfill its digestive functions.

I would have liked very much to taste a little of this first Indian meal which I attended, but my olfactory nerves were too unpleasantly affected to permit me this pleasure.

As I spent a few hours regularly every day with my Indians and I brought them sometimes a little tobacco, sometimes a few cigars, I became their friend and they gratified me with all kinds of amenities. Some of them admired my suit; others, my hat; others, my pipe, all the while making remarks, which I could not understand; but since I knew that my friends had an irresistible inclination to steal, I particularly watched my pockets, because they felt me everywhere.

One day, I saw scarcely anyone around the dwelling, but there was a great noise inside. I was curious to know what was going on. Two or three Indians came out of their caves. In sign language I asked to come in, which they allowed. I could scarcely see on account of the smoke. The air, which could not be renewed, was suffocating and equally germ-laden. About 50 people were together there, seated on skins; they were throwing a ball at one another, shouting terrible cries.

As I could not stand the air any more, I lit a cigar, began to cough heavily, and indicated that I wished to leave. A few of these gentlemen stood up, took me by the arm, and one of them took the cigar out of my mouth. I thought my last moment had come, alone among this horde of savages. Therefore, I placed my hand on my friend, my revolver,

determined to sell my life dearly; fortunately, my fear was groundless. After a moment, I was outside and not at all dissatisfied.

This tribe, called Digger Indians, which in 1850, when I was among them, received me so peacefully and in such a friendly way, later on joined other tribes to war against the palefaces. If the Indians wage war against the whites, it is very often the fault of the latter, for it is a fact that wherever the white man lives, the Indian must disappear. The American Government is so strongly convinced of the incompatibility of the savage race with regard to any other race, that it has always tried to get the different tribes together on reservations where they would be the only masters.

In exchange for the land that the Indians formerly occupied, the Government had to furnish them with certain provisions: agricultural implements, clothing, and especially woolen blankets.

Unfortunately, the Indian, who is lazy by nature and always dissatisfied, always wants more than he is entitled to have. This results in quarrels which grow worse day by day. Add to this the bad faith and the dishonesty of several of the agents to whom the Government entrusted the distribution of the supplies. Very often, the Indians who came to these gentlemen for their shares were mistreated, brutalized, and got only a part of what was coming to them. These shameless thefts committed by the paleface soon resulted in general dissatisfaction and in the insurrection of the Indians. They put on their war paint; they shouted their terrible war whoop; and they immediately engaged in a war, whose consequences have been so terrible and so disastrous.

The chiefs of the different tribes have often gathered in councils and have sent representatives to Washington to complain to the *Great White Father* (the president). Among these chiefs, there were men remarkable for their wisdom and their spirit. Unfortunately, the promises of the *Great White Father* made in good faith were not fulfilled, because the agents rarely performed their duties, and a war to the finish was declared—a war of ambushes, of traps, of merciless massacres, which often ended only at the end of one or two years.

Woe to the inhabitants of the small isolated farms! They were attacked by surprise, brutally killed, generally during the night. Their houses were always destroyed by fire; their cattle stolen. Often the women were carried off and became the prey and slaves of the chiefs



or distinguished warriors. From a few of these unhappy victims who miraculously escaped, we have been able to learn of the horrors to which they were subjected by these monstrous redskins.

A war with the Indians is a terrible thing. The territory is so immense; the mountains and the rocks are so inaccessible. The Indians know these advantages so well that they defy the regular troops with audacity and impunity. The Indians often massacre these unhappy soldiers to the last man in positions in which they thought themselves to be perfectly safe from attack.

I had the occasion to see one of these escapees whose wound had not yet healed. His only desire in life, he told me, was to be able one day to take revenge on an Indian and scalp him. Two years later, he brought me an Indian scalp. I kept it for years, but unfortunately, it was stolen from me.

Scalping, which the Indian practices deftly with a stone in the shape of a knife, consists of removing from the top of the cranium a piece of skin as large as the palm of one's hand.

After a battle, the Indians mutilate their victims in an atrocious way and take away all they can carry, above all clothes which they don in the most ridiculous fashion.

In peace time, one often sees Indians prowling around the camps and the forts of the soldiers, constantly asking for food and watching for the slightest chance to steal whatever possible. They are disgustingly gluttonous. My son, Arthur, who was Lieutenant Quarter-Master during the war of secession, lived for years among the Indians in Arizona. For months he camped at Fort Yuma. Seven hundred to eight hundred Indians lived around the camp, especially Apaches and Arepagos, two of the most intractable and most savage tribes. From time to time, a mule or a horse died. The carcass was given to them, and these gentlemen immediately devoured it, leaving nothing but the skin, the bones, and the hoofs.

Very seldom does the Indian want to do any kind of work: he is naturally lazy.

Among themselves, they communicate first of all through scouts (spies). They light fires on the mountains, and the smoke tells the position of the enemy. They are perfectly aware of the fact that sound travels through the earth; therefore, in order to learn of the approach

and of the number of the enemy at a great distance, they put their ear to the ground and soon find out what they want to know. When the enemy draws near, they lie flat on the ground and crawl like snakes. All of a sudden their terrible war whoop is heard and where a minute before not one Indian was visible, thousands of savages arise, taking by surprise the troops who have scarcely the time to defend themselves.

Bow and arrow are the principal weapons of the Indian. A few among them are also armed with revolvers or guns and daggers which they took from the corpses of their enemies or which they bought from white people in peace time. A few tribes have good and beautiful horses who obey willingly the demands of their savage masters.

The main ambition of an Indian, when he has put his enemy out of combat, is to leap on him and to take his scalp. The number of scalps he possesses shows his valor; therefore, he suspends them religiously at his sides. They are his trophies. He is in such a hurry to scalp his enemy, that he often does not care to look if his victim is dead and it has happened that certain unfortunate wounded, knowing their fate if they moved, had the courage to play dead, letting themselves be scalped without moving and escaping later on.

However, in certain tribes, there are savages who work at weaving, very artistically, of straw baskets in different forms, coloring them in various colors, the mixture of which is their secret. They have also succeeded in tanning leathers perfectly, from which they make clothing, moccasins, pouches, etc.

They give particular care to the making of their bows and arrows whose length differs according to the tribes. I have personally witnessed the skill with which they use these arms. Woe to him who serves as their target!

In peace time, the Indian who wants to become civilized starts to cultivate the land, to build more convenient houses, forming some kind of settlement, and trades a little with the white people who often insult and cheat him. This results in quarrels which mostly become serious and the savage never avenges himself half way. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." That is his slogan. The white man does not want to and cannot forget that the Indian is a brutal, savage, deceitful man, faithless and thievish by instinct, who never misses the chance to murder the whites when he can attack them by surprise and when they are outnumbered.

Let us survey the situation in the early times after gold was discovered. A convoy of emigrants consisting of several families travels by wagon drawn by oxen. They have provisions for several months and want to cross the arid plains of the Rocky Mountains, these immense plains without roads where one has but the compass as a guide. All of a sudden the convoy is surprised by a numerous group of savages on horseback who approach as fast as the wind, howling their horrible war cry. Mercilessly, they massacre all these unfortunate people who, although well armed, are soon all killed. When the carnage is over the provisions and the cattle become the spoils of the Indians.

In another case, a convoy of emigrants crosses the Rocky Mountains and having found a favorable spot with pastures for their animals and water in abundance, they halt for one or more days to take a rest. A camp is established; guards are posted; night comes; the emigrants keep a sharp watch. All is quiet and peaceful, not an Indian in sight; they relax, but these unfortunate people, who perhaps had happy dreams about their future prosperity, did not know that they would not see the next day. The invisible Indians, perfectly informed about their camping place, will soon take them by surprise and massacre them brutally.

They are there, invisible, favored by the darkness of night. They crawl like snakes; they come closer slowly; no noise is heard; there is not the slightest movement in the bushes; but they advance; they come close; they surround the camp; the watchmen are at their posts; they suspect nothing. But, oh, horror! The terrible war whoop is heard; the monsters in great numbers stand upright; they attack their unfortunate victims and strangle them to the last man. If, by chance, anybody escapes, his fate will probably be worse than that of his companions who were killed; for, without any means of subsistence, he will soon succumb to hunger and exhaustion. He may, if he comes back to the scene of the carnage, find some provisions which the savages neglected to carry away. These barbarous acts were numerous at the time just after gold was discovered and thousands of persons became the victims of the Indians. Human bones and carcasses of animals were found spread all over the plains.

The dress of the Indians differs from tribe to tribe. Thus there are those, who, during their feasts (*pow wow*), wear fantastic costumes.

Some chiefs look especially remarkable. On their heads, they wear a kind of crown composed of artistically arranged feathers. An embroidered cloak covers their shoulders and part of their bodies. At their necks are suspended medals of all kinds and shapes. Several have necklaces made of certain small bones. Their pants are generally of buffalo or deer skin, which they have tanned. The pants are decorated with all sorts of designs. Their shoes, called moccasins, are generally made of very strong buffalo leather. They have the form of slippers. Several of them wear necklaces consisting of all kinds of trinkets, in gold, silver, copper, iron; others have their ears pierced by pieces of hard wood 5 to 6 inches long by  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. Their faces are frequently ornamented by all kinds of tattoos which make them appear horrible in the eyes of the white man, but which are probably very pleasing in their own eyes. "There is no accounting for tastes." Their eyes are black; the dull white is bloodshot. Their hair is black, coarse, very bushy. The color of their skin varies from brick red to more or less dark black.

If the costume of an Indian chief may look picturesque in certain tribes, that is not the case everywhere. Several are hardly dressed; they wear only a kind of leather pants. On their heads they often have a few feathers. From their necks generally dangle necklaces made of small bones, beads, and medals.

They always have a quiver full of arrows hanging on their backs, and they hold the bow in their hands. When they are thus armed and on horseback, woe to the white man who comes within reach of their arrows!

The Indians, especially those who have had some contact with civilization, have a strong passion for games of chance; thus they spend nearly all their time at it, while their squaws work hard at their household tasks. Mr. Indian is constitutionally opposed to work; evidently, he is tired all the time, and one would not suspect that this indolent and lazy creature could become such a fury when it comes to fighting.

The Indian woman, while doing all the work of the family, when she has a baby always keeps it suspended from her back, wrapped in swaddling clothes in a kind of basket. Often there is a parasol to protect the papooses from the sun. The baby is attached upright in his suspended cradle, so that he cannot move either his arms or his feet at all; nevertheless, the little savage seems perfectly satisfied and happy. He seldom



makes the usual and very unpleasant music of the white babies. As to the mother, she seems unaware of her precious burden.

Among the Indians, there are a great number of tribes who usually honor their dead by burying them at the top of certain favored trees. The Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kiowas have this custom. When one of their group dies, they wrap him up like a mummy. They supply the corpse with food, arms, tobacco, etc., all objects that they believe he needs during his voyage to his *happy hunting ground*. They cover all this with willow branches. All the Indians of the tribe are in mourning, lament, cry, and murmur probably prayers and regrets for the loss of the deceased. Then the corpse is placed on a kind of platform built upon some old tree stump. The legs of the departed Indian are turned towards the south, because there, according to their belief, lives the Great Spirit, and the Indian is heading towards Him. In a few of their favorite groves, up to 8 or 10 bodies have been found on a single tree. Another burial custom is to construct a kind of scaffold on some hillock or knoll. These customs exist chiefly among the itinerant tribes, who live, so to speak, on horseback. The Indians who live on the plains and who are called Digger Indians, bury their dead in the ground, without ever forgetting to furnish them with delicacies, which they might need during their journey to the Great Spirit.

This last custom resembles that of the Chinese who place at the disposal of their dead real Lucullian meals, which they leave exposed at the cemetery for several days, and then come to take them away; but as the barbarians permit themselves to feast well on these meals for the dead, the children of the sun also allow themselves to take these splendid meals away at the end of several hours of having been on display.

Several tribes must have known about the gold deposits in California, for some of them were seen who had quantities of this precious metal in specimens of all sizes. Not knowing the value of their treasure, they exchanged their gold willingly against merchandise of little value, but more especially against liquor which they call *fire water* and of which they are very fond. They like to get drunk and their savage orgies are nearly always followed by violent disputes, which end up in murder. Although most tribes consist but of brutal, savage characters, who look disgusting, there are tribes which include persons remarkable for their beauty and their stature. The exception proves the rule.

Among this latter class one finds chiefs distinguished by their valor and by their wisdom in counsel. Some of them, having had contact with civilization, have been educated so they can read and write and are able to speak a language besides their own. It is also among them that one finds those beautiful and picturesque costumes so well described by the novelist who attribute to their heroes both a knightly valor and a nobility of feelings which are exaggerated. They idealize the noble Indians to a point that one wants to see and meet them. But what a let-down when one is confronted with the reality, when one meets these savages, so disgusting, so dirty, so brutal, whose faces are scarcely human. If one sometimes finds among them passable-looking individuals, even handsome ones, that is an exception.

After all kinds of fruitless efforts to inspire the love of labor in the Indian, Major General George Crook succeeded in putting the Apaches to work: he let them choose a terrain on the reservation near the Apache fort and gave them agricultural implements and all the seeds they needed. The results were highly satisfying and the same Indians who scarcely a year before were the most obstinate enemies of the paleface, are now docile and have started to organize themselves regularly.

The Government has ordered that they should have all that is necessary for the success of the enterprise directed by General Crook, a brave man who has spent years fighting the Indian. Let us hope for the sake of humanity that the success may be a lasting one.

#### PRINCESS SARAH WINNEMUCCA

Some 10 years ago, the Indian princess, Winnemucca, was exceedingly popular in San Francisco, giving public lectures for one piastre a lecture. Everybody wanted to see and hear this young woman who took so many pains to defend her race, so long oppressed.

She was a person of medium height, lively, pert, with expressive eyes, speaking with ease, expressing herself perfectly in good English, able to translate quite naturally the most intimate feelings of her soul that revolted against the injustice of the white man. She did it with such persuasion and conviction, she had such pathetic emotions, that many people were moved to tears. On the stage, she was accompanied by her mother, her brother, and a few other members of her family. They sat together, crouching, enveloped in woolen blankets. The men were strong, robust, of dark complexion, dirty and not attractive; the women

were just hideous. The princess, on the contrary, was nearly beautiful. Her skin was yellowish; one would have believed she belonged to another race. She wore a short dress of black velvet ornamented with 3 gold bands. Her legs were shapely; she had on brown stockings, and her small feet were enclosed in laced ankle-boots. She had a crown of beautiful feathers on her head. When she had spoken part of her lecture, she had her brother translate it into Indian. One heard shouts and guttural sounds, which, unintelligible to all, soon became unpleasant to hear and it was a relief when the princess, with her charming voice, continued her discourse and created a pleasing impression upon her audience.

Princess Winnemucca has just completed a book (Hopkins, Mrs. Sarah Winnemucca: *Life among the Piutes*, New York, Putnam, 1883) in which she clearly proves the treacherous practices of the Indian agents. She recalls the time when her grandfather was chief of the Piutes, when these Indians had not yet seen a white man and when the whole country of Nevada belonged to them. As she describes it, the tribe, before it was contaminated by civilization and brutalized by the Indian agents, had several pleasant customs which a more refined people would do well to imitate.

The closeness of family ties, she says, was as strong as it is at present among the Scots. Although the women had a hard life, they were respected by their husbands; and the children learned to love their parents and to obey them, not out of fear of punishment but because that was their duty and it was a shame to fail therein. They had none of the needs an artificial society creates, and at the same time they were ignorant of its principal vices. Her grandfather welcomed the whites and gave them his aid in all circumstances, but these adventurers have repaid good by evil and often have treated the Indians with the greatest cruelty.

Sarah Winnemucca's book relates clearly, and with proof in support, all the turpitude and malfeasance of the Indian agents; and she hopes that the Government in Washington will finally do justice to the rightful claims of the race she represents.

With the money from her lectures, Princess Winnemucca went to Washington with her whole family to demand from the Government redress for the injustice committed by the Indian agents. The promises



made have up to now resulted only in a slight improvement in the Indian's position.

As for me, I fear that never, I mean never, will one succeed in completely civilizing the savage man, who will never consent to leave his woods, his forests, his rocks, his plains, which he considers his private domain.





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# Forgotten Mother of the Sierra

*Letters of Julia Tyler Shinn*

*With Introduction*

*and Notes by* GRACE TOMPKINS SARGENT

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THESE LETTERS of Mrs. Charles Howard Shinn of Ukiah, California,<sup>1</sup> published here for the first time, were written to me from 1950 to 1955. Our correspondence started with her letter to my mother in December 1949, on the death of my father, Harry James Tompkins, and ended with her own death January 26, 1956, at the age of 88. Her mind was vigorously alert to the end.

The friendship between the Tompkins and the Shinn began in 1907. In January 1907, my father, accompanied by his city bride, came to California from the Washington, D. C., office of Gifford Pinchot, U. S. Forester, to be technical assistant to Mr. Shinn. Shinn, a writer and a pioneer in the forestry movement, was the first supervisor (1905-1911) of the new Sierra National Forest, with headquarters at Northfork.

President Theodore Roosevelt had pushed through the forest-service bill in 1905.<sup>2</sup> He was a staunch friend of Pinchot and said "the nation owes most [to him] for what has been accomplished as regards the preservation of the natural resources of our country." American forestry was still so new that the shift from "mere preservation," under the forest reserves, to Pinchot's "conservation, or wise use" of land, water and timber, posed tough administrative problems. Cattlemen, sheepmen, lumbermen, and power companies, whose interests often conflicted, were united in their hostility to "government interference." But Pinchot succeeded in welding together an organization of stubborn adherents to "the greatest good for the greatest number." The first of the trained foresters, old cowhands, and college men became, under Pinchot, a closely-linked team.

In 1908, William Howard Taft was elected president. In 1909, Pinchot, whose Forest Service was under the Department of Agriculture, publicly supported charges that federally-owned natural resources, in particular Alaskan coal lands and western water-power sites, were being turned over to private interests. These natural resources were under the control of the Department of the Interior, whose new chief, appointed by Taft, was Richard A. Ballinger. The "Pinchot-Ballinger controversy" that ensued made newspaper headlines, and on January 7, 1910, Taft dismissed Pinchot.

Both Taft and Pinchot were Republicans; the split in the party, which started

here, widened. When Taft was renominated as the Republican candidate in 1912, Theodore Roosevelt ran on the independent Bull Moose ticket, with conservation as a major issue. But the split had done its work—Democrat Woodrow Wilson was elected president.

The young Forest Service was deeply affected by the loss of its leader, Pinchot. Several other top officials resigned. However, the newly-appointed U. S. forester, Henry S. Graves, a quiet and experienced man, pulled the Service, as Mrs. Shinn put it, "over the hump." Pinchot himself continued active in a world-wide conservation movement, and later became governor of Pennsylvania.

In 1910, upon the removal of Pinchot, Harry Tompkins had gone into the related pioneer field of water-measurement, a coöperative project of the Forest Service, the State of California, and the U. S. Geological Survey. After measuring all the Sierra Forest streams, he was sent in 1916 to the Angeles National Forest. He continued measuring southern streams until his retirement, living in Pasadena and still officially under the Forest Service.

Mr. Shinn, who had become increasingly deaf, retired from the Forest Service in 1911. He continued to write actively about forestry and agriculture until his death in 1924 at the age of 72. Mrs. Shinn remained as clerk at the Sierra National Forest headquarters in Northfork from 1907 until 1923, and was able to watch the Service flourish and grow into public acceptance.

The years from 1923 until her death Mrs. Shinn spent in Ukiah. Her only daughter Ruth, married to Charles Kasch, died during the birth of her third child. Mrs. Shinn took over the rearing of her grandchildren, in whom she had great pride, which extended as well to her great-grandchildren. Her letters to me were not written in any historical order (often they digressed about her family, etc.), but were the result of countless questions on my part about "the Sierra years" and about her own life; excerpts from them have been interwoven in chronological or logical sequences.

#### EARLY LIFE OF JULIA TYLER SHINN

My life began in the small mining town of Nortonville, California, at the foot of Mt. Diablo, on January 6, 1868. Nortonville was not a gold-mining town—there was a poor quality of coal under Mt. Diablo, and before the railroad was finished and could bring coal from the east, that Mt. Diablo coal was worth mining. It was just a quiet little town, mostly of imported Welsh miners. Every year they had an "eisteddfod"—I guess every Welshman can sing.

My mother's father, George F. Worth, was a 40-year-old clerk of the court on the Island of Nantucket, when gold was discovered in California and the "rush" began. He and fifteen friends fitted out a sloop and sailed around the Horn, reaching San Francisco early in 1850. Being



a shrewd New Englander, he did not go to the mines, but opened a general store in Marysville. Later, he joined other Nantucket friends in Martinez, and was made a county judge. In 1852, he went back to Nantucket to bring out his wife and 5 children—my mother was then a girl of nine. My grandfather soon established a ferry between Martinez and Benicia, where my mother attended Miss Atkins' School. Years later, Mr. and Mrs. Mills bought the school and moved it to the present site of what is now Mills College.

My grandfather was full of tales of his Nantucket boyhood; as a lad of 14 he was taken to the mainland to see General Lafayette lay the cornerstone of the Washington Monument. Lafayette, in his late sixties, looked to him very old indeed.

My father's people were northern Connecticut Yankees. The story is told of my great-grandmother, that as a little girl she ran outdoors, and climbed a high rock to warm her bare feet in the sunshine. She felt an alarming trembling of the earth and her rock—the trembling caused by the guns of Bunker Hill. True or not, the time was right.

My father, Asher Tyler, joined the gold rush instead of going to West Point. He went by the Isthmus of Panama, climbed across the divide, told of paying a dollar for a peach gladly after weeks of salt horse and hard-tack. He joined his older brothers in gold mining in Georgetown but a hastily-dug tunnel caved in on him, breaking his leg. While still on crutches, he came down with typhoid. When a man came to camp, looking for a superintendent for the new coal mine at Mt. Diablo, he accepted—no real able-bodied miner could be coaxed away from the gold mines.

Sarah Worth met young Asher Tyler at the John Marsh ranch near Nortonville; they were married in 1861. And that is how I happened to be born in the little town that no longer exists, the mine having long since closed down.

I adored my father—everything he did was right and to be copied. Mother was just an old lady to me. I remember, at nine years, sitting on the porch, kicking my heels, while my mother entertained a few women friends at tea, it being her birthday. I was wondering if I would ever live to be as old as she was then—she was 34!

I was a little afraid of my grandfather, white-haired and white-bearded—a deputy U. S. Marshal in San Francisco. But I loved my grandmother dearly.



Mt. Diablo loomed high above Nortonville. It is only 3,800 feet high, but the rolling hill country is much lower.

As a small girl I tested my faith in Mt. Diablo. I sat through a strenuous sermon on faith—the faith that moves mountains. I took it literally, went home, sat on our back steps and wished. I gazed on Mt. Diablo and murmured, “I believe; you move.” When it didn’t budge, I decided there must be something lacking in me.

When did Charles Shinn<sup>3</sup> and I first meet? When I was 11 and he 27, a mutual friend of his and my father’s brought him to our home in Oakland. He sent my sister and me each a book of fairy tales the following Christmas. But I met him again after I graduated from high school. He had just returned from Johns Hopkins University. That same friend brought him to our home, with a great match-making idea. He was sure my sister was the right person for Charles to marry. It just didn’t work out that way.

Charles helped me get my first school, at Melrose, near Oakland (1886), and a year later was chagrined when I gave it up for one in the San Joaquin Valley, near Merced. You see that first school was a difficult problem for an eighteen-year-old. The discipline was beyond me. For one thing, there was a saloon within two blocks of the school, and the men who sat around in it thought it a grand joke to put the boys up to playing jokes on the teacher. Then, too, it was a mixed lot of youngsters. For instance, when one small boy missed an occasional day, giving various excuses, another boy told me he had been “Jes playin’ hookey.” So I wrote a note to his father. The father replied (using a torn-off edge of a newspaper), “Ef Elmer dont behave, lick him.”

Another boy, from the cattle ranges of Nevada, raised his hand the first day after his arrival to ask, “How do you spell Vaquero (‘buckerra’)?” I spelled it and he responded with a grin: “You’re the first teacher I ever had that could spell it right!”

Then the railroad had just gone through, right past the schoolhouse, and whenever a train passed, every youngster was at the windows.

Only two things reconcile me to that year at Melrose. My successor (who had as hard a time as I did) overheard a bunch of children talking, “Who do you think was the prettiest teacher we ever had?” “Oh, Miss Tyler!” (which was not saying much for the others, as I was no beauty)



PORTRAIT OF LOUIS JULES SORBIER by an unknown artist *ca.* 1868  
Shown in the Society's exhibition "The Face of California."  
*From the Society's collection.*





and she added, "And what's more, she was as good as she was pretty." And only a few weeks ago, a letter told of finding a puzzle box marked, "From the Christmas tree at the Melrose school, when Miss Julia Tyler was the teacher." Funny how little bits of flattery do warm one up.

However, one morning a ring of the doorbell announced a man from Merced County, where my sister had taught, to see if "Miss Tyler's younger sister" could take a position. I sung out over the bannister, "Tell him yes, Mother," to my mother's amazement.

During the year at the Merced County School, Mr. Shinn came down from San Francisco to Merced every other Saturday night, hired a horse and buggy, and early Sunday morning drove out to my school district, and took me on a picnic. He brought the lunch, new books, etc. We were engaged before I left Oakland, and two months after my school closed, we were married (1888).

#### IN THE SIERRA

In those days, Fresno was the Forest Service headquarters, with a superintendent in charge of head rangers on Sierra North, Sierra South and Sierra East. These head rangers had to find their own quarters, provide their own horses, and stumble through the process of establishing a system for the California forests. Mr. Shinn decided that Northfork would be the best headquarters point for his Sierra North, 50 miles from Fresno—10 to 12 hours by six-horse stage.

We acquired a buckboard and a horse. Near Northfork we bought 160 acres and a settler's little cabin for \$250. Peace Cabin had three rooms when we took it over. A pig on the back porch, a calf at the front door. No water at first, then a barrel from the spring. "Spring water—I love it," a man said to us once, plunging his face and hands into our barrel, and spoiling our water supply for the day. We finally got it piped into an old zinc tub.

Washington was so far off in those Reserve days! One of the first reports Mr. Shinn sent to Washington was on the fire-fighting question. The temporary summer rangers hired for the fire season supplied their own tools. He suggested establishing tool caches at strategic points, for the use of fire-fighters. The suggestion was turned down.

I remember one funny occurrence: Timber sales were not yet made on the Reserves, but "free use permits" were granted to settlers, for fence posts. A ranger preceding Mr. Shinn had estimated the amount

of cedar on a certain area, and permits had been granted for mature cedar trees for posts. The next year, applications came in for post timber. Mr. Shinn rode up to the area, took a local sawmill man with him, and looked over the tract, marking trees that could be cut. Of course a duplicate of the request and a copy of the permit had to go to Washington. Back came an angry letter: the previous records showed that *all the cedar on that tract had already been cut!* It hadn't occurred to them that the untrained man who had made the first estimate might have been mistaken.

Not until 1905, when Gifford Pinchot was made U. S. Forester (under Teddy Roosevelt) was a better system inaugurated—the U. S. divided into Forest Districts; the superintendent eliminated and the supervisors (previously head rangers) given more authority and allowed to exercise initiative, “technical assistants” provided, and even, in time, clerks. Sierra North extended from the south boundary of Yosemite Park to the Kings River; Sierra South from Kings River south to where forests petered out. Later a piece was cut from the Sierra North and added to Sierra South (by that time called the Sequoia). Still later, a piece was cut out of the Sierra South and made into the Sequoia National Park.

At first, the office was merely a table in our front room (which was also a bedroom). I had my own typewriter, which was a help, and the first Christmas I gave my husband three letter boxes! I did the clerical work until it grew too big.

An office was built (trees cut from our land, hauled by rangers to a nearby mill, and the rough lumber hauled back, the building put up by the rangers). Then we were allowed a clerk and eventually a government-owned typewriter. That first clerk was a nice kid—graduate of a Fresno business college, who couldn't spell and knew nothing of forest phraseology. The second had a weakness for the Northfork saloons. The third one could not stand being 50 miles from town. Between times, I did the work, between meals, until 1907, when the District Forester asked me if I would take the job. I got someone to work in my kitchen, and took over, keeping the position till I resigned in 1923. And did I love it!

We were the first to try to stop indiscriminate use of the forests—

a use for pasture, for fence-posts, even for lumber, which the settlers had taken for granted were "anybody's."

The mountain people were simple, friendly folk, urging us to "stop for dinner," if we came along near noon, but hotly argumentative on the question of restricted use of the forest area. It took years for them to learn that the national forests belonged to the nation, not just to the neighbors.

You will remember that almost all the older people among the Israelites died off during their forty years in the desert, and that it was virtually a new generation that finally entered Canaan. Much the same thing had to happen to the people of the foothills before government regulation was accepted. Your father and Mr. Shinn had to live through that period.

Most of the growing force of rangers were married to girls who were country-bred, and took things for granted. Occasionally one didn't. One young woman never slept as long as her husband was out fighting fire, and was a nervous wreck when he got home, tired out. Eventually her man had to give up forestry.

Another, a southern woman, complained constantly. She listed her grievances to Constance Mainwaring, wife of another ranger (a San Francisco girl, private-school trained and used to money). "But I have no running water in my cabin, no heat except a fireplace, no—this and that." Con smiled, "But none of us have. It isn't possible. Even the supervisor's wife doesn't in her summer camp." "That's all very well for you," said the woman, "But I ain't been raised rough." That was a byword in the Forest for years.

*(To be continued)*



## New Books

*Clarence King: A Biography.* By Thurman Wilkins. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1958. 441 pp. \$7.50.)

Clarence King's name is embedded in the history of California in two connections: his work as a geologist — first under Whitney and Brewer in the State Geological Survey, then as head of his own Survey of the Fortieth Parallel, and finally as the first director of the United States Geological Survey; but more particularly is he remembered as the author of *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*, a work rated among the immortals by "The Zamorano 80" and in Phil Townsend Hanna's "Libros Californianos." In the national field, however, despite the meteoric brilliance of his career, Clarence King has become almost a shadowy figure. Why should a man praised to the skies by Henry Adams, John Hay, and other prominent men of his day have failed to maintain his eminence? There must be a reason, and there is. From time to time a number of people have set out to write a biography of King, only to be discouraged by the unexpected scarcity of material for certain critical periods of his career and especially by the obvious deterioration of the qualities of greatness that had been apparent in the earlier years.

Dr. Wilkins, concerned not so much with tales of mountaineering adventure and the techniques of science as with the art of biography and its illumination of social history, has entered the field with great ability and diligence. He has marshalled enough facts from obscurity to enable him to treat with understanding the causes of King's deterioration. One sees these causes developing from stage to stage of King's career: a sensuality that blossoms in a fine perception of beauty, but tends to voluptuousness; and a self-confidence that springs from success, but leads on to insecure ground. The history of deterioration is not an attractive subject unless, as in King's case, it is coupled with such eminence as to be tragic—tragic in the Greek sense, in which the hero, famous and prosperous, suffers misfortune through his own missteps and latent weakness. Thurman Wilkins, whether intentionally or not, follows this pattern in his unfoldment of the character of Clarence King. The greatness, the fame, and the prosperity are there; but so, too, are the missteps and the disclosure of weakness.

Aside from the general interest of the whole book, certain chapters are of special concern to Californians. First, there is the account of King's coming to California, his meeting with Brewer, his engagement with the California Survey, his awakening consciousness of glacial action, and his energetic but erratic attempts at mountain-climbing. There is the story of the survey of Yosemite's boundaries, the diversion of his encounter with the Pike County people, and the fiction of "Kaweah's Run." The chapter "King of Diamonds" gives us the most reliable account yet published of the famous diamond hoax that comes to life almost every year in magazines, guide-books, radio, or television, with the perpetuation of errors and distortions. Wilkins has gone to great pains to ferret out the truth, and for the first time in our generation we have a reliable guide to the scene of the diamond-salted field. Only a few of us have known where it is, and Thurman Wilkins is one of them. Follow the clues in his book and you may pick up a diamond chip.

FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR

*Eureka; From Cleveland by Ship to California, 1849-50.* By Robert Samuel Fletcher. (Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press, 1959. 145 pp. \$3.00.)

Following California's centennial years, 1948-50, it was generally agreed that the reprinting of Gold Rush journals had had its day. Almost every "traveled 18 miles today, weather cold" diary unearthed from grandfather's trunk had made the next journey directly to the printed page in much less time than it took grandpa to reach California, whether by land or sea. The centennial reappraisal of travel narratives to California had one cleansing effect. In the main, they have been examined more critically before being rushed into print in order to see if the ground, abstract and concrete, had not been covered before. That the narratives continue to be published, albeit with more careful editing, is sound evidence of their interest to readers and of their key-stone position in the literature of the West. The present narrative, edited with care and imagination by Dr. Robert S. Fletcher, Chairman of the Department of History of Oberlin College, is an excellent and novel example of arranging original source materials so as to give the story of the *Eureka* an almost three-dimensional aspect.

This is the story of the ship, her crew, and of the voyage; and par-

ticularly it is the story of the 59 passengers, most of them from Cleveland and northern Ohio. It is based upon contemporary letters appearing in Cleveland newspapers and relies most heavily upon the diary of Eleazer Abbe, one of a small group of gold seekers from Elyria. In this connection, it is worth noting that the California Historical Society's library holds a substantial collection of letters and diaries, 1849-75, of Charles A. Ely, member of Elyria's founding family.

The volume is neatly and logically arranged in order to tell three essential stories. The first is a description of the Cleveland area which gives the reader a proper perspective. The second describes the voyage to California via the Welland Canal, the *Eureka* holding the distinction of being the first American vessel to take this route. The final story, the "Wheel of Fortune," describes individual experiences after the party reached the gold fields. Doctor Fletcher's arrangement of his materials is a boon to the reader and one which other writers would do well to copy. His success is undoubtedly due to his willingness to engage in painstaking research, without regard for time, in order to place the *Eureka's* story in accurate focus, locally and nationally. Numerous queries placed by Dr. Fletcher with the Society's Librarian as far back as 1953 clearly demonstrate that this type of research takes years, not months.

It is of interest to learn that a number of the *Eureka* passengers took up permanent residence in California, and at least one, John Percival Jones, rose to great prominence here. One wonders if additional source material on the ship's voyage might not be found among the more than 3,000 pieces of Senator Jones' papers in the Special Collections of the University of California, Los Angeles. Although Dr. Fletcher investigated the voyage of the *Euphrasia*, a sister ship, he does not seem to have consulted a manuscript journal, describing that ship's 1849-50 trip, which is located in the Joseph C. Snow papers at the University of California's Bancroft Library. But there is no end to source possibilities, and sooner or later a project must be brought to a close if it is ever to see print. Certainly, acknowledgment for assistance is made to an array of librarians and many historical scholars. Further evidence of scholarship is the volume's excellent illustrations and the footnotes at the bottom of pages and an index at the conclusion.

The voyage had its lighter moments, and it is delightful to find that



no heavy editorial hand was used to explain the diarist's usage of "Albert Ross" to describe a familiar form of life encountered at sea. The ship's cargo contained such fascinating items as five tons of grindstones and also one ton of bologna. When the happy travelers at last arrived in San Francisco Bay, at least one found the 1850 city to be "much larger than I ever conceived it to be, instead of a small town mostly of shanties and tents it was a city as large as Cleveland nearly," which, from a San Franciscan's point of view, just goes to show that times and people's experiences really never change!

JAMES DE T. ABAJIAN

*From Wilderness to Empire, a History of California.* By Robert Glass Cleland. Edited by Glenn S. Dumke. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1959. 445 pp. \$6.95.)

This latest history of California is well-written and informative. It has twenty-one halftone illustrations, two maps, and a good index. The book should attract the attention of the general reader and should gain acceptance as a college textbook. Until the appearance of John W. Caughey's *California* in 1940, the major textbooks used in California history courses on the college level were the companion volumes, *History of California: The Spanish Period* (1921) by Charles E. Chapman and *History of California* (1922) by Robert G. Cleland. In 1929 *A Short History of California* by Rockwell D. Hunt and Nellie Van De Grift Sánchez was published. In 1934 a *History of California* by A. A. Gray appeared as a high school text. In 1953 Caughey's excellent single-volume history was revised and had no competitor until the appearance of the Dumke-Cleland book in 1959.

Future textbook writers in the field of California history face the problem of revision as Professor John D. Hicks so ably pointed out in his paper, "History in California," appearing in this *Quarterly* (June 1957). These scholars must not only keep the state's history to date, but must re-examine its past. They should perform original research as well as digest all available monographic studies. Unfortunately, many facets of California history are only superficially known. In particular this is true of our political history. However, in contrast to most other states, the history of California has been quite well-developed by such scholars as Herbert E. Bolton, Charles E. Chapman, and Robert G. Cleland and is being excellently written thanks to living scholars such as Dumke, Caughey, and a host of others.



Historian Glenn S. Dumke, now President of San Francisco State College, has made a distinct contribution in revising into one volume the late Robert Glass Cleland's books *From Wilderness to Empire* and *California in Our Time*. Moreover, he has brought the history of the Golden State uptodate through the gubernatorial election of 1958. Except for the first two chapters, the final chapter, and the bibliography, the writing is largely Cleland's with some alterations made in other chapters by Dumke.

The volume is an excellent summary of the history of the state and it maintains a good balance among political, economic, social, and cultural factors. It is especially gratifying to see cultural and literary history given proper recognition. Some romanticists may be chagrined by what they might consider a diminution of the Spanish and Mexican eras, but this reviewer was pleased to observe that stress is placed on the American period and particularly on the twentieth century. In fact about half the book is devoted to recent history.

This attractive book has numerous excellent features, but like any short single-volume history it also has certain shortcomings. These are largely omissions of factual data not deemed worthwhile in view of the allotted space. Although the account of Spanish exploration and settlement is concisely and adequately related, certain institutional aspects of the Spanish and Mexican periods are lightly touched upon. Again, while the Monterey Constitution Convention of 1849 is treated, this reviewer wanted to read a little more. However, these are probably unfair criticisms, for the problems of inclusion and omission (in compressing the history of such a diverse and fascinating state as California into about 400 pages) are beyond apparent solution.

The story of the impact of the American upon California's pastoral society is marvelously told. Here one reads about the significance of the sea otter trade, the hide and tallow trade, the rôle of the mountain men, and of the pioneer emigrant parties. The early movement to annex California to the United States was one of Cleland's favorite subjects and is well treated in the book.

An excellent chapter entitled, "California of the Ranges," is taken largely from Cleland's *The Cattle on a Thousand Hills*. This chapter vividly describes the ranchos of southern California until their disintegration with the Great Drought of 1862 to 1864. Another excellent

chapter is "The Flood Tide of Immigration," relating the boom of the eighties, a subject upon which Dr. Dumke is the recognized authority.

Many of the chapters concerning the period since 1900 are real contributions to California history. The corruption in local governments of San Francisco and Los Angeles is discerningly analyzed as are the reforms and achievements of the Progressive movement. The violent labor controversies are discussed in two chapters highlighted by the dynamiting of the Los Angeles *Times*, the Wheatland hop riots, and the Mooney case.

The book reveals fundamental changes in California society brought about by the automobile, the development of industry and manufacturing, and the shift in population and economic leadership from northern to southern California. In but six pages Dumke describes events and effects of the calamitous San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906. The real estate and oil booms of the prosperous twenties are combined into a chapter which relates significant cultural trends in the period before and after that particular decade.

The tremendous expansion of agriculture in the new century is covered as well as efforts to solve California's water problem. Penetrating analyses are made of the various unorthodox remedies to solve the Great Depression and of California's peculiar Japanese problem and the "Okie invasion."

Interesting chapters on the growth of the cinema industry and on recent California literature are followed by the final chapter (written by Dr. Dumke) entitled, "California at Mid-Century," which depicts the impact of World War II upon California. The importance of the aircraft industry, the story of Japanese relocation, the influx of population, the tidelands oil controversy, and the "wetback" problem are some of the features of this chapter bringing the history down to 1958.

BENJAMIN F. GILBERT

*Great Train Robberies of the West.* By Eugene B. Block. (New York: Coward-McCann, 1958. 317 pp. \$5.00.)

Before Eugene Block had proceeded very far in his research on train robberies for this volume, he must have been confronted by a genuine problem. There were plenty of train holdups to write about—fifty-nine on the Southern Pacific System alone—but they followed a pattern almost as stylized as an eighteenth century minuet.

The choreography had jelled with the first train robbery in the West — on the Central Pacific west of Reno in 1870. Bandits boarded the train at an isolated stop, crawled over the tender into the engine cab after it was well under way again, and at gun's point held up the engineer and fireman. Others of the gang held up the conductor and pulled the pin on the coupling between the express car, which was carrying a Comstock payroll, and the rest of the train. After running a short distance further with the express car, the robbers ordered the crew to stop the locomotive, a man with horses appeared, and while the train crew still held their hands in the air in the face of threatening Colts, over \$40,000 in gold coin was transferred to sacks and the whole gang rode off in the darkness. They were all caught within two months.

This, then, except for minor variations, was the general pattern that endured during the years to follow, including even the apprehension of the outlaws; for few train robbers got away with their loot for long.

Faced with the problem of interesting his readers while reporting robberies superficially similar, Mr. Block found a solution by penetrating analyses of the principals in these crimes. He has traced the early lives of the criminals and has found in most cases pretty clear answers to "how they got that way." And he has traced them afterward, through capture, imprisonment or execution, escape or release, traced them to the few who, still alive, have paid their penalty to the law and live as respected citizens. Thus each chapter is almost a complete miniature biography in crime.

Many of the train hold-up artists whose exploits are related by Mr. Block are still familiar names in the West — the Evans and Sontag gang that, aided by considerable public sympathy, made life miserable for the Southern Pacific in the San Joaquin Valley in the nineties; the Dalton gang; Al Jennings; and the D'Autremont brothers who got away with nothing in return for dynamiting S. P. No. 13 in a tunnel near Siskiyou in 1923 and murdering four of the train crew. One of the brothers was paroled just a few months ago only to die a few days later.

One of the most fascinating features of the book is the careful detailing of the methods used by peace officers and railroad special agents in solving these crimes. Almost all were solved, although the solution of some cases took years. Neither the railroad nor Wells-Fargo nor the Post Office Department ever gave up. The development and perfection



of scientific methods of crime detection are apparent as one contrasts the more recent cases with those of the pioneers. Of course, this is a subject with which Mr. Block, author of *The Wizard of Berkeley* (who was E. O. Heinrich) and himself a member of San Francisco's Board of Parole Commissions, is thoroughly familiar.

These scientific advances in law enforcement, continuous radio communication on moving trains between engineer and conductor as well as with the dispatcher and patrolmen, and the small amount of gold coin or similar treasure being shipped these days have put a practical end to this form of larceny. The era of train robbery on the Southern Pacific ending in 1933 covered 63 years with a total of fifty-nine hold-ups. The Western Pacific, operating in adjacent territory during the last quarter-century of this period and carrying the competing Globe Express, had none. No reason presents itself other than that again the robbers got in a rut.

A single criticism of *Great Train Robberies of the West* is the lack of illustrations. Readers will appreciate that press photographers were seldom on hand during a train holdup, but newspaper files would undoubtedly have yielded a few "artist's conception" drawings and photographs taken at the time of the capture, trial, and execution or escape, all of which would have added additional interest to the book. A map or two would also have been helpful. But these are minor points. Eugene Block is to be congratulated on a first-class job that is absorbing reading.

GILBERT H. KNEISS

*The Malibu.* By W. W. Robinson and Lawrence Clark Powell. Illustrated by Irene Robinson. (Los Angeles: Dawson's Book Shop, 1958. 86 pp. \$20.00.)

This book is really two in one, nevertheless it remains one in spirit. Its thread of continuity is the Malibu, "a broad, twenty-two mile long strip of ocean-fronting land" which is "partly marine terrace, partly beach, partly canyon, partly rising mountain," located midway between Santa Monica and Ventura in Los Angeles County. W. W. Robinson writes of history past, the story of Rancho Topanga Malibu Sequit; Lawrence Clark Powell writes of history present, his personal reflections as a contemporary Malibu resident. On first glance the connection between the book's two distinctive parts may appear slight, but on closer examination the spirit of unity emerges.



Robinson writes of the land and its people. He presents a finely etched and balanced historical study which succinctly traces the Malibu's past from the "Oak Grove People," the first known inhabitants, down to the last *ranchero*, May K. Rindge, "Queen of the Malibu."

The first grantee of the rancho, José Bartolomé Tapía, came to California with Anza's colonial expedition in 1775. After a number of years in the north, Tapía migrated south, settling in 1789 at San Luis Obispo; then moved on to Nietros, a small village near Los Angeles, around the end of the century. In 1800, Tapía made application for the Malibu and the grant was awarded in 1802 by the military commandant at Santa Barbara, Don Felipe Goycochea. On Tapía's death in 1824, the property passed to his wife, María, and son, Tiburcio, who had the distinction of serving three times as *alcalde* of Los Angeles.

On January 24, 1848, the property was sold to a young Frenchman, Leon Victor Prudhomme, the price, 400 pesos. But with the endless struggle that ensued over establishing a valid claim before the Land Commission, Prudhomme sold out in 1857 to a "shrewd investor," Matthew Keller, for \$1400. By clever exploitation and utilization and with the legendary "luck of the Irish," Keller was able to prove title in 1864, and on his death in 1881 left the rancho to his son, Henry. Ten years later, Henry Keller sold the estate to Frederick Hastings Rindge, a "wealthy young Massachusetts man," for ten dollars an acre.

Rindge was a visionary and so was his young bride, May Knight Rindge. Taking possession of their property in 1887, the two began a successful business career in Southern California, building their first home on Ocean Avenue in nearby Santa Monica. In his book *Happy Days in Southern California*, Rindge detailed the plans for his rancho land. "This country is as good as bread," he wrote, "toasted by the open dining room fireplace and served hot and mellow to waiting mouths by mother's hand." He, too, loved the Malibu with its "life-giving ozone," broad pastures, and ever-present sea casting up kelp pods that crackled and popped under carriage wheels—a "calm and sweet retreat, protected from the wearying haste of city-life" where the "ennobling stillness [made] the mind ascend to heaven."

When Rindge died in 1905, his wife, May K. Rindge, became the new—and final—owner. She devoted her life to keeping the rancho

intact. A woman who "had no thought of compromise," indomitable to the end, she fought a losing battle against the increasing hungry populace who cast covetous eyes on the Malibu. In the struggle against condemnation proceedings for land and road rights, she lost a fortune, but she clung to the Malibu dream. Though defeated by the pressure of populace and progress, the "Queen of the Malibu" left a legacy of spirit, courage, and personality that stamps her as one of California's most remarkable women.

Robinson leaves the reader with the impression that he could write much more on the history of the Malibu. But what he has written is a beautifully turned historical vignette.

Dr. Powell shares with us his personal experiences. His is the joy of living with the "Ocean in view," quoting William Clark's journal. As he so poignantly expresses it: "Mountains I love and desert and even a few cities, but I have chosen to live what's left of my life here at continent's end, on the hem of the sea, where the water nibbles away at property to which we hold tenuous title." Might this not be true of all Californians? It is this theme that pervades his contribution.

Irene Robinson's colored illustrations highlight the book's text—simply, but beautifully. The Plantin Press of Los Angeles has given the book a distinctive format. Unfortunately the edition is limited to 320 copies—it deserves a larger printing for it has much to say and much to share.

DOYCE B. NUNIS, JR.

*A Piney Paradise.* By Lucy Neely McLane (Fresno: Academy Library Guild, 1959. 387 pp. \$7.50.)

Just off the press is Lucy Neely McLane's second edition of *A Piney Paradise*. This book is a documentary history of Pacific Grove, California, and of the tradition of the Monterey Peninsula. There are many fascinating stories of the early days on the Peninsula and the profusion of old and new photographs is bound to bring back memories to many who spent delightful summers in the "Grove" or attended Camp Meetings and Chautauqua gatherings there in years gone by.

Founded in 1875 as a Methodist Seaside Retreat, the much-advertised "heavenly spot," "God's Kingdom-by-the-Sea," Pacific Grove attracted hordes of visitors who had been invited "to breathe the pure aroma of the pines, to inhale the ozone from the broad Pacific with no one to trouble them."

Pacific Grove has neither a Spanish nor a Mexican historical background as has Monterey but it does have its share of history. As Miss McLane writes: "Piney Paradise is the history of a town-pattern uniquely different from that of other towns founded in California during the middle 70's. . . . Its objectives were fundamentally religious. The community was established and in the words of its motto 'Dedicated to God'."

The first chapter of the book is entitled "Why Pacific Grove?" and describes its beginnings in 1875. The land was laid out in lots for camping purposes after David Jacks gave one hundred acres and the Pacific Grove Improvement Company had sold the Retreat Committee a large tract at a nominal sum. Small roadways ran along at specified intervals. Miss McLane reports that the Retreat attracted about four hundred and fifty people the first year and several cottages were built. The narrow streets and small summer homes can still be recognized.

A bibliography, index and list of illustrations makes *Piney Paradise* valuable as an addition to Californiana and a helpful guide to research on the history of the Monterey Peninsula. Prof. Lucy McLane, a long-time resident, a scholar and a poet writes of her "adopted town" with wit, learning and love.

MAYO HAYES O'DONNELL

# Book of Remembrance

Established in 1945

On view in the Society's library is a finely bound "Book of Remembrance," recording the names of persons in whose memory contributions have been made to the Library Fund. Below are names that have been inscribed for 1958 and 1959.

## 1958

Alice Mayhew Allen  
J. Frederick Ast  
Geraldine Bliss Brook  
Twohy Brusstar  
Olga Bujannoff  
Edwin H. Carpenter, Sr.  
Allen Lawrence Chickering  
Henry C. Compton  
Oscar Cooper  
Arthur E. Corder  
Henry J. Crocker  
R. Stanley Dollar  
Henry B. Dyson  
E. S. Egbert  
Dana L. Fuller  
Emma Gordon Hare  
Beulah Lanyon Hostetter  
Charles Curtiss Judson  
Susan A. Judson  
Alice Swain Kelly  
Catherine R. Kendall

Douglas McGlashan Kelley, M.D.  
Charles Lux  
Miranda W. Lux  
Andrew C. McLaughlin  
Janet Watt Miller  
Tulita Wilcox Miner  
Mildred Knox Moore  
Donald William Page  
Olive Holbrook Palmer  
Laura Doe Pettigrew  
Mary L. Raggio  
Freda Ortmann Shumate  
Howard Dunbar Smith  
Frank Alton Somers  
Judson Somers  
Elisabeth Wade Stadtmuller  
Elizabeth Henry Stephenson  
Edward Herbert Towler  
Edith Lynn Walker  
Willard Forsythe Williamson  
Ella Sherburn Yoerk

## 1959

Richard O. Bliss  
Jesse Washington Carter  
Henria P. Compton  
Elie Dalmon  
Leslie Van Ness Denman  
John Debo Galloway  
J. Duncan Gleason  
W. D. Kleinpell  
Charles F. Lambert

Tulita Wilcox Miner  
Martha Hutchinson Ransome  
Harold M. Smith  
Alice Clay Stephenson  
Anna Louise Green Turner  
Emma Avaline Turner  
Gustavus James Turner  
Gustavus Samuel Turner  
Caroline Wenzel



# In Memoriam

CAROLINE WENZEL

Caroline Wenzel, a trustee of the California Historical Society, died in Sacramento on the morning of March 24, 1959.

Born in San Francisco, on February 12, 1886, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Wenzel, she was taken to Sacramento by her parents at the age of five and there spent the remainder of her life. After graduating from the Sacramento public schools, she entered the University of California, Berkeley, and graduated from the Library school of that institution in 1914. In the same year she joined the staff of the California State Library, in Sacramento, and was later assigned as an assistant in the California Section of that library. In 1930, she was named chief librarian of the California Section.

She held the position of chief of the California Section of the State Library until her retirement in 1952 and it was in this post she built her reputation as California's greatest historical reference librarian. She gave unstintingly of her knowledge and time in the aid of countless students and authors, some famous, who were searching for the facts of California's varied and complicated history. At the time of her retirement from the service of the State Library, Governor Earl Warren, now Chief Justice of the United States, wrote to her:

"You have reason to take pride in the fact that your efforts have contributed tremendously to the creation of the great fund of knowledge which is now available to all who would know the story of our great state."

Her retirement, however, merely meant the transfer of her restless energy from the State Library to numerous history projects. As a member of the Sacramento Historic Landmarks Commission she did a great deal of research into the history of Sacramento's earliest business buildings and demonstrated that the town of Sutterville, or Sutter—today known as Sutterville Heights and a part of Sacramento, was founded two years before the City of Sacramento. She directed the research for the *Centennial Album* published in nine parts by the *Sacramento Bee* in 1957-58 and for which this Society awarded the *Bee* its Award of Merit in 1958. She was an active member of the Sacramento County Historical Society, the Sacramento Book Collectors' Club, a member of the American Pioneer Trails Association, the California State Library Association, the American Library Association, the California State Employees Association, Business and Professional Women's Club, the Sacramento Saturday Club, and the National League of Women's Service.

In addition to serving the California Historical Society as a trustee, Caroline Wenzel was an active member of the Society's Editorial Committee for several years.

She is survived by a sister, Florine Wenzel, a retired piano instructor, long active in Sacramento musical circles and with whom she lived, and by a brother, Arthur S. Wenzel, of Los Angeles.

To honor the memory of their colleague, the Board of Trustees of this Society, at their April meeting, established the "Caroline Wenzel Memorial Scholarship," and a committee composed of Hon. Sherrill Halbert, Sacramento, chairman; Dwight L. Clarke, Los Angeles; Miss Mabel Gillis, Sacramento; Warren R. Howell, San Francisco; and Carl I. Wheat, Menlo Park, has been appointed to develop plans for the administration of this scholarship. Contributions to the "Caroline Wenzel Memorial Scholarship Fund" are in order. Checks made to the order of this Fund can be addressed to the Society and will be most welcome.

GEORGE L. HARDING

#### HENRIA PACKER COMPTON

Northern California lost one of its outstanding residents in the death of Mrs. Henria Packer Compton of Chico, in San Francisco on April 28, 1959.

Mrs. Compton's father, Henry Packer, came to California in the days of the Gold Rush from Memphis, Tennessee, but returned East when his fiancée, Mary Elizabeth Judkins, said that her family had pioneered in Illinois and she wished no more of it.

When she was 20, Henria Packer came to California to live with her uncle, George Packer, and his wife near Colusa. On November 10, 1897, she was married to Henry C. Compton. The Comptons established their home in what was known as The Old Murdock Ranch west of Willows. They later bought the Briscoe Ranch, now known as the Mary-Bill Ranch, south of Chico, and moved there in 1903. In 1930 Henry Compton died.

Mrs. Compton, during her husband's lifetime and after his death, took an active part in the sheep industry of the West. For years she was a Director and regular attendant at meetings of the California Wool Growers Association, and a member of the national organization as well. When Col. E. N. Wentworth wrote his book, "America's Sheep Trails" he turned to her as a reliable source for much of his material. For years these two corresponded regularly, exchanging books and data about one of their favorite interests, Californiana. Their obituaries appeared side by side in a recent issue of the California Livestock News.

The extensive collection of Californiana Mrs. Compton had accumulated will be divided between her daughters, Mrs. Ralph Goni of Chico and Mrs. J. Kenneth Sexton of Willows.

Henria Compton was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution through one of her ancestors, James Wilson, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Her own father had captain's papers on the Mississippi River and was a close friend of Mark Twain. Each time Twain published a book an autographed copy was given to Captain Packer.

Mrs. Compton always took an active part in community affairs in Chico. With Annie E. K. Bidwell, wife of General John Bidwell, founder of Chico, she worked actively for women's suffrage. When this became a law the women formed the Women's Civic Club which pioneered in public health work, and

from which grew the Chico Health Center. The Center was supported by Mrs. Compton with both time and funds. For years she was a member of the Chico School Board.

This generous, gracious woman, whose beautiful home and garden on Woodland Avenue, built in the early Spanish-California manner, was the setting for many social affairs, will be greatly missed by her community. Her spirit will carry on in her daughters and their children, Suzanne and William Johnson of Chico, Mrs. Arleigh Sexton Simmons and J. Henry Sexton of Willows, and Robert C. Sexton of Laramie, Wyoming, and four great grandchildren.

MARY DUNBAR LEMCKE

### R. STANLEY DOLLAR

The passing of R. Stanley Dollar in New York on September 24, 1958, was a shocking loss to California and his host of close friends notably in the San Francisco Bay region. He was a resident of Piedmont, having recently acquired a new home in that city. He was most active in national, state and local civic affairs.

The Dollar name in this State, beginning with his revered father, Robert Dollar, is famed in shipping circles not only within the United States but throughout the world.

Robert Dollar passed away in 1932. He was the founder of the original company, and Stanley began his career in his father's office. Stanley was born in Bracebridge, Ontario, Canada, on July 6, 1880. His business career started in 1898, when he began work in the office of his highly respected father at 10 California Street, San Francisco. He acted as bookkeeper, stenographer and office boy at \$26.00 per month. At that time the Dollar fleet consisted of a small steam schooner, the *Newsboy*.

By the time he was thirty, R. Stanley Dollar was vice-president and general manager of the Dollar Steamship Line. In 1922 he organized and was made president of the American Mail Line, the first venture into the trans-Pacific passenger trade.

When Stanley Dollar was born his proud mother greeted her husband with these words, "Let's name him Stanley after the famous British explorer." And that was the name given him. She had just completed reading H. M. Stanley's famous book on "How I Found Livingstone."

During his whole life R. Stanley Dollar was a persistent fighter. He was once asked the secret of his ability to continue fighting despite obstacles and replied, "My ancestors were Northern Scots and were the only people the Romans could not conquer. I may have inherited their determination and the will to drive."

For seven years, 1945-1952, the Dollar Company waged, through R. Stanley Dollar, a one-man battle against the officers of the United States government for the return of shipping stock he had pledged as collateral for an indebtedness which had already been repaid. This was unquestionably the greatest battle although the final settlement was somewhat of a compromise. Mr. Dollar's success



in the United States courts (including the Supreme Court) prompted a counter suit in the California federal court.

Rather than repeat a six-year legal controversy he had experienced in the Washington case, Dollar finally agreed to a compromise settlement which left undisturbed the decision of the District of Columbia court holding that the stock was rightfully his. The stock was sold to the highest bidder in 1952 and the proceeds divided equally between the Dollar interests and the United States government.

Originally it was not an easy task to buy seven ships from the Shipping Board. R. Stanley Dollar, assigned the task, had to fight. The kind of steamship line he proposed had been unheard of in all the history of commerce. After months of negotiations he finally convinced the members of the Shipping Board that the deal was consummated. He rendered a great service to the world and particularly the people on the Pacific Coast; the course was over 26,000 miles of ocean to 21 ports in 14 countries, the liners sailing west from San Francisco every two weeks.

In 1932 when Captain Robert Dollar finished his life work the Dollar Steamship Line consisted of 32 first-class freighters and passenger vessels, headed by the palatial \$8,000,000 flagships—President Hoover and President Coolidge, the largest and most costly ships ever built in American shipyards at that time.

R. Stanley Dollar, then a man of 52, took over and carried on the famous Dollar tradition. In order to keep in constant touch with his ships in this world-wide fleet Mr. Dollar established his own communication system known as Dollaradio. In 1934 his system was made public communications system under the name of Globe Wireless Ltd. The Dollar name will always stand as the best tradition of the sea.

At the time of R. Stanley Dollar's death he was a director of the First Western Bank, president of the Robert Dollar Co., Dollar Associates, Inc., and Globe Wireless Ltd., chairman of the board of Lucky Stores, Inc., a director of the Pacific National Fire Insurance Co., A. P. Giannini Scholarship Foundation, and the National Foreign Trade Council, Inc., in New York; and a Trustee of the Webb Institute of Naval Architecture, New York.

My father and Robert Dollar, who were both in the lumber and shipping business, were great friends, and both were interested in religious work. My father's office, where I worked as a young man, was at 22 California Street and the Dollar office at 10 California. They never retired from business and were active until the last. Captain Dollar one time said, "I work because I believe that work is the foundation of all real happiness in the world. I shall always work," which he did. "No man is ever old enough to retire. It is not work that makes a man old." This was also my father's philosophy.

Stanley Dollar was a loyal friend as his many acquaintances can testify. He was a man of high character and great generosity.

The Dollar mantle will fall upon R. Stanley Dollar, Jr., a young man of great ability and promise.

JOS. R. KNOWLAND



## FREDERICK J. KOSTER

Frederick J. Koster was born and reared in San Francisco and educated in the public schools of this city; he occupied the highest positions in the civic and industrial life of his native city and State. He died November 18, 1958, at the age of 90 years.

During the last half century Mr. Koster was active in the direction of various organizations of public welfare, charity and culture. His services and benefactions extended into every realm of service. He was president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the California State Chamber, chairman of the San Francisco Chapter, American Red Cross, Conference of Christians and Jews and many other organizations. He constantly sought to improve the economic and social conditions of his city and State, and gave generously of his time and great talents.

Mr. Koster was a member of many clubs, a generous patron of the arts and music, and an interested and active member of the California Historical Society. He leaves a devoted family and a great circle of friends who have been enriched by association with him. He will be remembered for his benefactions and his high ideals of good citizenship and for his personal charm and broad understanding. Few men have given so much in constructive service and leadership.

Frederick J. Koster will be sadly missed but not forgotten.

CLAY MILLER

## JOSEPH J. GEARY

Joseph J. Geary, prominent attorney, died in San Francisco November 21, 1958. The son of John Geary and Katherine Kelly of Ireland, he was born in San Francisco July 4, 1894. He attended Hastings College, San Francisco Law School and Harvard University. In 1919 he was admitted to the California Bar and in 1922 joined the firm of Lillick, Geary, Wheat, Adams and Charles where he specialized in maritime law. In addition to the State Bar, he was a member of the San Francisco Bar Association, the Maritime Law Association of the United States, and was a Fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers.

An outstanding and highly respected member of the community he is survived by his wife, Dorothy, and two daughters, Phyllis Duffus and Joyce Volk, both of New York City.

Mr. Geary was a member of the Pacific Union Club, the Bohemian Club, of which he served as president, the San Francisco Commercial Club, of which he also served as president, and the Propeller Club. Mr. Geary joined the California Historical Society in May of 1943.

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## NOTES ON AUTHORS:

DR. GLENN S. DUMKE is the fifth President of San Francisco State College. He received his B.A. and M.A. from Occidental College and his Ph.D. in history from the University of California at Los Angeles. Before accepting his present post, he was Dean of Faculty at Occidental College. His major interest has always been history and he is currently serving our Society as Chairman of the newly-formed Honors Committee. His article was presented at our Society headquarters to the American Studies Association; it also appeared in the *Wilson Library Bulletin* (Vol. 33, no. 4, pp. 277-281, 283).

DR. JAN ALBERT GORIS, who is a member of the Royal Flemish Academy, has been Commissioner of Information for Belgium in the United States since 1941. He received his doctorate in Historic Sciences at the University of Louvain in 1925. A varied and distinguished career includes having served as: Assistant to the Mayor of Antwerp, Director of the Fine Arts Department of Antwerp, and Adjunct-Professor at New York University: Benelux Chair. Dr. Goris has published on historical, artistic, and literary subjects in Dutch, French and English.

ROGER H. PEARL has stated that he is interested in "everything Western from rocks to writers." He was able to combine these interests in his study of Clarence King who was both writer and geologist. Born in Berkeley, Pearl attended public schools there and entered the University of California where he received his B.A. and M.A. degrees in English, with emphasis on American literature. He is at present working on his doctorate at the University.

GRACE TOMPKINS SARGENT is a native Californian and a graduate of Stanford who received her M.A. at the University of California, Berkeley. Her home is in San Diego, but at present she is living in England with her husband, oceanographer Marston Cleaves Sargent, who is associated with the American Embassy. Mrs. Sargent and her family expect to return to southern California in the fall of 1960.

MRS. CRISTINA ALVISO CHAPMAN, the translator of the Galindo manuscript, is a direct descendant on the paternal side of Domingo Alviso, who came to California as a veteran soldier with the Anza expedition 1775-1776. On the maternal side she is a granddaughter of Robert Livermore, another pioneer who settled in the state in 1822, her mother being Maria Josefa Livermore. From her father, Valentin del Carmen Alviso, she inherited her "*amor de patria*," for besides being the keeper of the Spanish Archives, 1889-1892, he was one of the very few native Californians to be elected to the Legislature. Mrs. Chapman resides at the present time in Oakland.

STEPHEN W. JACOBS holds an A.B. degree and a Bachelor of Architecture from Harvard, and an M.F.A. from Princeton. For four years he has been an assistant



professor of the History of Architecture at the University of California, Berkeley. In 1953-54 he studied in France under a Fulbright Research Grant. He has also taught at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio; Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont; and Princeton University. Mr. Jacobs is a past President of the Pacific Section of the Society of Architectural Historians. His paper was presented at the founding meeting of the California Heritage Council held in San Francisco May 22, 1959.

#### NOTE

DR. HENRY P. BEERS, who edited "The American Consulate in California; Documents relating to its Establishment," this *Quarterly*, Vol. XXXVI, pp. 1-17, March, 1958, writes that a query from Dr. Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., of Los Angeles caused him to re-examine the signature in one of the documents which he had deciphered as "J. T. Warren" (pp. 9-10). On comparing a tracing of the signature with a facsimile of the signature of J. T. Warner in Joseph H. Hill, "The History of Warner's Ranch and its Environs" (Los Angeles, 1927), p. 215, as suggested by Dr. Nunis, Dr. Beers became convinced that the two were identical. According to Nunis who is working on research concerning Warner, the full name was Jonathan Trumbull Warner, and he went overland to California as a fur trapper with Ewing Young in 1833 and settled in the Los Angeles neighborhood where he remained until his departure for the East at the end of 1839. He was in the East during 1840-41, when the letter in question was written, and returned to Los Angeles in June 1841. Dr. Beers remarks "Errors of this sort are one of the pitfalls of editing longhand manuscripts."

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September 1959

# California Historical Society Quarterly

DONALD C. BIGGS, *Director and Editor*

WILLIAM W. WHITNEY, *Assistant Editor*

MAUDE K. SWINGLE, *Editorial Assistant*

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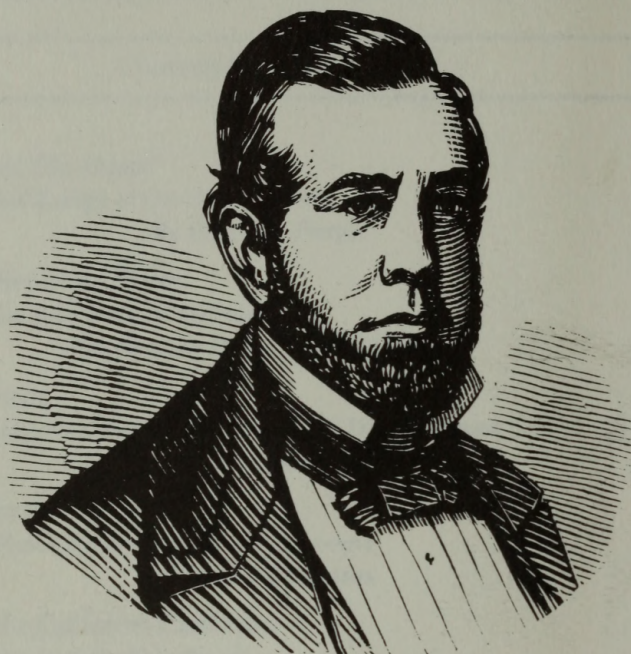
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DAVID C. BRODERICK

*An original wood engraving, attributed to Harrison Eastman  
In the Society's collection*

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## "Straight Toward His Heart"

*George Wilkes' Eulogy of David C. Broderick*

By DONALD E. HARGIS

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THE PUBLIC CAREER of the early Californian, David C. Broderick, has been quite adequately reviewed; however, much of his private life has been only touched upon and, undoubtedly, in the absence of new sources, never will be known fully. Early in Broderick's career in New York City George Wilkes took him under his tutelage and from then on wove himself in and out of Broderick's life. Those who have attempted detailed study suggest the influence of Wilkes on Broderick as an individual and on his political fortunes. Yet the extent of this influence is mainly a matter for conjecture, and the commentators themselves do not seem to be entirely satisfied with their own conclusions.<sup>1</sup>

Bancroft says of the bond between them: "During these early years [in New York in about 1845] he [Broderick] attracted the attention and secured the friendship of George Wilkes, editor of the *National Police Gazette*, who for the remainder of his life was the Jonathan to his David . . ."<sup>2</sup> And two brief appraisals suggest something of Wilkes' character. "His [Broderick's] self-constituted and volunteer tutor was a young man, not much Broderick's own senior in years, but of severe scholarly impulse, linked with singular looseness of moral behavior, who has since alike debased and elevated journalism, and proved himself as vile and again as grand in the domain of his profession as any that either dishonored or adorned it. This was George Wilkes."<sup>3</sup> Too, "Wilkes was of New York; a brilliant writer and bubbling Bohemian, but erratic and unreliable, with a peculiar reputation."<sup>4</sup>

Broderick moved to California in mid-1849, partly at the urging of Wilkes; and in 1850 Wilkes followed at what he averred was Broderick's invitation.<sup>5</sup> It has been claimed that Wilkes planned each political move for Broderick and wrote his speeches for him. Such total dependence is highly questionable, even though certainly many of the political

schemes were joint efforts and some, perhaps, originated in Wilkes' fertile brain. It was a political controversy which precipitated the first break between them in 1853, when Wilkes sponsored a bill to extend the water lots in San Francisco. "But Wilkes, its author, explains that such was Broderick's hostility to it that he, Wilkes, abandoned the cause and returned to New York. . . ."<sup>6</sup> However, later in the same year, 1853, at Broderick's insistence, Wilkes returned to California, but the peace was short-lived.<sup>7</sup> In 1854 Wilkes arranged through Governor Bigler to have himself appointed a judge of the State Supreme Court. To this Broderick objected violently—perhaps more from egotistical pique than from any real disapproval—he had not been consulted. Broderick forced Wilkes to tear up the commission; at which Wilkes left for New York never to return to California. The estrangement lasted until Broderick, as a senator, broke with President Buchanan; and on his way back to California from Washington in 1859 visited Wilkes in New York. Thus, the bond between them continued more or less throughout Broderick's adult life.

Wilkes moved in and out of the field of journalism, inaugurating publications which he edited and for which he wrote. In 1859 he founded *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*, a periodical in newspaper form, subtitled "A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage," which indicates rather well his diverse, confusing, and even contradictory interests.<sup>8</sup> It was in this paper that Wilkes' personal eulogy on Broderick appeared on October 22, 1859. It occupied the major portion of three pages and is significant because of the comparative rarity of the journal and because it well may have been a source used by later writers, although the eulogy is not cited directly in studies of the period. At least, it gives an interesting and, perhaps, distinctive view of Broderick. This eulogy cannot be accepted as final authority as it contains one gross factual error and was written by Broderick's closest personal friend who would wish to paint his "David" in the most favorable colors. Nevertheless, the tribute is worth reproducing and examining for the light which it sheds on Broderick as an individual and on his relationship with Wilkes. Hence, to make the eulogy more readily available, Wilkes' final tribute to his friend Broderick is reproduced in its entirety.



## DAVID C. BRODERICK

By GEO. WILKES

"I COULD INDITE NO EPITAPH TO BE PLACED OVER ME IN FUTURE WHICH WOULD BE A HIGHER REWARD THAN THIS: '*He never deserted principle*'."

*Placerville Speech, July 9th, 1859.*<sup>9</sup>

When the news reached us last week of the lamentable and untimely death of the Hon. DAVID C. BRODERICK, we were so shocked and taken by surprise, that we felt incapable, at that time, of writing on the subject; and as often as we lifted up the pen our mind refused the task, and, against proof and reason, we clung desperately to the hope that perhaps the reported climax was not true. It was difficult, nay impossible, for us at once to realize that the brooding conspiracy which all knew had so long thirsted for his life, had developed itself, at last, in the malignant shape of murder. The facts, however, which have been made known since then, show that the opponents of Mr. Broderick had succeeded in carrying out their ultimate resource, and that assassination is henceforth to be added to the accumulating triumphs of the horrid maxim, that "all is fair in politics." Language seeks no disguise, and honest words will tread no oblique course to characterize this deed. It was a downright and malignant murder, settled upon a long period in advance, and coldly perpetrated by a wretch not worthy to stand uncovered in the dead man's presence, and on whom the sun should never be allowed to shine.

Our readers, in common with all the intelligent population of the land, are acquainted with the general features of the violent political campaign in California, and with the prominent part performed in it by Mr. Broderick; but as all do not know how he reached his eminent position, and why he fell, we, who have watched him step by step through life, will tell.

DAVID CULBERT [sic] BRODERICK was born in the City of Washington, in February, 1819, and consequently was, at the time of his death, but little more than forty years of age. His father was a mechanic, but a thriving man, and though he had influence enough to obtain a small contract for furnishing a portion of the stone used in the building of the capitol, he worked with his chisel upon some of the arches under which



his son afterwards sat, as one of the sixty-four Princes of our Empire — an honorable and honored Senator. Such was his parentage; and let us pause here to ask of those who, even with kind motives, have chronicled him as springing from "low origin," where, in this country, they will seek a better heraldry!

Contracts in the days of the elder Mr. Broderick were not made the vehicles of public plunder, and finding himself no better off at the end of his task than at the beginning, he brought his family, consisting only of his wife and David, who was then but five years old, to New York. He entered into business here, but things went badly with him, and he died in 1837, without means, leaving behind him his widow and another son named Richard, who was several years younger than the subject of our sketch. The widow did not long survive him, and David, who had been apprenticed to the stone-cutter's trade, was left to carve his way through the world by himself, charged with the support of his younger brother. While yet a youth, assisted by a powerful and rapidly-developed frame, he possessed all the accomplishments and proficiency of a master-workman, and obtaining a release from his indentures, he was enabled, even before he reached the age of manhood, to support himself and brother comfortably, and to take a leading rank among his companions, from having means to spare among them, and an open heart to do it. The stooping position, however, which was required of him when smiting his chisel into the reluctant stone, became prejudicial to his health, and he was warned by his physician that unless he changed his occupation he would be likely to sink into a decline. Means were tendered him by Mr. Townsend Harris, now Commissioner to Japan, to start in a new line of business, and availing himself of this compliment to his integrity, he opened a large and well-appointed public house in the Ninth Ward. He was too proud, however, to attend upon his customers, and a well filled library in an upper room was his favorite resort, and the scene of hours of patient study. His business was prosperous, and thus ribbed up against the world, he was able to indulge his proud instincts and take a dignified and independent attitude with all of every rank who were brought into contact with him. His strong mind, high courage, excessive generosity, and self-sacrificing friendship endeared him to every one who knew him, and his companions, by way of showing their confidence in his capacity to lead, elected him as the foreman

of the splendid Engine company known as "Thirty-Four." A powerful organization thus grew around him, which gave him a commanding position in his ward, and made him sought after by politicians from all parts of the city for his influence. Having a mind, however, too broad and self-directing to perform a subordinate part in anything, he, as soon as he saw clearly what politics were, determined to lead off for himself. The result was that, soon after he had arrived at his majority, he became a recognized power, not only in his ward and district, but in the general democratic councils which gave party law throughout the county. The Ninth Ward, when the wards were few in number, was never named without the figure of Broderick rising before the mind, and holding its position there more prominently than even its representatives in the City Legislature. It was soon clear to all who had any skill in defining human character, that this figure was likely to fill out in the future to the dimensions of a great man. His over-powering will, his promptness in taking a position, his inflexibility of purpose, his grave dignity of bearing, and the remarkable moral purity of his life, all combined to fix public attention on him, and to mark him for a leader; and it is worthy of observation, that his most brawling and unscrupulous enemies, even when loudest in abuse, were obliged to stop inside of the quotation of one single act of questionable integrity or manhood. Thus stood David C. Broderick with the world, while among his friends and intimates he was known for traits of gentleness and affection that rendered him as engaging as a girl. Amiable, however, as he always was, his qualities loomed so loftily above the general average of men, that those near him grouped around him for counsel and protection, and the benefits he was continually extending to his young friends in the way of relieving their wants, getting them into positions, and extricating them from difficulties of all sorts, rendered his position almost patriarchial among them. With qualities so grandly mixed, it is, therefore, no longer a matter for surprise that this man whom slander sought for a long time to sink with the opprobrious term of "rowdy," came in a few years almost within arm's length of the topmost pinnacle of earthly pride.

While, however, the future lay thus promisingly before him, an accident occurred that was destined to cast a permanent gloom upon his mind. His brother Richard, then a boy of fourteen years of age, was suddenly killed among his play-fellows, by the bursting of a bomb-shell

which they had found amid some refuse iron, and which exploded as young Broderick sat across it, endeavoring to probe it with a stick. It was a long while before the elder brother recovered from the depressing effects of this calamity, but mastering his grief, he returned to his ambition, and in the following year succeeded in putting himself in nomination for Congress before his district. Frederick A. Talmadge was the opposition candidate, and Mr. Broderick would easily have won, had not one of those bitter combinations which always rise up against strong natures, and which have followed him through life, set on foot a factional spirit in his own party, which just succeeded in defeating him. The result was, that Mr. Talmadge was returned; and defeated, but not discouraged, Mr. Broderick commenced at once to lay the foundation of a new struggle. Some of his friends, not thoroughly understanding his indomitable pride, endeavored to persuade him to accept immediately of the easily-acquired positions of Assemblyman and State Senator, but he indignantly rejected the suggestion, and refused to go backward in ambition. He had really, however, accomplished a substantial triumph, for he had demonstrated his strength and qualities in a manner not to be mistaken, and the power which he exercised in shaping the political destinies of his party, and in engineering it against the enemy, was much greater than that possessed by the whole Congressional delegation of the city put together. When the Congressional election came around again, however, the political complexion of his district had so much changed by those nomadic movements of the population peculiar to New York, and the feuds he had necessarily engendered were so irreconcilable, that a fresh nomination would have been of no avail, and it was at this time, when pretty thoroughly disgusted with the ingratitude and treachery of the politicians of the town, that the gold fever broke out in California, and offered a new and widening field to the ambitious spirits of the Atlantic slope. With a clear and rapid perception he foresaw the great future of that country, and he determined to boldly abandon the chronic feuds and complications which beset him here, and seek in a virgin land, and amid a new and adventurous people, that coveted position which threatened to be too wearily won here. He accordingly embarked from New York in April, 1849, and it is worthy of remark, that on his friends asking him when he would return, his firm reply was, "Never, until I come back United



States Senator from California." Those who knew the man did not feel inclined to treat this answer with a sneer.

Mr. Broderick was justified in his ambition. He was at this time a well cultivated man. His manners had been much improved by his intercourse with distinguished men from all parts of the country. Extensive reading had informed his mind upon history, law, general literature, and all subjects current with the world, and he had long before leaving New York, passed from the sub-stratum of primary elections and elementary ward tactics, into the position of one of those chief leaders who direct the national destinies of party, and who in all sound estimation hold a rank not inferior to statesmen. He had a right therefore to hold up his head loftily on his arrival in California, and to look out upon the new field before him as one which might be duly appropriated by his rank. He was fortunate too in being well known to the great number of bold and enterprising men who flocked to San Francisco from New York, and fortunate also in the big heart, which endeared him to them all, by the never-failing readiness with which he met every appeal, as far as his means would go, which came to him for aid. Thus was formed the nucleus of the great power which he afterwards wielded with such masterly effect, and no particle of which ever disputed his authority in any of the directions which he gave. He was in this respect, indeed in every respect, "a Captain," and the perfectness of his authority grew not only from an absolute reliance on his judgment, but a thorough knowledge of his unselfishness and incorruptible integrity. A remark which he made in the presence of two friends in the winter of 1854 will serve to illustrate the ability of his mind, and his profound knowledge of the philosophy of *prestige*. One of those fluctuations of success common in all campaigns had just then taken place, which a few grumblers, on the edge of Mr. Broderick's organization, charged as the result of erroneous generalship on his part; and the gentleman who brought the subject up in our presence remarked to him that some of his friends complained that he would never take advice. "Take advice!" said Broderick. "Leaders never take advice; leaders give direction. If it were to get whispered abroad that I ever took advice, my friends would lose their confidence in me, and leave me and go to the fountain head! No, no, I'll never confess my incapacity by going to anybody for advice! It is better for a leader to make a mistake now and then, and work out of it as well as he can, than to ask anybody for advice!"



We have taken this pains to exhibit the attainments and qualities of Mr. Broderick, when he arrived in San Francisco, in June, 1849, in order that the NEW MAN, or rather, *the same man*, who had sloughed off his probationary term of pecuniary slavery and deteriorating strife, may be seen and measured properly at this second advent of his career, with a grand ambition beaming from his face that made him wear the aspect of a king. It was no more "Dave Broderick" between him and his friends, and even the most familiar of them conceded to his decorous pride, and addressed him always with the respectful preface due to his reserved and noble bearing. Those who knew him there, for the first time, not only conceded the same respect, but each, as he was introduced to him, and beheld his graceful manner, and listened to his peculiarly intelligent conversation, were struck with the same surprise as were the Senate of the United States when he first moved among them, and involuntarily exclaimed within themselves, "Can it be possible that this is the man whom we have so often heard denounced as a 'rowdy,' a 'shoulder-hitter,' and an 'ignoramus'?" The result was, that, from the first, none in California out-ranked Mr. Broderick in social position and as a gentleman, while in public station and lordly power we shall see that in due time he bore the palm alone. Every reflective reader will admit, now that the great man is dead, that ordinary qualities could not have accomplished these extraordinary results.

Immediately on his arrival in California, Mr. Broderick formed a partnership with F. D. Kohler, formerly alderman of the sixth ward, in this city, for the smelting and assaying of gold, and in a short time made a large amount of money. His friends, however, required him to leave his prosperous business and accept a nomination to the first State Senate, and there act as the protector and director of their fortunes. Before subjecting himself to this sacrifice, however, it is proper at this point to state that he invested a few thousand dollars of his profits, with great prudence, in certain property of doubtful title, which ultimately being vindicated in the courts, made him a man of very extensive wealth. He was elected to the first State Senate, and the salient points of his future political career in California were thus succinctly stated by himself, in a speech which he made at Placerville, on the 9th July last:

"It is charged that I have deserted the Democratic party. That this charge is false I will proceed to show. For eighteen years, ever since I had a vote, I have

been unwavering in my attachment to the Democratic party and to Democratic principles. It is no egotism for me to say that I have done more for the party, made heavier sacrifices, expended more money for its success, than all the party leaders. I was elected by the citizens of San Francisco, without opposition, to the first Senate which convened in this State. In 1851 I was again elected for two years more to the same position. During that year I was chosen to preside over the first meeting of the Democratic legislators called to organize the Democratic party in this State. From 1852 to 1858 I was Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and had charge and management of the entire details of every campaign. In 1851, in consequence of the resignation of Burnett and the elevation of Gov. McDougall, I was chosen to preside over the Senate. I thus became the Lieutenant-Governor of this State. In 1852 my name was presented to the Legislature as a candidate for the United States Senate. I submitted my claims as a candidate to the Legislature. An authorized caucus of the Democratic Legislature gave Weller the nomination. I submitted cheerfully to the decision, and gave to Mr. Weller my cordial support. During the period from 1849 or 1850 to 1852-53, I took a very active part in public matters, and my votes are recorded as a portion of the legislative history of the State. I challenge any man to a scrutiny of that record. No thieving bill or corrupt measure, designed to rob the Treasury, ever received support or countenance from me. And permit me here to add, by way of doing my enemies justice, my character during this period was not assailed nor my motives impugned. In 1854 my name was again presented as a candidate for the United States Senate. I received a majority of the Democratic votes in caucus, but was defeated by a combination of Americans with Old Line Whigs and Federal office-holders."<sup>10</sup>

Out of this summary, in the haste of speaking, Mr. Broderick left the important fact that he sat as a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the State, and it was principally through his energetic efforts that it followed in every essential particular the Constitution of the State of New York. To his labors almost alone, was due the credit of excluding from that supreme instrument the power to issue bank notes, the right to establish lotteries, or for the legislature to extend special privileges, of any kind what ever. All sorts of artifices were adopted to get in general clauses, which might warrant such abominations, but he was too acute and vigilant to let the imposter pass, and every speculating rascal cursed Broderick as an inveterate foe. In fact, he often in his character of legislator lost a loose-minded adherent, who expected him to favor some improper bill, and who went off grumbling that Broderick "wouldn't give his friends a chance." When the noble young senator would hear of these complaints, he would remark, "No,

I will not give my friends a chance to become thieves; but if they are in want, they know very well they can always come to me and get my money." The natural result of such a course as this, was a turbulent and perturbed career, in which the obdurate senator was often put in peril of his life. During his first term, a Southern member of the house, who was enraged at him for having defeated some pet measure, waylaid him as he descended from the Senate house, and after accosting him, levelled a pistol at his breast. Advancing a step or two towards the weapon, the intrepid senator, who was unarmed, flung open his coat, and with an expression of contempt told his assailant that he dared not fire. The pistol dropped and the senator walked on. We do not give the name of the gentleman, as he subsequently became one of Mr. Broderick's warmest friends, and it is due to him to say, that when he drew his weapon he believed Mr. Broderick to be armed. He did not, like the assassin, Terry, deliver a ball through his body, when accident had not only rendered him harmless, but destitute of defense.

The violent feuds which Mr. Broderick continually walked between in California, sprung mainly from sectional ambition. He was envied the power which he wielded by a judicious management of his compact forces; and it was charged that he was filling the prominent offices with New Yorkers. No sectional principle was brought in question, for Mr. Broderick had always been regular as to the rights of the South; but it began as a strife for ascendancy between two rival forces, and inasmuch as the adherents hailed from different divisions of the land, the contest wore the appearance of a section fight. In general legislation they agreed, but in everything which was calculated to strengthen one faction against the other there was strife. Very early in the rivalry the measure was conceived by the leading Southern politicians of dividing the State, allotting San Francisco to the Southern, and almost vacant Spanish counties, for the formation of a slave State, and leaving the upper portion to be a free State. Mr. Broderick at once saw what his political fate would be if left stranded in San Francisco after such a revolution, and he also found general objections to the measure, which cannot be specified within the limits of this notice. Suffice it to say, that the roar of determined battle opened upon this project, and lasted with widening and unslackened fire until the measure was finally destroyed. The hatred which sprung from this, however, took a more acrimonious



edge than any of the earlier and grand rivalries, and the two sides, though they adhered in all the movements against the opposition, and though their legislation on general principles was identical, were irreconcilable. It was the marked feature of the war, however, that Broderick was almost invariably triumphant, and it mattered not how well-matured, or how extensive were the combinations to take him by surprise, he was the master of every situation, and developed a resource and fertility of tactics, which would rapidly and with unfailing certainty extricate him from the most intricate and unexpected toils. His great *forte* was combination, and his great advantage consisted in the compactness and stern obedience of his forces. On several memorable occasions he has been known to enter conventions which were stocked with two thirds of his enemies, and by adroitly arousing the sub-feuds and rivalries of the majority, carry his Spartan voices direct to the true aim, and plant his own Speaker in the chair. The committees would thus be won, and victory on the subsequent measures would follow almost as a matter of course.

It will readily be conceived how earnestly an opposition which was continually subjected to such mortifying overthrows would wish to get him out of the way, and how willing a few of them might be even to put him to death to accomplish the desired object. Ambition, "that last infirmity of noble minds," seldom calls conscience up to deliberate upon a measure, and "the effectual course" is never stopped except by considerations of expediency.

The first duel which Mr. Broderick had in California, grew out of a speech which he delivered in the Senate, in the Legislature of 1852, in which he retorted very severely upon a speech previously made by Ex-Governor Smith, of Virginia. Mr. Caleb Smith, the son of the Ex-Governor, thereupon published a most abusive card against Mr. Broderick, and the latter at once sent a messenger demanding that it be withdrawn, in order that he, Mr. Broderick, might be able to send him a challenge. Mr. Smith refused, whereupon Mr. Broderick armed himself, and went forth to seek Mr. Smith with the determination of attacking him wherever he could find him. He succeeded in tracing him to a large warehouse on Clay-street wharf, and took his stand before the door, waiting till he should come forth. He had spent but little time there before his purpose became known throughout the town, and a



large number of his partisans, all armed, ranged themselves upon his side. On Mr. Smith's side, also, there collected a strong force, and the prospect was, that San Francisco was destined to bear that on her record as a bloody day. Wishing to avoid such a terrible result, some of the friends of Mr. Smith persuaded him to withdraw his card, and this being done, Mr. Broderick at once dispatched his challenge. They fought next day at Contra Costa, on the opposite shore of the bay, and Mr. Broderick received a shot in his watch, which only succeeded in inflicting a slight flesh wound. The affair was then amicably arranged, and Mr. Smith subsequently became Mr. Broderick's friend.

In the session of 1853, Mr. Broderick for the second time developed his intention of running for the station of U. S. Senator, and his friends canvassed the Legislature in anticipation of the vacancy which it was thought would be made in the National representation of the State, by the appointment of Dr. Gwin to a place in the Cabinet of President Pierce. Mr. Broderick could at that time have been elected, but the contingency he looked for did not occur. In the following year he resumed his efforts, but this time, evolved the novel principle that the Legislature was not restricted by the constitution of the United States from supplying the forthcoming vacancy of any Senator who was then in commission. This produced a fierce and bitter contest, unparalleled for the vigor and ability with which it was conducted by both sides, and ending, after a period of months (during which Mr. Broderick lacked but a single vote for the accomplishment of his purpose) in a "draw." Mr. Broderick all the time held a majority of votes in his favor could he have got both Houses into joint convention on the subject, but the "hitch" was in the Senate, and he remained at the close of the session one vote short in that branch of the Legislature.

In the following year he made the trial again, but this time also the Legislature adjourned without making an election. In 1856, however, he was destined to succeed, and this time there was the vacancy of John B. Weller, as well as that of Dr. Gwin, to fill. Gwin and Weller were, of course, both candidates for re-election, but Mr. Broderick was so overwhelmingly powerful in his majority that he was able to take the long term for himself, and donate to any of the other dozen aspirants, as he pleased, the remaining short one. And in this matter he pursued a course which showed the peculiar and original character of his mind. Instead

of choosing for his colleague some one who was his friend, he, with a combination of magnanimity and retribution, conceived the profound revenge of carrying with him to Washington in chains the man who had constantly villified him in that quarter, and make him humbly confess that he owed that boon to him, his magnanimous [sic] enemy. Gwin, greedy after power, readily submitted himself to this terrible humiliation, and what was worse, was guilty of the deeper degradation of writing Mr. Broderick a formal renunciation of his right to claim any share in the Federal appointments due equally to the two senators of the State. Gwin was consequently permitted by Mr. Broderick to take the lesser term; but when the former came to reflect upon the position into which such a shameful abandonment of his friends had placed him, he sought to extricate himself and recover possession of the letter. It, however, found its way into print, and the two senators, filled respectively with hatred and contempt, set out in the same steamer for New York, Broderick to be received here with the firing of cannon and public honors from the Common Council, and Gwin to carry Broderick's brand upon his forehead into the Cabinet circles, where he had previously heralded him as an ignorant rowdy, without character or influence in California. This was, in truth, a fearful climax of revenge!

Mr. Broderick, however, committed the error of lingering here too long among his friends, and the result was that when he reached Washington he found that the President, to whom he had donated the four virgin electoral votes of California (as the candidate of his choice at the Cincinnati Convention), had turned his face against him, and promised the leading appointments of the State to the most active and malignant of his enemies. He might possibly have set himself right and undone this baleful influence which had been distributed in the White House, but he was too lofty to truckle even to a President, and took his ground for war. The poor friends who had followed his fortunes for years were cast adrift, and their hopes disastrously shipwrecked; but there was not one of them who would have asked their senator to have compromised one atom of his pride, though it had established them for life. They were proud of his pride, and even in misfortune, at all times believed that his judgment would prove right, and that his honor was more dear to them than place.

The Kansas question first presented to Mr. Broderick the opportunity

of taking ground against the Administration; and, in order that his memory may have justice done to it on that subject, it is proper to state here that his action in this matter was directed by his real opinions, and not stimulated by a mere desire of opposition to the man who had undervalued him. In evidence thereof, he frequently remarked that it was, after all, most fortunate for him that Mr. Buchanan had done him such great injustice, for had he given appointments to all of his friends he would have been obliged to oppose him on the Lecompton Bill, and then would have stood amenable to the charge of treachery and ingratitude. The recollection of the prominent part he played in connection with Senator Douglas need not be refreshed. It is familiar history, and it is also history that before the first and second sessions were through, the name of Broderick loomed as a formidable power before the whole country, and at times divided observation with the name of Douglas. It closed with a triumph equal to his wrong, for Mr. Buchanan was forced to admit that he had underrated the qualities of Mr. Broderick, and that to him in chief he owed the defeat of the Lecompton measure, and the refusal of Mr. Douglas to compromise upon the English Bill. During these proceedings in the Senate the separation between Mr. Broderick and his colleague became complete, and the young senator boldly charged his associate with indirect practice, in the way of profit, from his senatorial chair. When the last session closed, he came to this city with the view of going back to California and assuming the charge of the campaign which was to come off in the Summer, and which would elicit the verdict of the State upon the policy of the Administration. Friends endeavored to persuade him to indulge in the repose and relaxation of a short trip to Europe between the sessions, but he refused the temptation on the score of duty, and said he was determined to sustain his friends. Before going, however, like a gallant knight, he sent formal notice to his colleague that he intended to attack his senatorial conduct from every rostrum in his State, and that if he wanted to defend himself he had better follow him to California. When doing this he was deeply impressed with the gravity of the struggle which lay before him, and he exhibited by his frequent seriousness some presentiment of danger. Indeed, he more than once remarked to his friends that his enemies were thirsting for his life; that they would be very likely to "get him" this time, but that he would give them a good fight before



they did so. He little thought, alas, that he would be caught in the toils of an expert at murder, and slain like a sacrifice when he was unarmed.

It is not necessary for us to rehearse all the incidents of the late political campaign in California. It will be necessary only to state that Mr. Broderick organized his branch of the Democratic party in opposition to the Kansas policy of the Administration, and refusing all the blandishments of the Republicans, adhered to a strictly Democratic organization. He then set out to canvass the entire State, and speak to the people at every prominent county town. His enemies sneered at the idea of his setting himself up as an orator, and Dr. Gwin sought applause from a crowd on one occasion, by the poor joke that Broderick had challenged him to meet him on the rostrum and discuss the questions [sic] of the time, but that as Broderick could not speak, and as there was a clause in the Constitution which forbade cruelty to animals, he would not take him at his word. But Mr. Broderick did speak, and we will see how true were the labored depreciations of his abilities by the following extract from his address at Weaverville on the 28th of July, in which he vindicated the preceding paragraph from his speech in the U. S. Senate:

"I left the scenes of my youth and manhood for the 'far West' because I was tired of the struggles and the jealousies of men of my class, who could not understand why one of their fellows should seek to elevate his condition above the common level. I made my new abode among strangers, where labor is honored. I had left without regret; there remained no tie of blood to bind me to any being in existence. If I fell in the struggle for reputation and fortune, there was no relative on earth to mourn my fall. The people of California elevated me to the highest office within their gift. My election was not the result of an accident. For years I had to struggle, often seeing the goal of ambition within my reach; it was again and again taken from me by the aid of men of my own class.<sup>11</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is true, fellow-citizens, that I did meet with bitter and unrelenting opposition from a great many mechanics and laboring men in this State, and why? The designing and crafty politicians who loaf about your county seats; who dress well; who are always cleanly shaved; who are in constant readiness to receive a treat—these fellows are always telling about 'Broderick,' 'Broderick.' They said that I was a shoulder-striker. Well, I have never given much evidence of such a disposition or character. [Laughter] I am not large enough to contend against a very strong man. They speak of me in this fashion—appealing to the working men: 'Do you know Broderick?' 'No.' 'Have you seen him?' 'No.' 'Well, did you



think that he was a man suitable or fit to make a United States Senator?' 'I don't know.' 'Did you know him in New York?' Some would reply, 'Yes, I did,' and I suppose that there are a great many in this meeting tonight who knew me when I was serving an apprenticeship to one of the most laborious trades known to human industry. Then they will say to the mechanic, 'Has Broderick any advantage over you?' 'Well, I don't know whether he has or not.' 'Ought he to have?' 'I don't know as he had.' 'Now, upon reflection, do you think that it is proper to send such a man as Broderick to the United States Senate?' 'Perhaps not; I don't hardly think it is.' This is the way that thousands of mechanics and laboring men were induced to take sides against me. These neatly-dressed gambling politicians appeal to you, working men, in this way, and do you make a favorable response to them? Let any one of you dare to attempt to rise to any position, and you will be met with the same style of attack. Are you sensible of your true interests, and of the character of those who dastardly sneer and thrust at such of your number as presume to aspire to honorable official station? Be aware of those facts now, if never sensible of them before."<sup>12</sup>

There needs no higher evidence than these words and thoughts to show that Mr. Broderick was not only a man of original and commanding intellect, but that his earnest nature and the necessities of his position had made him an orator of extraordinary eloquence. Such ponderous blows as these from this rugged young Tribune distributed dismay and destruction into the allied camp, and it soon became plain that a cabal was set on foot by which he should be killed out of the way. If one did not succeed in his encounter with him, another was to fight him next, and the fortunate slayer was to have his place. Every one thought, however, that Dr. Gwin, who was a duellist, would be his first antagonist. Mr. Broderick had exposed his disgraceful transaction in relation to a Government purchase at Lime Point; he had represented him as "dripping with corruption," and had intimated that he held himself responsible to him for what he said, after the campaign was over. But Gwin was not anxious to be the first selected champion. An obscure person named Perley, an Englishman, who had formerly been a law partner with Judge Terry, of the Supreme Court, was first put forward to open the game. He and Mr. Broderick, during an interval in the campaign, were sitting opposite each other breakfasting at a hotel table, when Mr. Broderick learned through the morning papers, that he had been attacked by Terry, in a speech at Sacramento, in a most uncalled-for and abusive manner. What surprised him most was that Terry, who was not in the campaign at all, had taken the opportunity afforded him in



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE FAMOUS DARIUS OGDEN MILLS RESIDENCE AT MILLBRAE  
*From a collection of photographs recently purchased by the Library Fund*





responding to a complimentary nomination, to deal the blow. So far from ever having been attacked by him, Mr. B. had been his eulogist and benefactor, and contributed largely to his defense, when he lay snivelling and whining for his life in the dungeons of the Vigilance Committee. When, therefore, Mr. Broderick read his proof of ingratitude and perfidy, he exclaimed, "I have heretofore considered and spoken of Judge Terry as the only honest man on the Supreme Court Bench, but I now take it all back." For this language Perley called Mr. Broderick to account, and subsequently challenged him, but the senator disdained the missive as coming from a person of no character, and not in any way his equal. Inasmuch, however, as false constructions were at once put on his refusal with the view of damaging his character for courage, he took occasion now and then to say in his subsequent speeches, that he would answer to any *gentleman* whom he aggrieved, who was his equal in position, after his duty to his friends was over.

It appears that the response to this promise was coolly kept in store for him by Terry, and on the day after the election, while Mr. Broderick was depressed with the tidings of defeat, his fate came to him in the shape of a note from Judge Terry, demanding of him a retraction of his words. Mr. Broderick admitted that he had used the words, and would not retract them. Judge Terry then sent a challenge to Mr. Broderick, and he, under bad advice, accepted it. He was not bound to give this practiced duellist a meeting: first, for the reason that there was not sufficient cause for a demand to lie, and next, because Mr. Broderick had prior and higher claims to receive a challenge from Dr. Gwin. Terry's second should have been answered to that effect, and told, moreover, that if he must have Mr. Broderick's life, he could find him any day in the street, and that he might come forth and take it. This course would have kept them on equal terms, at least; and we believe that had it been pursued Mr. Broderick would this day have been alive. Unfortunately, however, he accepted, and his enemies saw that their noble prey was at last taken in the toils, and that he soon would be out of their path forever. Mr. Broderick himself seemed to feel that his career was about to close forever, for he at once became very serious, says a private letter, and went mechanically about the arrangement of his affairs. Alas! alas! how such a strong-minded and clear-headed man could allow himself thus to be entrapped and taken, we find it hard to



understand; but we must regard him as too proud to correct the error of his second, and perhaps a little indifferent to life.

The fatal day arrived. The party appeared upon the ground; the pistols which had been originally chosen were changed, by a toss for choice, for a smaller pair, which were furnished by the Terry party; the principals and seconds took their places, while sixty or seventy spectators looked on to see the lofty sacrifice proudly receive his death. Mr. Broderick seemed not to be able to accommodate his hand to the strange and somewhat diminutive handle of the pistol, and was late to take the word. Finally, he declared himself ready; but before he had raised his weapon from a declining angle, it went off, and lost its bullet in the ground. It did not seem as if he could have touched the trigger, and he appeared astonished at the result. A fearful pause ensued, during which the murderer stood raising his unwavering weapon to its deadliest level, and Broderick drew himself up to take the shot. It came, after the duration of a second, straight towards his heart, and the noble victim, reeling at the blow, sank gradually down to earth. The assassin folded his smoking weapon on his arm, and his representative went forward to ask if Mr. Broderick would require them to fire again. Being informed he could not stand, they wrapped their cloaks around them, and stalked off, without an expression of sympathy, or asking if they could render any service. The seconds of Terry were Calhoun Benham and Thomas Hayes; the seconds of Broderick were the Hon. J. C. McKibben and W. Coulter.

We have characterized the killing of Mr. Broderick as a murder: first, because there was no cause for so solemn an arbitrament as that of the duello, in the natural language used by Mr. Broderick; second because the deed was brooded over for a long period beforehand; and, third, because an accident disarmed Mr. Broderick, and put it out of his power either to hurt his antagonist or to defend himself. No one but an utter wretch and murderer at heart, would have shot at his opponent under such circumstances. And we will give a California illustration to sustain our point. In the Winter of 1854, Mr. Frank Washington, now Collector of Customs at San Francisco, fought Mr. Washburn, near that city, with rifles, at forty paces. The seconds of Mr. Washington had the giving of the word. Mr. Philip Herbert, formerly in Congress, was the second who first essayed the task, and the word was to be given precisely as in

the Broderick and Terry duel. At the word "fire," Washburn, who knew no more about a rifle than a girl, slipped his shot in the ground, in the same manner as Mr. Broderick did; whereupon Herbert, seeing the mistake, called out "stop!" and Mr. Washington set his rifle down. Mr. Watson, the other second of Mr. Washington, next gave the word; the same mishap again occurred to Mr. Washburn, the word "stop" was called again, and again Mr. Washington sat [sic] down his rifle. On the third fire, which was regular, Mr. Washburn was slightly wounded. Contrast this conduct with that of Terry and his seconds, and also compare the conduct of that noble Englishman who, when asked why he did not fire, replied: "Because, sir, I saw the ball roll out of the muzzle of your pistol," and then let us see if we cannot readily characterize Terry by his proper name? What less can he be called than murderer?

Our task is done. Already it has exceeded the limits we intended, and some of our readers may think it out of place in a paper of our specialty; but friendship must have its privilege—and our voice, of all, must not be silent at Mr. Broderick's fate. We have much that we could add. We would again retrace his virtues, his starting and his close, and dwell with a just pride on that span of wondrous effort, which lifted an unknown and unaided man from the obscurity of one in twenty millions, to within reach of the Presidency of the United States. But our space denies the privilege, and in the language of the gifted orator in San Francisco, who presided at his obsequies in San Francisco, we leave him to the equal grave:

"As in life, no other voice so rang its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

'His love of truth—too warm, too strong  
For Hope or Fear to chain or chill—  
His hate of tyranny and wrong,  
Burn in the breasts he kindled, still.'

Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell!"<sup>13</sup>

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Even though we might hope to uncover new and startling "facts" on Broderick, the basic events in his life are reported by Wilkes essentially as they are in other sources. The interesting and revealing sections of the eulogy are those in which Wilkes gives his appraisal of Broderick's

personal qualities and character, as in the remarks on his attitude toward his "public house," his swift and dedicated rise in politics in New York, his relations with his associates, and his reaction to the death of his brother. Examples of Broderick's statements in San Francisco, such as that on taking advice, help to illustrate these traits more fully. The stress on the pride, the aloofness, and the unbending will provides clues both to his triumphs and to his frustrations in politics and suggests the basis for some of his actions in the last months of his life. As Wilkes had first-hand knowledge of these personal attributes and as, at best, they only can be surmised from secondary sources, the tribute adds distinctly to our knowledge on this score.

It is unbelievable that Wilkes could have thought that Broderick was a member of the California Constitutional Convention of 1849.<sup>14</sup> Surely he knew Broderick and his activities intimately enough to have been aware that Broderick did not attend. Too, that he credited Broderick with the very accomplishments of his rival, Gwin, is even more astonishing. While Wilkes continually stresses Broderick's honesty in all things political, and insists that he never profited financially from political advantage nor accordingly would allow his friends to profit, this assertion certainly is pure conjecture as there appears to be evidence that his friends did profit from the political scheming. Interesting too is the report on the loss of the patronage in Washington and Broderick's reactions and his adherents' reactions to that event. The emphasis which Wilkes places on the fact that Broderick's actions on the Lecompton Constitution were from long-held conviction rather than from personal resentment over his rebuff from the President and on Broderick's close association with and influence on Douglas are significant, although it is somewhat difficult to project these actions, as Wilkes seems to do, so as to place Broderick but a step away from the Presidency. Charitably, we must forgive the eulogist the privilege of friendship.

The brief, general review of the debates between Broderick and Gwin in 1859 includes Wilkes' appraisal of his friend's platform talents. However, as Wilkes was not present in California, this can only be taken as "wishful thinking" or, at best, second-hand rodomontade. Undoubtedly for his knowledge of Broderick's last days he relied heavily upon newspaper accounts; hence, he merely reviews the known facts in some detail. It is interesting to note Wilkes' analysis of the probable reason

why Broderick accepted the course of action which resulted from the complicated maneuvering of the finally-accepted challenge. At the outset of the eulogy Wilkes labels the duel as murder and in his conclusion reiterates his reasons for this viewpoint, a viewpoint which has been advanced by other commentators who were opposed to the South, opposed to Gwin and friendly to Broderick, or opposed to dueling on principle. Such moral judgment is difficult to make even from this distance.

The friendship between Broderick and Wilkes over a long period lends verisimilitude to Wilkes' appraisal, especially of Broderick's traits of character, while, at the same time, the evident hero worship cautions against unquestioning acceptance. Certainly, however, the eulogy is revealing and fills out the portrait of this influential forty-niner. Although no attempt has been made to collate Wilkes' remarks directly with those of later commentators, the careful student can find evidence which suggests the eulogy as a source for knowledge of the events of Broderick's life and, particularly, for his traits of character.<sup>15</sup>

## NOTES

1. Cf. Hubert H. Bancroft, *The Works*, XXIII, "History of California," VI (San Francisco, 1888), pp. 643-739; James O'Meara, *Broderick and Gwin* (San Francisco, 1881), *passim*; and Jeremiah Lynch, *A Senator of the Fifties* (San Francisco, 1911), *passim*.

2. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, p. 660.

3. O'Meara, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

4. Lynch, *op. cit.*, p. 142.

5. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, p. 662, footnote.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 677, footnote.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 681, footnote.

8. Actually Wilkes bought a paper, *The Spirit of the Times* in 1856 in New York, and in 1859 renamed it *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*.

9. *Sacramento Daily Union*, July 11, 1859.

10. *Ibid.*

11. *Congressional Globe*, 1857-58, *Appendix* (Washington, D. C., 1858), pp. 191-193.

12. *Sacramento Daily Union*, August 3, 1859.

13. Geo. [rge] Wilkes, "David C. Broderick," *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*, I, 7 (Oct. 22, 1859), pp. 97-99.

14. Wilkes made another notable error in giving Broderick's middle name as "Culbert" instead of "Colbrith."

15. Cf. with Bancroft, *op. cit.*; O'Meara, *op. cit.*; and Lynch, *op. cit.*





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# Forgotten Mother of the Sierra

*Letters of Julia Tyler Shinn*

*With Introduction*

*and Notes by* GRACE TOMPKINS SARGENT

*(Concluded)*

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## FINE GOLD, O'NEALS, AND FRIANT

When the stage to Northfork met the trains at Madera, the first stop was Fine Gold. I think the stages were still starting in Madera in 1907.

Fine Gold? Just a collection of two or three houses and barns and pastures, a stage station, a fourth-class postoffice, and when the weather made the stages slow, a lunch stop. Such lunches! Boiled potatoes with the skins still on, boiled carrots, canned tomatoes (as is, that is, not even heated) fried salt pork, baking-powder biscuit, and for dessert, canned fruit. Probably the best they could do, on short notice. Usually the stages stopped at O'Neals for lunch.

O'Neals was a ranch—largely a cattle ranch, but with a small home orchard and chickens. Mrs. O'Neal, a most pleasant, capable person, kept the eating house—largely a nooning for the stages. Mr. O'Neal was large, rather handsome, somewhat pompous. The eldest son Charlie was a Forest Guard for a time, but cattle raising was what he liked best. The second son John was always the rancher. Spencer, the much younger third son, also grew up a cattle man. The daughter was capable, pretty, eventually married Bill Ellis, a rancher and politician—one of the county supervisors for years, and very anti-Forest Service. Like many owners of small bunches of cattle, he couldn't see why his cows shouldn't wander at will over the Forest, as they had previously.

O'Neals was oak country—with a sprinkling of digger pines, *Pinus sabiniana*, the kind you can almost see through. There were the usual rambling house, barns, sheds, later a store, but not, I think, when your father and mother first stopped there for lunch.

Friant was established when the railroad spur was built that far, and was already in existence when we went to the Forest in 1902 — perhaps not more than five years old then, but I have no accurate date. It was the first stop when stages began to start from Fresno.

In the early days Friant was the railroad terminus, with a White & Friant Lumber Company<sup>4</sup> office, a hotel of sorts (what sorts!), a blacksmith shop, of course, a general store and a few residences.

That hotel had been built large, with the idea that Fresno people would go out to the end-of-rail-transportation, on Sundays, and make it a grand success. But that idea didn't work, and the first time we stayed overnight in the hotel—a two-story building—the upper story was being used as a chicken house. The woman who was manager, cook, etc., confided in me that it was the only safe place for her chickens—safe from coyotes and skunks.

#### STORIES ABOUT GIFFORD PINCHOT

The first time we met Mr. Pinchot was at Berkeley. Dr. E. W. Hilgard (University of California) asked Mr. Shinn to show Mr. Pinchot the campus plantings. I don't remember a thing Mr. Pinchot said about trees and shrubs, but as we were crossing a bridge, he looked down and saw a butterfly caught in a spider's web. Without interrupting his talking, he slid down the bank, released the butterfly and rejoined us.

Gifford Pinchot was wearing a crepe arm-band on his coat, when he came to the Sierra (in 1905). Some stitches had broken, and he asked me to fix it for him. Of course we had all heard the story (about the girl who died), and I was still young enough to be sentimental, even to wiping away a tear as I replaced those stitches.

That was a wonderful visit. I think I have told you of the disgruntled ex-Forest person who said: "You Forest Service people! All that is necessary is for Gifford Pinchot to appear, and you fall on your faces!" Pretty nearly true.

He was with us over Sunday, and I had my little folding organ at Ellis Meadow. We took it out to the campfire, and sang hymns that night. Mr. Pinchot asked for "Lead Kindly Light"—and I almost choked as I sang "loved long since, and lost awhile."

He was not only able, decided in his views and able to express them so clearly that he put them over, but he was kindly and sweet. And



could he see through you! Did I tell you of his laundry? After a three-day trip into the higher regions, he returned to Ellis Meadow, and the next morning came to our little kitchen with a bundle under his arm. "May I borrow your wash tub, Mrs. Shinn?" I couldn't let him do his own washing. So I lied happily, "Sorry, Mr. Pinchot, but it is in use. If you'll just leave your bundle here, the tub will be at your disposal later." He looked at me and grinned. "I don't trust you!"—and he took his bundle into the office and sat on it for a couple of hours. All I could do was to heat water for him.

#### DISMISSAL OF PINCHOT, JANUARY 1910

Stewart Edward White was in Washington and had written to Charles: "Taft's a fat-head and Ballinger's a crook, and between them I don't know what will happen to Pinchot."

And Mr. Pinchot himself had written in a personal letter, "Looks as if they'd get me out of the Forest Service, but nobody can get me out of forestry." We were all greatly disturbed.

I don't think it was fair to call Taft a "fat-head." He was a great man and later a great judge, but slow in his thinking and not especially enthusiastic over conservation. He apparently gave little attention to the matter, leaving it up to Ballinger—not the first nor last President to depend on his appointees. His son makes me think of William Howard Taft—he, too, having many admirers but few devoted friends—perhaps no such blind devotion as virtually every member of the Service gave to Pinchot.

The long trial of Ballinger showed that Pinchot was completely in the right, but you see, G. P. was in the Department of Agriculture, Ballinger in the Department of the Interior, and the decision was that it was not Pinchot's business to expose corruption in another department, and that he had gone out of his way to do so.

Pinchot was so able, so fine and upright! If he had a fault—and those of us who worked under him find it hard even yet to acknowledge that he had—it was his inability to work under anyone else. There was no such word in his vocabulary as compromise.

Pinchot's dismissal—though we had been dreading the possibility—came as a shock. His note telling us all to stick to the forest work, the principle for which he still would work, was what carried us all over



the first hump, and somehow kept the rest of us from feeling quite as crushed as your father did.<sup>5</sup>

#### THE TOMPKINS FAMILY

The first time I saw your mother—the year the Tompkinses came to the Sierra [1907]—I was not yet regularly a clerk, and was in our cabin, in a blue chambray dress, and a white bib-apron. It happened that at that time hospital nurses dressed so (I think perhaps the not-yet-capped nurses still dress in blue chambray). Anyhow, when I answered the door, there stood a lovely girl who looked at me, startled, and asked: “Oh, are you a nurse?”

You see, although we were expecting our technical man and his wife, there were no telephones into the Forest then, and the exact date of their coming was not fixed. Your mother and father had arrived after a strenuous and dusty fifty miles, a ten-hour stage ride over rough roads. And, Jean was on the way. I looked like an unexpected blessing of a nurse, and I was mighty sorry to answer in the negative.

In those days we had two headquarters, one near Northfork, the other at Ellis Meadow, 6,000 feet elevation in virgin forest, for a summer camp. About half a mile from the summer headquarters was a ranger cabin which was turned over to the Tompkins and which your mother promptly christened “Little Pines.” It was there that you were born. Your grandmother had come out to be with Florence; they expected to depend on the local doctor (a sad specimen!).

One morning [July 2, 1909] I looked out of the office door and saw your grandmother running toward me. Shall I ever forget the look of desperate anxiety on her face? “Telephone the doctor, quick!” she called. (By this time we had a telephone to Northfork from which point a commercial phone connected us with Fresno.) I telephoned. No answer. Then I telephoned your Dad who was down at the winter camp, and your grandmother and I hurried back to Florence.

Now Florence had a book. I can’t remember its title, but it was for the instruction and help of expectant mothers. She was in bed, reading the book between pains. She—or we—would read a page or two, Florence would do what the book said she should, then we would read some more, and Florence would behave according to rule, and so on till you arrived. Your father arrived just before his young daughter appeared.

Years later, I heard a good old doctor say: "Anybody can deliver a baby, if everything is normal." Well, fortunately for all concerned, your birth was normal, mother serene. But both your grandmother and I were "limp as a rag" by the time that baby had been delivered, without doctor or nurse, by two entirely untrained women.

We can smile at those early days now, but it was hard work, with little guidance. Your Dad had had the Forest School training which my man lacked, but Mr. Shinn had known the Sierras for many years, and loved them, knew tree from tree without looking into the book, and knew Californians. Together they should have made an ideal team, and to an extent they did, though I suspect each thought his brand of knowledge better than the other's.

#### THE PECKINPAHS OF SOUTHFORK

The Peckinpahs? A grand lot! The name is Pennsylvania Dutch, and I think they came to California from Pennsylvania. At any rate, as young men—three brothers—they were in San Francisco with one sister, when it occurred to them they might own land in the mountains if they took up timber claims, adjoining each other. They did that. Evidently they had had some timber experience, for they promptly set up a mill, built a road down the hill on which to haul their product to Fresno (later to Friant, at the end of a spur railroad out from Fresno).

Mr. Charles Peckinpah was a sawyer. He built a home at Southfork (just over the hill from Northfork, on another branch of Willow creek—which is the north fork of the north fork of the San Joaquin!). Mrs. Charles was a charming San Francisco-Irish girl, blond, blue-eyed, vivacious and capable. They had three sons, all born at Southfork. In time, three rooms were added to the house, for rental; and then a store was built close by, with an upstairs dance hall. By that time the mill had been sold. Mr. Peckinpah devoted himself to the store, and Mrs. P. to the home and dining-room. You see, the teamsters ate there, on their way up and down, to and from the mill with their 12 to 16 mule teams. Also there was always a supper after the Saturday night dance in Peckinpah hall.

When the boys were big enough to go to high school, the Southfork property was sold and the family moved to Fresno, where two of the boys still live, Mortimer, the eldest, being a Fresno County Supervisor, David, the second, a successful lawyer.

Connection with the Forest Service? None, officially, but we all knew and loved them, visiting officials stayed at their hotel, they provided meals when we had a convention, and they were in entire sympathy with the Service ideals. And their youngest son entered the Forest Service, where he is doing fine work still on the Plumas Forest—though I expect any day to hear that he has “retired.”

#### DANCES AT SOUTHFORK

There was a dance hall at Northfork, also, the difference being that the Northfork hall was opposite a saloon and within half a block of another, while all Southfork was “teetotal.” Strange to say, the Forest Service people and the Power House people went to the Southfork dances, music furnished by the Charles Peckinpahs, Mrs. P. at the piano, Mr. P. with his fiddle. He refused to call it a violin—“No” he would say, “just a fiddle.” While he played for waltzes or polkas or schottisch, he leaned back, looking up—the traditional fiddle player, but when it was a square dance and he “called,” he stood, smiling and watching as he directed “Swing your partners,” “Grand Right and Left,” or whatever. What fun we did have with quadrilles, lancers, Virginia reels, with Mr. Peckinpah calling!

Because the Peckinpahs were elegant dancers (as a young man Mr. P. had a dancing class in San Francisco) I sometimes played for the grand march so they could lead it, and later when Mrs. P. went over to the hotel to supervise dinner preparations, I would take her place at the piano occasionally.

The assistant teacher at the Mission, Nellie McGraw, came to the dances, and later, out of the goodness of her heart, helped clear up. One big family affair.

Those Southfork dances were so decent! One of the early women at the Indian Mission [established by the San Francisco Presbyterial Society near Southfork in 1903] was good and hardworking but a bit narrow.

Well, this woman wrote the Presbyterian Women’s Missionary Society in San Francisco “What do you think of the state of things here—when the Sunday School Superintendent Mrs. Shinn and my assistant Miss McGraw help at the Saturday Night Dances.”

The woman receiving the letter happened to be a friend of mine, and

sent it to me. She could see no possible harm in what we were doing, but nobody wanted to hurt Mrs. -----'s feelings. I don't know how the letter was answered, but Nellie and I kept on helping at the Saturday night dances.

#### BRIDGE TRAGEDY

Your letter [about an early bridge built by the Forest Service] brought back, like a blow, the tragedy of the big bridge below Power House 1. This big bridge was completed, entirely by the Power Company as I remember, and before it should be opened to the public, one of the finest young men in the Company insisted on driving his car over it, to assure all concerned of its safety.

The river was high and noisy, and when the car reached the middle of the bridge, it broke through. It was days before even the body was recovered. Some careless workman had done a poor piece of work in fastening one of the bridge cables to a boulder.

We had all been very fond of that young man—the successful pleader for the hand of our school teacher (my brother had also vied for her attention). We were all one family, so to speak—that group of forestry and power company people. We used to have picnics together on North Fork Creek.

#### THE NORTHFORK FIRE

The Northfork fire? It was a summer horror. One night there was a banging on our door, and a man called out "Better wake up! Your forest is on fire!"

We jumped up, saw the sky red. Mr. Shinn dressed hurriedly and ran out, calling back to me "If the fire tops the rise, open the stable door and let the horses out!"

We found later that a couple of Indians had got hold of a bottle of whisky, made a fire, and gone to sleep.

Everything was tinder dry. Wind blew the fire over to dry grass, soon it was roaring up our hill. By the time it topped the crest, it was a terror to see. I fully expected to have all our buildings burnt within a few minutes. But fortunately the wind veered, the flames running down the hill (which fire isn't supposed to do).

By that time all available rangers and townspeople were back-firing, beating out stray sparks, but reassuring each other that the creek would stop the fire.

It didn't! The flames, wind-swept, shot across the creek and started



up the next slope. Within an hour the fire had reached the top of Peckinpah Ridge, blazing up each cedar with a whoosh, sending burning cones rolling down the hill. Hundreds of acres were burned.

Meantime I made coffee and more coffee for the canteens of the fire-fighters—all I could do to help.

Once I saw lightning strike a tall pine and the fire run down to the ground, soon beginning to smoke. There wasn't a man in the camp, so I went and beat that little beginning of a fire out. It might not have spread, but then it might.

#### SNOWSTORM AT NORTHFORK

Storms? The heaviest snow storm left about two feet of snow between the office and the cabin. The postoffice at Northfork was at the 2,600 foot level, our cabin a little under 3,000 feet, so snow was seldom heavy enough to be a problem.

This storm was the only one of its kind in the more than twenty years on the Sierra. That was some years after Mr. Shinn had retired as Supervisor, but I was still clerk, and had walked gaily enough down to the office in the morning. The soft snow was too much for the horse, so Mr. Shinn could not come for me. One of the rangers broke trail for me, as far as his cabin. Peace Cabin was just a quarter of a mile further, but at each step my foot would break through, clear to the ground, the snow above my knees.

I was exhausted. The next day I did not try to go down to the office—the only day I ever missed. . . .

#### GENE TULLY—OLD TIME RANGER

Eugene Tully, at the age of 20, owned a small herd of cattle which he grazed in the Ellis Meadow region. When the Forest Reserve took over Ellis Meadow in 1903, Tully became one of the first stock rangers, serving under Mr. Shinn until his retirement, and continuing in the Forest Service himself for many years. He now lives in San Diego, where his stories about "The Old Ranger" have been heard over a local radio station. Tully knew Harry Tompkins well; "The last time I saw your Dad," he told me, "he was measuring a stream up in the Sierras."

I sent Mrs. Shinn a copy of Tully's story about a running gun fight with two Basque sheep herders, back in 1902, in which one of the sheep herders was winged. This letter was her reaction:

I've read Tully's story about Ellis Meadow with much amusement. He did run cattle there, he did have a little shack there. And there was always the quarrel between sheep and cattle men over good pasture.

And possibly Tully did see a leg or a shoulder around the edge of brush, and fire—and hit. Tully was certainly a fine cattle man, and a good story teller.

When he came back from his stint in Washington (it was one of Gifford Pinchot's fine, practical theories to have men from the western forests see the working of the Washington office) we gave him a party, at which he told some of his experiences. He related entering the room where the stock men worked, and as he entered hearing a murmured "Jersey." "Then," related Gene, "I politely took off my hat, only to hear someone whisper, "No, Hereford." (Jerseys being a small breed, Herefords white-headed.) All a figment of Gene Tully's gay imagination, of course, and a good story.

He never had much chance for schooling, but—possibly because of his strain of Spanish blood, he was one of the most naturally courteous people I ever knew. For instance, one cold day he and another ranger were repairing the barn roof. They had their lunches with them but nothing hot, it being before the days of vacuum bottles. I wrote a note which I left on the ladder up which they had climbed to the roof, asking them to come into our cabin for hot coffee, at noon, and to warm up by our fire. A few minutes later my note was tossed in at an open window, with, scrawled at the bottom "Excepted with thanks." Now most any other ranger would simply have come in at noon.

He could do anything with a horse, even one he had not ridden before, things like leaning from a galloping horse to pick something off the ground. Once, after petting one of our horses and riding him around a few minutes, he persuaded the horse to kneel. I was amazed, for it was just an ordinary horse, without any trick training.

[On the subject of stock men and fires, Mrs. Shinn added:] Your father and my husband and many later additions to the force on the Sierra all worked hard to try to persuade the stock men that burning was not only very bad for the forests, but only very temporarily good for the pasture. And yet it used to be said that "fires follow the sheep like night the day."

## NOTES

1. "Bless her, she was the backbone of the Forest Service, the forgotten mother of the Sierra."—Oldtime ranger, Gene Tully.

2. *Theodore Roosevelt—An Autobiography* (New York, 1913), p. 429; Frederick Logan Paxson, article on Richard A. Ballinger, in *Dictionary of American Biography*.

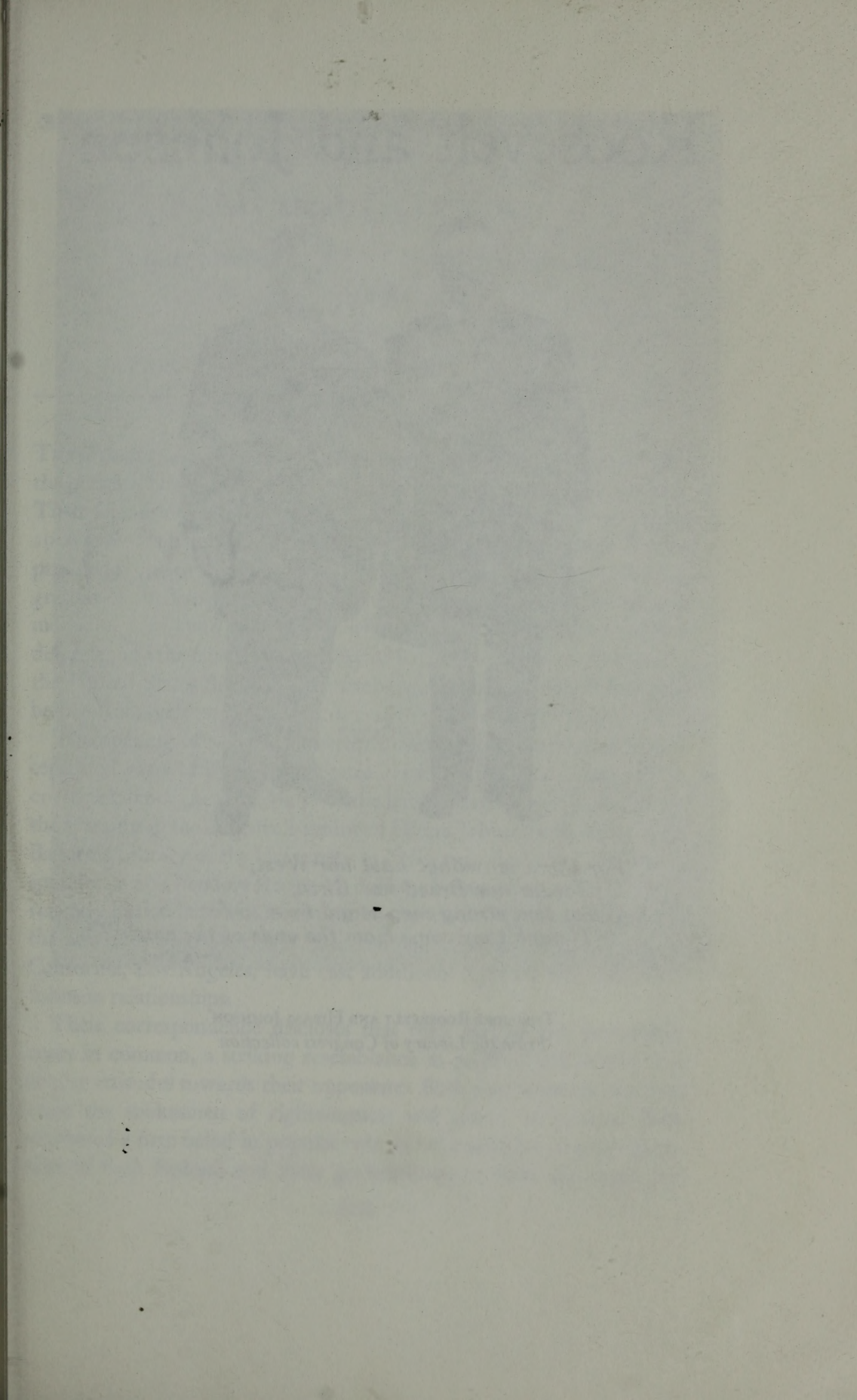
3. Charles H. Shinn, newspaperman, writer, was born in 1852, in Austin, Texas, of Quaker parentage. His family moved to Niles, California, when he was 8, at the time of the Comstock lode boom, and he grew up on gold stories. His book, *Mining Camps*, was published in 1884, and republished in New York in 1948 by Alfred Knopf, with a biographical sketch of Shinn by Joseph Henry Jackson. In 1890, Shinn became Inspector of Experiment Stations, Department of Agriculture, University of California. In the mid-nineties, he was made a member of the National Forest Commission, and the close relation of the Shinns with the conservation movement and Gifford Pinchot had begun. The summer of 1902, Charles Shinn took his first forestry assignment—to report on forest conditions east of Lake Tahoe. The Shinns took the train to Truckee, hired a buggy, and headed east through the mountains, taking photographs. In October, he was appointed head ranger of the Sierra North Reserve.

4. This is writer Stewart Edward White's family lumber company. He was a good friend of the Shinns. His books *The Cabin* and *Rules of the Game* are written about this Sierra country.

5. Gifford Pinchot, in a message to the men in the Service, the morning following his dismissal, said "Don't let the spirit of this Service decline one-half inch. Stay in the Service. Stick to the work. You are servants of the people of the United States. . . . This is the most important piece of work there is. Go ahead with it, exactly as if I were still here. . . ."

Chester Rowell, then editor of the *Fresno Morning Republican*, wrote on January 8, 1910, "In spite of the howl of private interests checked in their exploitation of the forests, it was Pinchot' executive management which transformed the forest policy from one of mere preservation to one of Conservative use." Rowell called the dismissal of Pinchot "A crisis whose end no man can foresee."







# Roosevelt and Johnson



*"For there is neither East nor West,  
Border nor Breed nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face  
Though they come from the ends of the earth."*

—Kipling

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIRAM JOHNSON  
*From the Library of Congress collection*

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# My dear Governor

*Letters Exchanged by Theodore Roosevelt  
and Hiram Johnson*

By A. LINCOLN

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THE THEODORE ROOSEVELT-HIRAM JOHNSON CORRESPONDENCE reveals the personalities, philosophies, and political strategies of these two men. Their friendship began during the California gubernatorial contest of 1910 and was firmly established during Roosevelt's campaign for the presidency in 1912. This friendship did not terminate with the disintegration of the Progressive Party in 1916. In fact their letters became more frequent in 1917 and 1918 when Johnson served as Roosevelt's defender and the champion of many of Roosevelt's ideas on the floor of the United States Senate. They exchanged letters until a few weeks before Roosevelt's death in January 1919.

The opening of several important manuscript collections in widely separated parts of the United States has made the publication of this correspondence possible. Many of the letters have become available for the first time in the large well-arranged Hiram Johnson collection in the Bancroft Library of the University of California, Berkeley. The correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt during the last years of his life only recently has been made accessible in the Library of Congress. Letters in the newly-opened Charles A. Dickson collection at the University of California, Los Angeles, have cast additional light on the Roosevelt-Johnson relationships.

Their correspondence discloses that they had several personality traits in common, a striking resemblance in political philosophy and similar attitudes towards their opponents. Both men were certain they were the spokesmen of righteousness and purity in politics. Both expressed a firm belief in popular rule and the need for drastic expansion of both Federal and State governments to meet the social and

economic problems of the day. Both were sure their leading opponents were usually insincere and dishonest and were often conspiring to poison the public mind.

In California the chief opposition to the strenuous campaigning of Roosevelt and Johnson came from the conservative press, not from rival political orators. Some of the newspapers were venomous in their attacks. Both Roosevelt and Johnson replied with harsh and abusive language. This makes a fascinating study of the arts of political denunciation and misrepresentation of the motives of one's opponents. The bitterness of the struggle is reflected in the Roosevelt-Johnson correspondence. Both reserved their sharpest invective for what they called the "daily lying" of the "crooked" conservative press.

In one of the opening speeches of his gubernatorial campaign of 1910 Johnson announced:

We are Republicans after the manner of that man who left the White House, hated by the dishonest business interests, but entwined in the hearts of the people as no President before had been. We stand for Roosevelt policies and Roosevelt policies alone.<sup>1</sup>

On September 30, 1910, Roosevelt wrote Meyer Lissner, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, announcing his support of Johnson. The letter, which was published ten days later, was an "appeal to every good citizen" to vote for Johnson since his defeat would be a "blow to good citizenship" and a "setback to good government all over the country."<sup>2</sup>

On October 3 Roosevelt sent his son Theodore, Jr., who was living in San Francisco, a letter, addressee undesignated, urging Johnson's election. Judge Curtis H. Lindley, a San Francisco Democrat, an authority on mining law and influential teacher of Herbert Hoover, was chosen to receive the letter. It was sent under date of October 20 and on October 26 it was published in the various progressive Republican newspapers supporting Johnson.<sup>3</sup> About a million reprints were made for distribution.

My dear Judge Lindley:

The result of the election in California is of National concern. . . . The election of Mr. Johnson . . . means the most effective possible blow against the domination of the special interests in politics, and his defeat would be hailed with joy by every man who believes in perpetuating in this country the rule of that combination of crooked politics and of crooked finance which is above all else dangerous

to the future of the Republic. . . . Mr. Johnson embodies the cause of good government and of clean business. He stands for efficiency, for progress, and for decency. He stands against SPECIAL PRIVILEGE, he stands for EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL . . .

To him is due not only the support of every upright Republican, but especially the support of every upright independent, and of all men who put American citizenship and devotion to principles of American government above partisanship. . . .

In his long letter of appreciation, November 18, 1910, after his victory, Johnson said his eight-month campaign strategy had been based on what Roosevelt had taught him.<sup>4</sup>

Nothing was more gratifying to me and nothing more effective in our campaign than your communication concerning my candidacy.

The governor-elect then revealed the chief reason for his extreme bitterness toward the conservative San Francisco press. He reviewed the attacks of the press on those who fought municipal graft in San Francisco and in particular on Francis Heney, whom Roosevelt had appointed special prosecutor. In typical Johnson fashion he referred to the action of the opposition press as an evil conspiracy against the forces of righteousness:

. . . I saw in the fight that we made in San Francisco a community gradually poisoned against a great principle and the exponent of that principle, and from practical unanimity [sic] at the beginning ultimately we found ourselves a hopeless minority. I watched our friend Heney, striving to aid him best as best I could, from a popular hero become one of the most execrated of our citizens. I saw this accomplished by a systematic course of poison daily instilled by rotten publications. I saw the good intentions of good men worn away by this daily dripping of malice and falsehood. . . . a whole community [was] poisoned, with a distorted view of public affairs and of fundamental civic principles. . . .

I knew it to be organized criminal conspiracy,—organized to debauch public sentiment and a whole people. . . . That conspiracy, upon a gigantic scale today in the United States, is being directed against you, . . . we are about to see the supreme test in this country,—whether organized infamy may poison a whole nation against its foremost citizen, indeed the world figure. In this supreme struggle, if I am correct I want to play my small part with the loyalty and affection that I have always had for him who represents what is best in our people and in their government. If you continue the good fight, I shall ever be at your command. . . .

This letter was one of the most important factors in the growth of the Roosevelt-Johnson friendship. It apparently made a deep and long-



lasting impression on Roosevelt because he referred to it several times during the next four years. He sent a copy of it to his son who was living on Russian Hill only a few blocks from Johnson's San Francisco home. In August 1912 he told the Progressive Convention that he would "hand it on to his children and his children's children." Two years later, upon returning from the dangerous jungles of Brazil, he praised it again.<sup>5</sup> The receipt of the concluding part of Johnson's letter was delayed because the third page as originally sent was not intended for Roosevelt. It was the last page of a letter to someone else. On November 29, Roosevelt answered.

I have just received the third page of your letter that your secretary sent to me. And, my dear Governor, it touches me very deeply. I shall now take out the whole letter to show it to Mrs. Roosevelt. . . . Just at the moment the feeling against me in the upper social and financial circles here in the East is so violent as to be fairly comic; and of course the incessant attacks of the press must have a certain effect upon the good people who do not and cannot know me personally. But, my dear fellow, I care a thousand times more for your good opinion than for all the abuse that can be showered upon me; . . . I cannot say how I look forward to seeing you when I reach California; and I congratulate myself as an American that we have a man like you as Governor of one of our own great States. . . .<sup>6</sup>

Roosevelt reached California in March, 1911, while the state's jubilant Progressives were celebrating the passage of Governor Johnson's political, social and economic reform program by the state legislature. Roosevelt continually congratulated Johnson and his supporters upon their victories. "California," he said, "has come mighty near to realizing my governmental ideals." The state Progressives insisted that Roosevelt deserved much of the credit. His attacks on special privilege and his preaching on righteousness in government had awakened the people of California and had helped the passage of the reform program.<sup>7</sup>

During Roosevelt's visit the governor offered him the presidency of the Panama Pacific Exposition. On March 30 Roosevelt answered:

. . . I do not feel that it is possible for me now to give up my home for the four or five years that would be necessary, and abandon every other kind of work, even to take up this which is so important. I do not suppose that I can be of much help in helping solve, or trying to solve, the big social and political problems of the day, for an Ex-President has a very limited field of usefulness; and my present trip is the last of its kind that I shall undertake. Nevertheless, I am too much interested in these great problems to be willing to stand aside from their discus-

sion during the next few years, and of course if I accepted the presidency of the Panama Exposition it would mean that I would have at once to cease all active interest in every other matter. Moreover, and most important of all, my dear Governor, the work is so entirely new to me that I am by no means confident that I could do it as well as other men whom you could get. . . .<sup>8</sup>

By October 1911 California Progressives were ready to turn their attention to the national political scene. On October 10, in spite of the opposition of the largest California newspaper, the Progressive state reform program was largely completed with the adoption by popular referendum of twenty-three amendments to the state constitution.<sup>9</sup> During the week following the election President William Howard Taft visited California. The visit reaffirmed the opinion of many of the state Progressives that Taft's renomination would strengthen ultra conservative opposition and endanger Progressive control of the state. On October 20, Governor Johnson reported on these developments to Roosevelt and concluded with an urgent appeal for him to run again for President of the United States.

. . . you are sort of political father-confessor to whom many of us turn in times of grave doubt and difficulty. . . .

We have gone ahead in California with a definite notion concerning government. We have staked our all on the theory that the people have the intelligence and the ability to discriminate and to govern themselves, and that with added responsibility, the people acquire, just as the individual does, a more acute and discriminating intelligence and a greater ability and readiness to act. . . . The greatest demonstration of the correctness of our views was in the vote polled on these constitutional amendments. . . .

. . . I believe that we . . . are upon the right track, and that we are adopting the one course which will again lead us to equality in our republic. . . . now about the National situation. I had the opportunity in the last few days of observing Mr. Taft. I sat near him during many addresses that he delivered, occasionally—though only occasionally—talked with him, and with the acuteness of a backwoodsman among a strange people, I was constantly observing him.

. . . He gravitates naturally to what we have termed the "higher ups", and the political crook apparently gravitates naturally to him. . . . while every man who thinks or believes in political righteousness in the state was elbowed aside and made to understand that the President, by his actions, was neither with him nor of him.

. . . To support Mr. Taft would be to stultify ourselves, and simply to deliver again California to those from whom we wrestled it last year. He made this so plain to us that there could be no mistaking his meaning. . . . I heard much about dollars and material prosperity and business. I never heard a single syllable of

sympathy with human beings . . . There was never in his attitude any indication that he was governing for any but one class and for one purpose: business.

I believe . . . that you could be successful in a contest if you undertook it . . . I think you underrate entirely the feeling of the people toward you. I know you have such a hold upon their imaginations and their affections as no other man within my life has held, and that no amount of politics and no number of politicians could withstand the people if they were aroused by extraordinary effort on your part, I feel full certain.<sup>10</sup>

Roosevelt's reply of October 27, 1911, expressed "absolute sympathy" with the work of the California Progressives. The Colonel then reviewed the national political picture. He revealed his attitude toward President Taft and the avowed reasons for his own refusal to run again.

I am very much pleased with and very much touched by your letter, and at the outset let me thank you for it, my dear fellow, and say that it means more to me than you know.

. . . Now it seems to me that at the very outset the primary question gives a test as to whether (the election demonstrated that) . . . we—although I am not a Californian, I am in such absolute sympathy with you and those like you that I venture to use the plural pronoun in the first person— . . . intend frankly to act upon our belief.

Now I shall write you in absolute confidence. . . .

. . . I will say that I absolutely agree with everything you have written about poor Taft. Ted had told me in brief just about what you have told me *in extenso* as to his visit in California. When he started on this trip I still had some flickering hope that when he got out into the West, among the people who are heading the new government for better and cleaner social and industrial conditions, that he would become infected with the spirit and would rise to a higher level than that on which he has carried on the presidency, but I am afraid it simply is not in him. I am sure he means well, but the grafters and the "higher-ups" come around him not because he has any sympathy with corruption but because he sympathizes with the conditions which as he refuses to see inevitably breed corruption. . . . He never thinks at all of the things that interest us most. He does not believe in them; he does not appreciate or understand them. He thinks that Los Angeles can be held straight by promising a duty on lemons, and San Francisco straight by the building of the fair. . . . I shall support him if nominated because I do not believe that there is any ground for permanent hope in the Democratic party. I think that it contains an enormous mass of Bourbon reactionaries, and that its radicals are for the most part foolish and that even those among them who are not foolish, like Woodrow Wilson, are not sincere in the sense that you . . . are sincere, but are playing politics for advantage, and are quite capable of tricking the progressives by leading them into a path that would mean a quarrel over States' rights as against National duties; but as for my ever having any enthusiasm for Taft again, it is utterly impossible.



Now, my dear Sir, as to what you say of me. My honest judgment is that I should be a weak candidate. . . . I have no cause to think that at the moment there is any very real or widely extended liking for or trust in me among the mass of the people.

I very sincerely believe that if I should be nominated you would find that it was a grave misfortune not only for me but for the progressive cause and it is because of this feeling that I ask with all the strength of my power, and feel I have a right to ask every friend of mine to do everything possible to prevent not merely my nomination, but any movement looking toward my nomination.<sup>11</sup>

By mid-January, 1912, however, Roosevelt had reversed his position and was willing to run again for the nomination, if it could be made to appear that he had been drafted by popular demand. His letter of January 18 revealed that he was almost ready to announce his candidacy:

. . . My great desire is to make it as plain as possible that I am not seeking, and under no circumstances will seek, the nomination, that I am trying not to look at it in the least from my own standpoint, but that of course if it comes to me as a public duty, not as an intrigue, but as a genuine expression of the popular will, I would feel obligated to accept without regard to what the outcome might be.<sup>12</sup>

Actually Roosevelt and his friends were already working to create this "genuine expression of popular will." Governor Johnson was among those who were asked to come to Oyster Bay to discuss future political strategy. On February 19, while still in the East, Johnson formally announced his support of Roosevelt. It was a typical Johnson statement:

Mr. Roosevelt is recognized throughout the West as the greatest teacher our country has had. . . . He it was, we believe, who aroused the public conscience and by his courage and firmness for right made possible our victory and the redemption of our State government from the Southern Pacific machine.

To him the West has ever looked as a guide in righteousness in government, as the exponent of equal opportunity for all, and the champion of popular rule.

Four years ago Mr. Roosevelt turned over to his successor a Republican party in high tide of success and entrenched in the confidence of all. Today, with the record of the past three years, the Republican party is at its ebb, with confidence in it sadly shaken. . . . to continue with the leader whose three years have wrought such disaster can only mean political suicide.<sup>13</sup>

On February 21, 1912, at Columbus, Ohio, Roosevelt announced what might be regarded as his personal platform for the pre-convention campaign. In his address entitled "A Charter of Democracy" he advocated making representatives of the people more responsible to the people's will. He favored initiative, referendum, and emphasized the



need for recall of judicial decisions. Democracy must be given economic as well as political connotations. The regulatory power of the national and state governments must be broadened so that wealth should be the servant, not the master, of the people. After the speech Roosevelt told a reporter "My hat is in the ring, the fight is on and I am stripped to the buff."<sup>14</sup>

As soon as it was apparent that Roosevelt was in the race the California newspapers supporting Taft took up the challenge. To the Oakland *Tribune* Roosevelt's love for power, his lawless temper, and impatience of constitutional restraints, threatened to bring disaster to the country and its institutions. "T. R." stood for "Tommy Rot." He is

"a reckless, astute, ambitious egotist who knows no law but his own will and no policy save the one that promises to best advance his personal fortunes. . . . Roosevelt speaks as if he were the people and his word the word of God. He is intoxicated with egotism and ambitions, inebriated with the lust for power and adulation. He craves military glory and revels in the pomp and circumstances of war. He is the material of which tyrants and dictators are made."

The Los Angeles *Times* was even less restrained. The "lion-hunter from Africa" was making an "incomparable ass of himself." "It is also said that 'whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.' Surely some unkindly disposed deities are qualifying Teddy the Terrible for the 'bug house'." The San Francisco *Evening Post* accused Johnson of peddling his endorsement of Roosevelt for a promise of the vice-presidential nomination.<sup>15</sup>

On March 5, the day after his return from the East, Johnson wrote Roosevelt "we are already in the midst of a bully fight here." He noted that the opposition had organized with Charles Mifflin Hammond, Roosevelt's brother-in-law, as President, and with Grove Johnson, Hiram's father, one of its supporters.<sup>16</sup>

Johnson lost no time in springing to the attack. On March 9, he opened the Roosevelt campaign in Los Angeles before a huge and enthusiastic audience. With arms waving and fists pounding his palms, he announced, in typical Johnson style, that this was to be a battle of good vs. evil—the people vs. plutocracy. On one side there was the belief that the electorate had the ability and discrimination to decide for itself; on the other, distrust of the people, and the belief that they are fit only to be governed. The control of big business, he said, was

essential if our republic were to be preserved.<sup>17</sup> Later, in Oakland, Johnson minced no words in denouncing what he called "the alliance of the reactionary press and big business to exploit the people for private gain." The *Oakland Tribune*, San Francisco *Chronicle*, and Los Angeles *Times* were "aiding the machine rats forced out of government by the California Progressives in 1910."<sup>18</sup>

Roosevelt did not come to California, but during the campaign sent long letters to Johnson for publication in the progressive newspapers in the state. In his letter of April 25 he favored initiation, referendum, and recall, and such social legislation as workingmen's compensation and regulation of over-crowded tenements and the hours of work in factories.<sup>19</sup> In his long letter of April 28 he was particularly critical of the Taft forces:

This is a square lineup, between the plain people of the United States on the one side and on the other, that corrupt alliance of crooked business and crooked politics, which has been the most potent source of the debauchery of American political life. We . . . are fighting within the party to restore the party to the position it had in the days of Abraham Lincoln. We are fighting to apply Lincoln's principles to the live issues of the present day.

. . . behind Mr. Taft loom the great sinister figures of the exponents of corruption in politics and of the worst forms of special privilege in industrial life. The powers that prey—the powers that pillage are behind Mr. Taft and would be the chief beneficiaries of his success.<sup>20</sup>

The letters of Roosevelt and his eastern speeches brought a chorus of bitter criticism from the conservative California press. The *Oakland Tribune* accused him of using "despicable slanders" and "vicious misrepresentations." To the San Francisco *Chronicle* he was guilty of advocating "incoherent half-formed and almost unintelligent" policies as reforms, but which were "nothing more than the emanation of demagoguery." The Los Angeles *Times* saw the colonel as a "student and follower of Prudhomme and Karl Marx [who had] drifted into the ranks of socialism."<sup>21</sup>

On May 14, in the California preferential primary, the Roosevelt forces scored a decisive victory over their opposition. They received almost exactly double the vote received by the Taft supporters—138,563 to 69,345. The next day Roosevelt wired Johnson his congratulations, adding that the victory "Comes Particularly Close To Me As I Feel Myself a Californian." On May 23, he requested Johnson to second his nomination at the Chicago Convention.<sup>22</sup>

In the thirteen states that held preferential primaries the Colonel scored sweeping victories. It was clear that he was the choice of the majority of the Republicans. It became apparent, however, as convention time approached, that Taft supporters would retain control and that the party national committee would probably be able to seat enough delegates to give Taft a majority.

Even before the convention met, California progressives discussed the formation of a third party. At Chicago they led the demand for its creation. On June 21, when it was clearly evident that Taft would be the nominee, Johnson presided over the gathering of Roosevelt supporters who met to form the Progressive Party. The next evening he delivered the opening address for the new party. Roosevelt, in recognition of Johnson's rôle, made him chairman of the national organizing committee. In his fiery speech Roosevelt denounced the machine politicians for stealing the nomination. They had forfeited the confidence of the people. Feeling, as he said a few days earlier, "as strong as a bull moose," he called for the organization of a Progressive Party that would enforce the commandment "Thou shalt not steal."<sup>23</sup>

Although the newspapers reported that many of the leading politicians who had supported Roosevelt in the primaries refused to join the new party, Johnson remained optimistic. On June 28, the day after he returned home, Johnson wrote Roosevelt:<sup>24</sup>

"Disregard the politicians, get your name on the ballot, and with a publicity bureau that is competent and full of energy, and virility, the people will do the rest."

The nomination of Woodrow Wilson was a fatal blow to the Progressives' chances of victory. They could no longer hope to attract sufficient liberal Democratic and independent voters to win. Some people felt that Roosevelt should now withdraw from the race. He denied this possibility in his letter of July 2, 1912, the day of Wilson's nomination.

... I agree with you on every point. We are losing politicians right and left, but I do not care at all. This must be won or lost by the people themselves. ...

... To all the doubting Thomases I answered that as far as I was concerned I was in this fight to stay, that I had said I would not abandon the fight even though I did not get a single electoral vote, and that I should not alter this intention. ...

Well, my dear Governor, you have been a great comfort to me in this fight. You people in California have been tried in the fire. You know what it is to fight for a principle, win or lose, never to give up, not to consider your own personal



interests, to face defeat unshaken, and victory without losing your head. . . .

[Confidentially] I do not feel that there is much chance of victory. But I do most emphatically feel that there never was a fight better worth fighting than this. To support Taft would be to support a thief who is backed by thieves. Wilson is a good deal of a visionary, and a man who has not any very deep convictions, and he is backed by as wicked a set of corruptions as every [sic] controlled a party. If he wins he enthrones . . . a set of sordid bourbons and reactionaries pretty much everywhere. Moreover he is running on a platform which is even more insincere than the average party platform of the past. If he carried out that platform as regards the tariff and the trusts, he would plunge this country into the most widespread business disaster. As a matter of fact, I do not think his supporters have the slightest intention of carrying out the platform, and I think they will quite cynically admit that it was merely framed to catch votes, that of course there is not any intention of putting it into effect.

. . . we must stand for the highest kind of principles—and moreover we must not only put these principles fearlessly in our platform, but if by any chance we win, we must resolutely endeavor to reduce every single one of them to practice.

Give my warm regards to Mrs. Johnson<sup>25</sup>

Johnson's reaction to Wilson's nomination and his suggestions in regard to general campaign strategy are given in his letter of July 8, 1912:

. . . If Clark, or Underwood, or Harmon had been nominated, our Republican Progressive forces would have remained intact, and we would have had practically the united support of the Progressive Democrats of California. The nomination of Wilson has caused the Progressive Democrats to remain Democrats, and Wilson is in the fortunate position of having both the crooked and the Progressive wing of his party espousing his candidacy. . . .

The fight, nationally, I think should be ultra-progressive. It may be that Mr. Wilson's candidacy now apparently so formidable will dwindle as times passes, and the common people form an accurate estimate of him. . . . Our platform should be radical, and by this, I do not mean the radicalism of Debbs [sic], and his sort, but the radicalism that was obtained in such states as California. We should make clear our vision of popular rule. That we will give them the power to control their representatives by initiative and referendum, . . . we should recognize what the past few years have rendered essential, industrial and economic reform, and that we desire to accomplish that reform.

. . . We must, however, sound a note in the new movement that is absent from both of the old parties, and that note, I think, is one of human sympathy and one that makes the first object of government, not property, but the creator of property, man.<sup>26</sup>

In reply, July 20, 1912, Roosevelt praised Johnson's letter. He "absolutely" agreed that there was "no use temporizing with the



politicians" but that they should make a "straightout fight for the people."<sup>27</sup> He hoped to make this clear on the first day of the convention.

At the Progressive Convention in Chicago, during the first week of August, in the atmosphere of a revival meeting, Roosevelt gave his "Confession of Faith." He expressed his belief in the right of the people to rule, in the reforms for which he had fought as President and those he had advocated since he left the White House. He denounced both old parties as

... husks, with no real soul within either, divided on artificial lines, boss ridden and privilege-controlled, each a jumble of incongruous elements, and neither daring to speak out wisely and fearlessly what should be said on the issues of the day ... the time is ripe, and overripe, for a genuine Progressive movement.<sup>28</sup>

That night Hiram Johnson reluctantly agreed to serve as Roosevelt's running mate. He had hoped to receive the vice-presidential nomination of the Republican Party. Knowing that the new party faced defeat in November, the governor was reluctant to accept the Progressive nomination, but yielded to the pressure of Roosevelt and others.

The convention closed. The delegates surged into the streets fervently singing "Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war." Imaginative reporters compared them to the Pilgrim Fathers, Cromwell's Conventers, and the crusading army of Peter the Hermit.<sup>29</sup>

Conservative newspapers in California immediately and violently denounced the new party and its leaders. As usual the *Los Angeles Times* was the most vitriolic. It attacked Roosevelt as

coiling, and hissing and seething with the virus of anarchy ... the movement that you head is more than over-ripe; it is over-rotten—the garbage barrel is the proper place for it. Oh, you slanderer of the living and the dead! Was God sleeping that He did not smite to dumbness your lying lips and palsy your upraised arm as it struck traitorous blows at the grandest organization of free-men the world has ever known?

To the *San Francisco Call*, the "Confession of Faith" was "a combination of socialism and despotism." It described Roosevelt as "the new Moses of socialism, more radical than Eugene Debs." "Roosevelt," said the *Call*, "offers to destroy the whole system of representative government and to substitute a government with absolute power to rule the way Diaz ruled Mexico, the way Russia is ruled."

The Stockton *Mail* agreed. In addition it bitterly denounced Johnson.

If ever there was a governor who deserves recall it is the one California has at present. Chief reason [is] he has delivered the state to another party than that which placed him in office. . . . It was the act of a traitor; . . . the vice presidential nomination savors of the money and commission that was given Benedict Arnold.<sup>30</sup>

These editorials were typical of those published by the conservative press throughout the campaign of 1912. Both Roosevelt and Johnson replied with harsh and abusive language and exaggeration. The contest developed into one of the most bitter campaigns in the state's political history. A review of this bitter exchange is essential for an understanding of the campaign and the Roosevelt-Johnson post-election correspondence.

On August 12, immediately after his return from the Progressive convention, Johnson opened his campaign for the new party. He spoke to what was probably the largest political gathering in San Francisco history. He said that he did not appear as a candidate, but as a crusader for humanity and common human rights. In detail he reviewed the Progressive proposals and what they would accomplish in the way of social, economic, and political reform. In this initial speech he did not forget to blast the opposition of the conservative press. He compared these San Francisco papers, the *Chronicle*, *Post*, and *Call*, to corporation lawyers who used the most virulent abuse in their condemnation of those who struck against special privilege and fought to make this a people's government in reality. For those who controlled the *Post* and *Call* Johnson reserved his most vitriolic denunciation. They were "insignificant . . . contemptible . . . and unclean things."<sup>31</sup> Ten days later Johnson left California on a cross-country tour. During the next ten weeks he made 500 speeches in 22 states from Utah to Maine.

After the organization of the new party, California Progressives decided to retain control of the existing Republican machine and to place their own nominees on the ballot as the Republican electors. When the Taft supporters denounced this move as "an immoral theft," the Progressives replied that the Taft men could put up their own ticket by petition.

In mid-September, while this controversy was becoming more bitter, Theodore Roosevelt appeared in California. Scattered throughout his

speeches in the state were frequent references to civic righteousness and rule of the people. As usual he attempted to identify his program with the character, aspirations, and achievements of Abraham Lincoln. He said the most important plank of the Progressive Party platform was the one dealing with human welfare and social and industrial justice. If elected he would call a special session of Congress to enact legislation to secure a minimum wage scale for women workers, a prohibition of child labor and the regulation of hours of labor. He scoffed at Wilson's proposals as a return to Jeffersonian *laissez-faire*. Only by extending the powers of central government could the social and economic evils of the day be successfully combatted.<sup>32</sup>

In San Francisco Roosevelt was received with a frenzied demonstration interrupted by sharp shrills of cowboy yells and long deep moose cries. Eyes flashing and teeth gleaming, he strode to a platform edge and stood under the great spreading horns of a bull moose. He told his audience: "I feel that this is particularly California's campaign. California has led the entire nation in this movement. . . . You have actually done in this state what we promise to do in the nation, and your achievement is the guarantee that our promise will be made good."<sup>33</sup>

In Los Angeles he received an even more enthusiastic reception. The entire city, it seemed, wished to see him. One jubilant progressive editor wrote that never in American history had a city given a presidential candidate such an enthusiastic welcome. It was estimated that 225,000 people filled the sidewalks and blocked the windows in order to see him as he moved in a triumphal procession from the railroad station. In his speech Roosevelt referred to the complaint of the Taft forces that the state's Progressive leaders had stolen the Republican ticket in the state. He said the Taft men had no more moral right to go on the ticket than a pickpocket would have to keep the watch he had stolen. At the convention they "stole the party machinery from the rank and file of the party, and they have no more claim to represent the Republicanism of Abraham Lincoln than a party of pirates who have captured a ship would have to represent the men whose throats they had cut." In typical fashion, Roosevelt argued that the Progressives were opposed by every "crooked newspaper that could be directly or indirectly controlled by wealth." Turning to what he called Wilson's program to limit the power of the central government, Roosevelt said this was the



"attitude taken by every corrupt corporation, every crooked boss, every crooked newspaper editor."<sup>34</sup>

The tactics of the Progressives and Roosevelt's speeches in California brought forth scores of caustic editorials from the conservative Republican press. The Oakland *Tribune* compared Roosevelt's language to that of a fishwife and his actions to those of a hoodlum. The San Francisco *Chronicle* said that he had used the language of the slums and of gamblers. The Colonel has become "one of the most disagreeable, indeed hateful personal characters ever known in political life." His "colossal conceit" in seeking a third term had created an issue "more dangerous than any and all other issues which had risen in this country since the secession ordinances of 1861." The *Chronicle*, later in the campaign, called the Progressives "authors of an infamy" that was "utterly despicable." The Bull Moose and the "Moose Calf," as the *Chronicle* liked to call Johnson, were "workers of iniquity." The Oakland *Tribune* denounced the action of the Progressives when they took over the Republican Party in California as "treachery, fraud and despicable robbery." Their methods were compared to those of Black Bart on the stage road.<sup>35</sup>

As the election date approached the conservative Republican papers called for their readers to vote for Wilson as the lesser of the two evils. The election of Wilson would be temporarily unfortunate. The election of Roosevelt would be a positive calamity. The *Argonaut* called Roosevelt a supreme menace to the nation. His ambition to break the third term tradition made him "guilty of the most treasonable offense in the history of the republic. Compared with this stupendous crime his vanities, his vulgarities, . . . his falsehoods, his railings, his unspeakable selfishness sink into insignificance." To the San Diego *Union* a vote for Roosevelt was a vote for "a man who openly proclaims views that are subversive to constitutional government . . . a hot-headed man whose conduct stamps him as unsafe to be placed in power." It would also be a vote to give more power to "the hypocritical gangsters who serve as a halo for Holy Hiram." The Los Angeles *Times*, long the governor's bitterest opponent said, "The practices and evils which Bombastor Furioso Johnson claims that he 'kicked out' of politics were shining virtues compared with the rapious, brutal, conscienceless rule of himself and his gang."<sup>36</sup>



In the first days after the election it was believed that Wilson had carried California. As the late returns were counted Roosevelt gained. The final tally revealed that the Progressives had carried California by 174 votes out of the more than 579,000 cast. But the Bull Moose movement failed. The Roosevelt-Johnson ticket carried only twelve states.

Following the defeat Johnson wrote Roosevelt two letters. In the one of November 18, 1912, he was especially bitter toward Senator Robert La Follette because of his rôle in the campaign. However, he was hopeful for the future of the Progressive Party.

... I find everywhere the same sentiment among our people. All of them have their heads up and are preparing for another fight. I have been striving wherever I could to preach keeping the organizations intact and perfecting them. ...

I am hoping great things of the conference to be held in December at Chicago. ...

I regret more than I can tell you my inability to be present, but I have been absent from the State so much and have been subjected to so much criticism that I cannot again leave. Of course, every rat is out of his hole in California now snapping and encouraged, and I have quite a task ahead of me of the next few months.

The fight was a glorious one. The Leader in it was spendid. [Sic] I am proud to have been a humble part.<sup>37</sup>

In his second letter, on January 21, 1913, Johnson discussed the future of the Progressive Party and returned to his favorite theme the "crooked" state press.

... a crooked press in this state, by hammering day after day, and day after day, are poisoning me out of existence politically. ... I am hoping and praying that we may last for a successful campaign two years hence, and I think possibly we may. I should dislike exceedingly to see our state so quickly go backward, and so from now until two years hence, we will continue with the same activity and the same endeavor. The difficulty is that the better part of the press will not spend its time in answering daily, daily lies of the crooked part of the press. The people tire very quickly of an official who each day is denouncing some particular story and so first one part of the state, and then the other, where the rotten newspapers circulate, they will contain yarn after yarn, mendacious and insinuating, and just as constant dripping wears away a stone, this constant repetition of the unfitness of an individual with specific instances, apparently corroborated, destroys public confidence.

... The future of our Third Party, I take it, will in a great degree depend upon the attitude of the Democratic Party, and upon the achievement of the Democratic Party in the next year. Of course, we are all watching with intensity Mr.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

*From an original cartoon by Herbert Roth, in the Society's collection*





Wilson. The opinion that I conceived of him during the campaign leads me to believe that quite cunningly he will play the game; that he will play to the progressives of the North relying upon the Bourbons of the South to remain loyal Democrats under all the circumstances, and that in a message or two, he will take quite a decided and popular stand and then, if he is unable to accomplish anything, will point to a recalcitrant Congress as the cause of his failure, and to his own utterances as a demonstration of his own good faith.<sup>38</sup>

On January 28, 1913, Roosevelt gave his views on the press attacks and on Wilson. He also encouraged Hiram Johnson to keep up the fight in California.

... my dear Governor, ... if ever there was a valiant soul you are that soul; and nothing that can be done by your foes ... will ultimately interfere with the regard, the respect and the admiration that brave and honest men will feel for you as one of the foremost leaders in the fight to save this republic. ...

Consider the newspapers first. It is just exactly as you say. If a man is every day defending himself, denouncing first one falsehood and then another, he tires out the people and they become convinced that there is something in the attacks on him anyhow, and moreover that he is everlastingly whining and excusing himself; or else, as in my case, they get to object not to the lie but to the fact that the man who is lied about says that it is a lie. The public man is therefore helpless to defend himself, and the respectable newspapers cannot all the time keep repeating refutation after refutation. On the other hand, the papers that are against him never cease their assaults. ...

It seems to me that you have struck the keynote in what you say about the Democracy, and I regret to add that I agree with your forecast as to the likelihood of what will happen in the future. Our chance depends upon there being a break in the Democratic Party. If they had nominated Judson Harmon last year, I think we should have won anyway; but Wilson was from their standpoint the best man that they could have nominated. I do not regard him as a man of great intensity of principle or conviction, or of much reality of sympathy with our cause. He is an adroit man, a good speaker and writer, with a certain amount of ability of just the kind requisite to his party under *present* conditions. He showed his adroitness during the campaign, and he may well be able to show similar adroitness during the next four years in the Presidency, and with the same result. ... There is nothing to attract to us any of the men who are not prepared to make sacrifices and who do not think deeply and wisely—and it is impossible to expect the majority of men to prepare to make sacrifices, *and* to think deeply and wisely about the future, unless under real pressure. When Lincoln founded the Republican Party there was such real pressure. The slave-owning interest was very arrogant, very domineering, and the issue was clear and simple. The issue is not anything like as clear in our day. ...

Well, my dear Governor, if these views are correct, the chances of immediate



victory or at least of victory obtained under my leadership, are not great. In your case I cannot but hope that the triumph will only be deferred. You are a young man, and . . . if you are turned out, I think it will be but a question of a few years before you come back, I earnestly hope Nationally, with an immensely increased strength. In any event I do believe that great good has come from the fight we have made, and that the principles for which we stand have made and will make real progress. . . .<sup>39</sup>

## NOTES

1. San Francisco *Bulletin*, March 17, 1910, p. 7.
2. *Ibid.*, Oct. 10, 1910.
3. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was living at 1942 Pacific Avenue and worked for a branch of the Hartford Carpet Company at 770 Mission Street. San Francisco *Bulletin*, Oct. 26, 1910.
4. Hiram Johnson to Theodore Roosevelt, Nov. 18, 1910, Theodore Roosevelt MSS, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.
5. Roosevelt to Johnson, Nov. 25, 1910, Hiram Johnson MSS, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley. For various versions of Roosevelt's Convention speech see the *Sacramento Bee*, *Los Angeles Examiner*, *Los Angeles Tribune*, and *Chicago Examiner* all for Aug. 8, 1912. Roosevelt to Johnson, July 20, 1914, Elting E. Morison, ed., *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt* (Cambridge, Mass., 1954) VII, 782.
6. Hiram Johnson MSS.
7. See the state progressive Republican newspapers, e.g., *Los Angeles Express*, *San Francisco Bulletin*, *Oakland Enquirer*, *Fresno Republican*, and *Pasadena Star*. *The California Outlook*, the official organ of the progressives, covered the Roosevelt trip in its issues for March 25 and April 1, 1911.
8. Theodore Roosevelt MSS.
9. San Francisco *Bulletin*, Oct. 11; and San Francisco *Examiner*, Oct. 11, 1911.
10. Hiram Johnson MSS.
11. *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt*, VII, 418-422.
12. Theodore Roosevelt MSS.
13. San Francisco *Bulletin*, Feb. 20; and *The California Outlook*, Feb. 24, 1912.
14. *The Works of Theodore Roosevelt*, National Edition, XVII, "Social Justice and Popular Rule," 119-148.
15. *Oakland Tribune*, Jan. 31, Feb. 6, 23 and 26, March 3; *Los Angeles Times*, Feb. 23; and San Francisco *Evening Post*, Feb. 20, 27 and 28, 1912.
16. Hiram Johnson MSS.

17. Los Angeles *Tribune*, March 10; Los Angeles *Examiner*, March 10; and *The California Outlook*, March 16, 1912.
18. Oakland *Enquirer*, April 20, 1912.
19. San Francisco *Bulletin*, April 25, 1912.
20. Los Angeles *Tribune*, April 30, 1912; and Hiram Johnson MSS.
21. Oakland *Tribune*, April 30; San Francisco *Chronicle*, April 29 and May 7; and Los Angeles *Times*, April 19, 1912.
22. Hiram Johnson MSS.
23. San Francisco *Examiner*, June 22 and 23, 1912; Chicago *Tribune*, June 22 and 23; and New York *Times*, June 22 and 23, 1912.
24. Hiram Johnson MSS.
25. *Ibid.*
26. *Ibid.*
27. *Ibid.*
28. *The Works of Theodore Roosevelt*, XVIII, 254 and 258. *The California Outlook*, Aug. 12, 1912.
29. Chicago *Tribune*, Aug. 8; and San Francisco *Examiner*, Aug. 8, 1912.
30. Los Angeles *Times*, Aug. 8; San Francisco *Call*, Aug. 6; and Stockton *Mail*, Aug. 21, 1912.
31. San Francisco *Examiner*, Aug. 13, 1912.
32. For good coverage of the Roosevelt campaign in California see the Los Angeles *Tribune* and the San Francisco *Bulletin*.
33. San Francisco *Examiner*, Sept. 14 and 15; and San Francisco *Bulletin*, Sept. 16, 1912.
34. Los Angeles *Express*, Sept. 17; Los Angeles *Tribune*, Sept. 17; *The California Outlook*, Sept. 21; and Pasadena *Star*, Sept. 17, 1912.
35. Oakland *Tribune*, Sept. 26; San Francisco *Chronicle*, Sept. 13, 17 and 23, Oct. 23, 26 and 29, and Nov. 4; and Oakland *Tribune*, Sept. 16 and Oct. 4, 1912.
36. San Francisco *Argonaut*, Nov. 2, p. 273; San Diego *Union*, Nov. 2; and Los Angeles *Times*, Nov. 4, 1912.
37. Hiram Johnson MSS.
38. *Ibid.*
39. *Ibid.*



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# The Struggle for the Valley

*California's Hetch Hetchy Controversy, 1905-1913*

By ELMO R. RICHARDSON

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IN 1905, the burgeoning city of San Francisco asked the federal government for permission to use the Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park as a reservoir for a future water supply. About the same time, conservationists, led by the naturalist writer John Muir, won their fifteen-year campaign to save Yosemite from private depredations and state neglect, and administration of the Park was reassumed by the Department of the Interior. These conflicting utilitarian and esthetic interests provoked a local controversy that received widespread notice at a time when the state of California was acutely interested in both conservation and water resources. Within a few years, the issue assumed the appearances of an epic struggle.

For contemporaries, the question of using the Hetch Hetchy seemed to be a choice between spoilers of the nation's property and the high minded, crusading conservationists. This oversimplification was complicated by numerous engineering theories and a mass of technical statistics that left the average citizen wholly confused. In retrospect, however, the controversy proved to be an important part of the evolution of the federal policy of resource conservation. It was a significant demonstration of conservation for use, and a rejection of the aesthetic concept of conservation espoused by men of Muir's persuasion. The most decisive factor that accounted for this pragmatic solution (conservation for use) was neither the arguments of the engineers nor the publicity of the conservationists. It was the workings of politics.

San Francisco's request for the reservoir in Hetch Hetchy Valley was examined by Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot and Secretary of the Interior James R. Garfield, President Theodore Roosevelt's principal advisors on conservation. Accustomed to sounding out the opinion of Congressmen whose districts would be affected by decisions in land use



policy, Pinchot consulted with Representative James C. Needham of California. Needham endorsed the plan by which the Bay cities would have eventual use of several parts of the Yosemite National Park, including the Hetch Hetchy Valley.<sup>1</sup> Pinchot, a firm believer in the regulated use of forest lands, concluded that no great injury would be done to Yosemite and approved of the project. The earthquake and fire of 1906 intensified local interest in the proposal, and appropriations for the reconstruction of the city included a large sum for a four year legal and engineering preparation of a water supply system.<sup>2</sup> At the same time, Pinchot reiterated his endorsement in a letter to the city's chief engineer, Marsden Manson. Only one other approval seemed essential then—that of the President. Pinchot therefore assured Manson that Roosevelt would favor the project.<sup>3</sup>

The Chief Forester's adherence to the idea of using the Hetch Hetchy startled many Californians who had stood with him in previous years during the fight for public acceptance of federal conservation. The most important of these was John Muir. Although a zealous advocate of reserving forest and mountain areas, he never approved of the utilitarian aim held by Pinchot and others.<sup>4</sup> In his opinion the San Francisco scheme was clearly a resurrection of the old exploitations against which he had battled for so long.<sup>5</sup> In order to offset the effect of Pinchot's letter to Manson, Muir planned a counter move. He first asked his fellow members of the influential Sierra Club to send a delegation to Washington, D. C., to prevent any sudden decision about granting use of the valley.<sup>6</sup> Then he wrote a personal letter to the President, the companion who had shared his camp in Yosemite in 1903. It was not Roosevelt the naturalist who replied, but Roosevelt the political realist. Agreeing without qualification with the recommendations of Pinchot and Garfield, the President explained the basis for his reasoning. If the preserve was used "so as to interfere with the permanent material development" of the region, the result would be bad. Because he felt that most Californians were in favor of using Hetch Hetchy, he did not want to oppose it and thus appear to be interfering with the growth of the state.<sup>7</sup>

Muir was not discouraged by Roosevelt's letter. Indeed, it served to convince him of the need of building substantial sentiment against the plan. To assist him in this campaign, he appealed to two of his most useful allies in the conservation battles of the past: Theodore P. Lukens

of San Bernardino and Robert U. Johnson of New York.<sup>8</sup> Lukens was instructed to round up "as many nature lovers as possible" in southern California and urge them to write letters of protest to Garfield.<sup>9</sup> Finding opponents of the plan in the Los Angeles area was a difficult task. That city had only recently begun a water supply system which tapped the distant Owens Valley. Johnson, editor of the national *Century Magazine*, eagerly wielded his pen for the John Muir campaign. He soon learned, however, that many prominent Californians were already convinced by the arguments of the San Franciscans. Correspondence with Benjamin I. Wheeler, President of the University of California, and, in Johnson's opinion, one of Roosevelt's advisors on the issue, elicited a firm statement of conviction. Wheeler dismissed most objections to the project as "flimsically sentimental in view of the great advantage to be gained and the very slight damage, if any, to be wrought." The only other opposition, he felt, came from the Spring Valley Water Company which previously supplied the city and now feared that the Hetch Hetchy would put it out of business. As for the protests from the Sierra Club, "John Muir is the man who stirred it all up," Wheeler charged. "Many of the best people in the club . . . do not agree with Mr. Muir."<sup>10</sup>

Like his San Francisco opponents, Muir realized that much depended upon the attitude of the Secretary of the Interior who would ultimately decide the matter. He therefore urged his supporters to concentrate their arguments upon that official. One of them, William F. Badé of the Sierra Club, tried to convince Garfield that the Hetch Hetchy issue was much more complex than he knew and not analogous to the recent problem of Los Angeles' water supply, since the valley used as a reservoir in that case possessed no striking natural beauty. Privately, however, both Badé and William E. Colby, President of the Club, despaired of ever convincing "politicians and office holders" of the beauty of a spot which neither Pinchot nor Garfield had ever seen.<sup>11</sup> Another Californian who addressed an appeal to the Secretary was Representative Needham. Having reversed his earlier opinion about Hetch Hetchy, he now shared the views of his law partner, Lewis L. Dennett. Dennett was the administrator of an irrigation district around Modesto, an area which depended upon the water resources of Yosemite. After advancing the objections of the irrigationists, however, Needham found Garfield unwilling to alter his intentions.<sup>12</sup> In May, 1908, the Department granted

permission to San Francisco to use the Hetch Hetchy Valley and adjoining areas for the water supply system of the Bay cities.

The debate nevertheless continued to crackle forth in the newspapers and journals of the state. One of these was a new magazine, *California Weekly*, organ of the reformers who had attained a decisive position in the balance of political power. The magazine first allowed the San Franciscans to use its pages to denounce the Spring Valley Water Company as well as the outside interference of Robert U. Johnson. Then Badé lauded Muir and Johnson for their past efforts to save Yosemite, and reminded the public that the politicians had never seen the valley which they were all too ready to destroy. Former Mayor James D. Phelan outlined the practical value of the project and described the way it would enhance the future progress of the region. After several rebuttals, City Engineer Manson was permitted to have the last word, and he took the opportunity to ridicule the "verbal lingerie" displayed by Muir's writings.<sup>13</sup> The editors concluded the series with the assertion that the Hetch Hetchy project was second in importance only to their own crusade to erase corruption from local and state government.<sup>14</sup> Impending events would greatly strengthen this identification of the issue with the progressive reform movement.

The election of William H. Taft, and his appointment of a new Secretary of the Interior, Richard A. Ballinger of Washington, stimulated the hopes of the opponents of Hetch Hetchy. Feeling that "the enemy" had not yet made a conquest of the Secretary, Muir, Badé and Colby asked him to revoke Garfield's grant in April, 1909. Then, when he and Taft came to California on their tour of the Far West that Fall, Muir had a "telling good time" with both of them. After the meeting, he reported to Johnson that everything looked promising "for our side of the fight."<sup>15</sup>

Earlier in the year, the San Franciscans might have made the same claim. They had dispatched Phelan and other prominent citizens to Washington to lobby before the Interior Department and Congress. The task of making converts there, Phelan confessed, was the most difficult he had ever undertaken.<sup>16</sup> Having obtained Garfield's approval, he now had to make certain that the new Secretary would confirm the grant. When Phelan called at the Interior Department early in the Spring, Ballinger told him that he was thoroughly familiar with the



project, had spoken to Garfield that very day, and promised to uphold his predecessor's ruling.<sup>17</sup>

By the time Ballinger conferred with Muir, however, his widely publicized disagreement with Pinchot over Alaskan coal land leases and other conservation policies had apparently altered his view of the matter. Perhaps he felt that by opposing the Hetch Hetchy grant he could stand firm against Pinchot's domination, but could at the same time appear to be the defender of strict conservation. Whatever reasoning Ballinger may have used to connect the two controversies, Pinchot and Garfield readily decided that they should lend their influence to publicize the cause of the San Franciscans.<sup>18</sup>

Early in 1910, Taft dismissed Pinchot from office and upheld Ballinger against the charges that he was undermining federal conservation policy. Shortly thereafter, the voters of San Francisco approved of the Hetch Hetchy project and defeated a measure for the purchase of the Spring Valley Water Company facilities.<sup>19</sup> But in June, Ballinger consulted with Sierra Club officials and then asked the city to show why the valley should not be eliminated from the 1908 grant.<sup>20</sup> The juxtaposition of these events produced surprising alignments of opinion in California. For example, labor organizations in San Francisco took the same side as the anti-union Los Angeles *Times* in upholding the project and criticizing Ballinger's action. Moreover, the *Times*, long a vociferous critic of federal conservation, pointedly accused the Secretary of using revocation of Hetch Hetchy as a sop to mollify the conservationists who were supporting a Congressional investigation of his administration.<sup>21</sup>

The two controversies were finally welded together when the California progressives joined the subsequent revolt against the Taft administration. After Roosevelt made public his discontent with Taft's policies, Marsden Manson hoped to have him make a statement on the Hetch Hetchy issue. Pinchot replied to his letter and assured him that Roosevelt was still heartily in sympathy with the project, but a statement would be unwise at a time when the former President was involved in many other matters.<sup>22</sup> No specific observation can be made concerning the influence which the controversy had upon the substantial support which Californians gave to the Progressive and Democratic candidates in the election of 1912.<sup>23</sup> But many citizens of the state



certainly counted the Taft administration's opposition to Hetch Hetchy as a grievance.<sup>24</sup>

Early in 1913, Muir forged a new weapon for the continuing struggle to gain public support: the Society for the Preservation of National Parks. According to the list on its stationary, the organization included members from Berkeley, Oakland, San Jose, Los Angeles and San Francisco, California; Portland, Oregon; and Seattle, Washington. During the following months, the Society mailed pamphlets and circulars to 1418 newspapers across the country. Muir planned to increase his own correspondence until the letters flew "in a country wide storm thick as snowflakes." He tried to stir up the southern part of the state again, in spite of his conviction that most of the newspapers there were in the hands of "the enemy." Recognizing the potential influence of the newest participants in politics, he also cultivated the interest of women's clubs in the fight.<sup>25</sup>

These tactics were sadly limited in view of the significant changes that had occurred in the field of politics by this time. The Democrats held the White House and, with the co-operation of the Progressives, dominated Congress. Woodrow Wilson's selection of Franklin K. Lane, former city attorney of San Francisco, as Secretary of the Interior was a fateful occurrence. Moreover, Pinchot's opinions were respected by several of Wilson's advisors on conservation. These influences as well as the renewed efforts of the city's lobby brought the issue to the attention of the legislature. In June, Representative John E. Raker of Alturas, responding to the demands of Californians in and beyond his constituency, introduced a bill for the confirmation of the Hetch Hetchy grant. Muir and his supporters, having assumed that no action would be taken on the subject until the next regular session of Congress, were caught unprepared. While the measure was delayed in committee, they moved quickly to thwart the "little coterie of politicians and political engineers" who were responsible for the Raker bill.<sup>26</sup>

Unable to secure the services of any of their friends as lobbyists, Muir and Johnson had to rely upon written appeals. Hundreds of form letters were sent out to influential citizens all over the country. Johnson concentrated his correspondence upon members of the Senate, the chamber which would take final action on the bill. Most of the members offered vague responses that indicated they knew little about the matter. Some

of the Senators who were interested, like Hoke Smith of Georgia, former Secretary of the Interior in the second Cleveland administration, strongly favored the bill. The dilemma of still others who were supporters of conservation was exemplified by the attitude of Miles Poindexter of Washington. A progressive Republican elected in 1910 with the aid of Pinchot and western conservationists, Poindexter was sympathetic with Muir's campaign but believed that Californians and conservationists desired passage of the Raker bill.<sup>27</sup>

The most significant information Johnson received from Senators came from Reed Smoot of Utah and William E. Borah of Idaho. The former, a long time opponent of Hetch Hetchy, confided that the bill was an administration measure whose passage had been agreed upon even before the election in 1912. Borah, by contrast a long time critic of federal conservation, added the rumor that if the bill did not pass, the President would send a special message demanding it.<sup>28</sup> Belatedly, the campaigners realized that the outcome was in the hands of the inner council of Wilson's lieutenants. Johnson addressed a strong appeal to Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, and pointedly warned that the Democrats would make a political mistake by backing the bill. Muir even considered playing upon the alleged antipathy between Lane and Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo. The two campaigners concluded, however, that Lane's convictions were shared by Wilson, and that the Raker bill was irrevocably an administration measure.<sup>29</sup>

The same November day that the Raker bill was approved by the Senate, however, Muir's Society for the Preservation of National Parks held a protest meeting and asked the President to veto it. This "National Convention for the Preservation of Yosemite National Park" consisted of fifty-two members, but because only about a fifth of them came from the West, and few of these from California, their request hardly warranted attention.<sup>30</sup> After receiving letters of protest, Senator John D. Works of California considered introducing a bill for the revocation of the Hetch Hetchy grant. The only other source of discontent in subsequent months came from the irrigationists of the central part of the state.<sup>31</sup>

"Why did Pinchot take the stand he did . . . ?"<sup>32</sup> Perhaps this question, which Lukens addressed to Muir several months later, indicated that the

opponents finally realized what factors had determined the outcome of the long struggle. The attitude of Pinchot and Garfield, based upon the utilitarian interpretation of conservation policy, commanded the support of most reformers in both parties. That relationship could not be altered by Muir's pamphleteering and Johnson's letter writing. The outcome was further determined by the Ballinger affair which identified Hetch Hetchy with the rising fortunes of the progressives in California and the nation. After these reformers came to power in 1913, John Muir's zeal was no match for the political strength of the Wilson administration.

## NOTES

1. G. Pinchot to W. E. Colby, Feb. 17, 1905, copy, Robert Underwood Johnson Papers, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, hereafter referred to as Johnson Papers.
2. The report of M. M. O'Shaughnessy to the Board of Public Works and the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, *The Hetch Hetchy Water Supply of San Francisco* (San Francisco, March, 1916), p. 34. This report is the principal source of information on the planning and construction of the project.
3. G. Pinchot to M. Manson, May 28, Nov. 15, 1906, copies; Johnson Papers.
4. A discussion of one of Muir's earlier conflicts with the utilitarians is Lawrence Rakestraw's "Sheep Grazing in the Cascade Range: John Minto vs. John Muir," *Pacific Historical Review* (November, 1958) pp. 371-382.
5. J. Muir to R. U. Johnson, March 23, 1905, Johnson Papers.
6. J. Muir to R. U. Johnson, Sept. 2, 1907, *ibid.*
7. T. Roosevelt to J. Muir, Sept. 16, 1907, printed in Elting Morison, ed., *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt* (Cambridge, 1951-54) V, p. 793.
8. Correspondence between Muir and Johnson during the many years of their fight to protect Yosemite Park is in the Johnson Papers. The relationship between Muir and Lukens in the field of forest conservation is revealed in their correspondence in the Theodore P. Lukens Papers, Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California. A discussion of these significant campaigns is in Elmo R. Richardson's "The Politics of the Conservation Issue in the Far West, 1896-1913," (Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, University of California, Los Angeles, Library, 1958).
9. J. Muir to T. P. Lukens, Nov. 4, 1907, Lukens Papers.
10. B. I. Wheeler to R. U. Johnson, April 23, 1908, Johnson Papers.

11. W. F. Badé to J. R. Garfield, Jan. 30, 1909, copy, W. E. Colby to R. U. Johnson, Aug. 17, 1908, *ibid*.
12. J. C. Needham to J. R. Garfield, Dec. 3, 1908, James C. Needham Papers, Stanford University Library, Palto Alto, California.
13. *California Weekly* (San Francisco), March 5, pp. 227-236; March 19, pp. 267-268, 271; March 26, pp. 283-284; July 13, 1908, pp. 475-476.
14. *Ibid.*, April 16, 1909, p. 322.
15. J. Muir to R. U. Johnson, Oct. 27, Nov. 16, 1909, Johnson Papers.
16. J. Phelan to R. Spreckels, Feb. 3, 1909, Franklin Hichborn Papers, University of California, Los Angeles, Library.
17. J. Phelan to M. Manson, June 23, 1911, Marsden Manson Papers, Bancroft Library.
18. J. R. Garfield to M. Manson, July 30, Sept. 20, 1909; Manson to G. Pinchot, Dec. 29, 1909; Pinchot to Manson, Dec. 16, 1909, *ibid*.
19. A bond issue of 45 million dollars for the project was approved by a vote of 34,495. The purchase proposition failed by 1,234 votes short of the required two thirds of the 33,790 votes cast: M. Manson to T. Roosevelt by way of Pinchot, July 19, 1910, *ibid*.
20. R. A. Ballinger to E. A. Whitman, June 26, 1910, copy, Whitman to R. U. Johnson, Feb. 1, 1910, W. E. Colby to Johnson, undated, adjoined, Ballinger to Johnson, June 13, 1910, Johnson Papers.
21. Los Angeles *Times*, Feb. 28, 1910; clipping, March 14, 1910, Johnson Papers.
22. M. Manson to G. Pinchot, July 19, 1910, Pinchot to Manson, July 26, 1910, Manson Papers.
23. An estimate of a similar problem of larger scope is Elmo R. Richardson's "Conservation as a Political Issue: The Western Progressives' Dilemma, 1909-1912," *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* (April, 1958), pp. 49-54.
24. Taft persisted in his opposition to the use of Hetch Hetchy, criticized Pinchot's apparent inconsistency, and doubted Garfield's statutory authority to make the grant: W. H. Taft to R. U. Johnson, Oct. 30, 1913, copy, Johnson Papers.
25. G. H. Fitch to R. U. Johnson, Jan. 5, 1913, J. Muir to Johnson, June 27, July 15, Sept. 11, Oct. 16, 1913, *ibid*.
26. J. Muir to R. U. Johnson, June 17, 1913, teleg., E. T. Sullivan to S. Ferris, July 25, 1913, copy, *ibid*.
27. H. Smith to R. U. Johnson, Oct. 28, 1913, M. Poindexter to Johnson, Oct. 1, 1913, *ibid*.
28. R. Smoot to R. U. Johnson, Oct. 18, 1913, R. B. Watrous to Johnson, Oct. 3, 6, 1913, *ibid*.
29. R. U. Johnson to F. D. Roosevelt, Nov. 11, 1913, Johnson Papers; J. Muir to T. P. Lukens, Oct. 16, 1913, Lukens Papers; W. E. Borah to Johnson, Nov. 4, Dec. 8, 1913, Johnson Papers.
30. Membership list, protest of Dec. 8, 1913, copy, Johnson Papers.



31. M. Poindexter to R. U. Johnson, Dec. 13, 1913, teleg., Johnson Papers; T. P. Lukens to J. Muir, March 29, Lukens Papers; D. Pruitt to J. D. Works, Jan. 23, 1914, W. G. Kerckhoff to Works, Feb. 3, 1914, John D. Works Papers, Bancroft Library; San Francisco *Chronicle*, Jan. 8, 9, 13, 14, 1914; E. E. Smith to Johnson, Jan. 15, 1914, W. E. Badé to Johnson, Jan. 30, 1914, Johnson Papers.
32. T. P. Lukens to J. Muir, March 29, 1914, Lukens Papers.

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# Recollections of a California Cattleman

*Three Chapters from the Memoirs of*

*H. T. Liliencrantz*

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## A VACATION RIDE TO THE RANCHO SISQUOC

Shortly after I began spending vacations at our Aptos ranch in the 1880's I made the acquaintance of a family of Californios who lived near Aptos. Don Vicente Castro was a son of Rafael Castro who had obtained the original Aptos Rancho grant of 6,686 acres from the Mexican government some time in the 1830's. The thousand acres that my father bought from Claus Spreckels had been a part of this grant.

Don Vicente and his wife had seven children, the boys, Audel, Alberto, and Rosamel; the girls, Catarina, Aurora, Emma, and Anita, ranging in age from about thirteen to thirty. I visited them often when I was about fifteen years of age, and we became warm friends. I had some wonderful experiences with these friends. They were extremely hospitable and rarely without some guest in the house. In addition to the family there was an old Indian, Manuel, who had been with the Castros all of his life; and an Indian youth, Juan Castaveja, about fifteen years of age, who had been taken by Don Vicente as an orphan to bring up. These two were in a sense servants, for they did all the rough work on the ranch; but they were regarded more as members of the family than as hired men; they had neither regular hours or regular wages, just home, board, clothing and occasionally a dollar or two.

In Don Vicente's youth no schools were available and he had grown up illiterate. He was nevertheless a very fine man and highly respected by all who knew him, for he was honorable, capable, hospitable, and a real head of his family. He was of fine physique, about five feet ten, with graying black beard; he spoke no English. Mrs. Castro knew English; the children had the advantage of a grammar school in Aptos, but Spanish was used exclusively in their home.

One day Don Vicente, his sons, and Manuel came to our ranch to

brand some cattle my father had accumulated. The Castros had been recommended to him by the foreman of the Spreckels ranch, and my father's foreman had arranged a date with them. I saddled my horse early that morning, and was not disappointed in what the day brought forth. For the first time in my life I saw real vaqueros in action, roping cattle by head and hind feet, using rawhide reatas; I saw how the irons were heated in the fire and applied; how the men on foot worked in connection with the riders. We had secured a brand, inverted V bar dot. In those days brands were registered in the counties in which they were used; there was no state law concerning them, nor any such thing as brand inspection.

After our few cattle, perhaps twenty-five head, had been branded, our foreman asked Don Vicente what was due in payment. "Un peso," he said, "para Manuel. Nada mas." (A dollar for Manuel, nothing more.) It had just been a morning's sport for them and a small favor for a neighbor.

A sport that the younger boys and I often had was surf fishing. There was a wharf near the mouth of Aptos creek which had been built and used for years before the railroad had constructed its line from Pajaro to Santa Cruz; and through the 1880's it was still standing firmly. We boys would go to the beach, gather sand-fleas from under piles of kelp for bait, then fish from the wharf, using a sinker and two or three hooks on each line. Never did we fail to get as many fish as we cared to carry back with us. This fishing usually took place on a Sunday morning and I would return to our ranch at night with a nice catch tied in a sack behind my saddle. Mostly they were yellow perch, sometimes there was a run of smelt, often some strange fish; we occasionally hooked a small shark or even a crab, although fishermen who really went after crabs used nets.

The beach at Aptos was as fine a swimming beach as existed anywhere, since the shelving was just right in its slope toward deep water. I learned there how to take the breakers and when the combers were rolling in it was exhilarating to combat them, for there is a right instant when one should plunge upward through them. The plunge must be straight, toward the deep water, to avoid being rolled.

Since the major part of the Aptos grant had been sold by Vicente Castro's father to Claus Spreckels some years previously, Vicente had



become very restless and learning of some far cheaper land in Santa Barbara County (not then served by railroad) he sold his few acres near Aptos and bought a tract of three thousand acres in the Tepusquet section, some eighteen miles from Santa Maria. When his friend, John T. Porter of Watsonville, learned of this contemplated move, he persuaded Don Vicente to take the position of *mayordomo* on the Sisquoc Rancho, which had just been acquired by him and an associate, Thomas B. Bishop of San Francisco. Castro accepted gladly for he and Porter were old friends and furthermore the land that he himself had bought was adjoining and was bare of improvements. So, sometime in 1891 he and his family moved to the Sisquoc.

After they had left Aptos I received occasional letters from Rosamel, the youngest boy, and in each he expressed the wish that I come and see them all, make them a visit, as long a one as possible. He said they liked the Sisquoc very much, were buying cattle to stock for the owners; and they had plenty of horses and we would ride every day. In a letter of the next year this was repeated, and naturally the idea appealed to me very much, so much so that I prevailed upon my father to let me make the trip. I wanted to ride there, the whole distance, that I might see the country thoroughly, and also that I might have my own horse and outfit with me. My father consented, so early in June I started off. My mount was a bay gelding of medium size, nothing exceptional as to quality and training, but he had life and was tractable and I liked him; we had raised him and his name was Two-bits, for he had been rather small as a colt. I figured the distance at about one hundred seventy miles, and thought I could perhaps make it in four days, five at the most. I had never been south of Watsonville.

I do not remember the exact succession of stops; I think I made Gonzales the first day, King City the second. There I found that there was no highway along the Salinas River or near the railroad. I had to go via Jolon and the San Antonio River to San Miguel. By the end of the fourth day I arrived at a little old stage station called Paloma, in the middle of the big Atascadero Rancho. I had been traveling for miles through this property, seeing cattle but no fences or ranch houses. My horse and I were tired, San Luis Obispo twenty miles distant and I was thankful to find that I could get accommodations there over night. The next day I passed from the Atascadero into the Santa Margarita Rancho,



another property of Don Patricio Murphy, the roadway still unfenced. At the boundary line of the ranchos there was no gate but there was a dwelling, the home of a Mexican vaquero, and with children and dogs about, it was a safe bet that none of the half-wild cattle of either ranch would cross the line.

The portion of my long ride that was by far the most picturesque was that between Jolon and San Luis Obispo, a distance of more than eighty miles. This was particularly beautiful country, its charming feature being the huge oak trees, of the deciduous variety, *robles* in Spanish. Hence "El Paso de Robles," Oak Pass. This variety of oak is the one that bears the large edible acorn, a food so relished and much used by the early inhabitants, the Indians.

Here and there, everywhere, were these magnificent trees, and scattered among them were many equally beautiful specimens of the live oak, *encina*. The road was *El Camino Real*, the King's Highway. It was like riding through a park, especially the various sections where no disfiguring fences were visible. The Cuesta grade, over the mountain between Santa Margarita and San Luis Obispo, was also beautiful, with its many scenic features.

As I traveled over this Cuesta grade I found great activity. The railroad, which for several years had terminated at Santa Margarita, was building on south; and along the county road was camp after camp of workers, hundreds of men and hundreds of horses and mules; besides teamsters, pick and shovel men and track layers, there were men at work on seven or eight tunnels, for this Cuesta is a real mountain grade.

I reached San Luis Obispo at noon and rode into a livery stable to leave my horse for an hour or two; my first concern was to inquire about the road to the Rancho Sisquoc and the distance thereto; I imagined that it could not be far. Here I received a surprise, the stableman told me it was fifty miles distant, twenty miles beyond Santa Maria, easterly. In a letter from Rosamel, when we corresponded about a visit, he had written "The Rancho Sisquoc where we live is twenty miles this side of Santa Maria." Simple fellow, but I was equally simple. I thought that when he said *this* side it was toward *me*; but he had meant toward *him*, his home. Fifty miles, that was too much for me in what was left of that day, so I rode to Santa Maria, and arrived at the Sisquoc the next morning, my sixth day from the starting point.

The next two weeks were marvelous ones for me. I enjoyed every moment. I saw something new each day and I rode several horses other than my own. One morning early, before breakfast, I followed Don Vicente out to the corral where more than a hundred goats were penned. Taking a coil of light rope from its peg on the fence he deftly lassoed a nanny. Then from somewhere appeared two dog pups and while the old man held the nanny the pups nursed until they had their fill. I saw also a couple of full grown dogs with the goats; and I found that these dogs actually lived with the flock, going out with them in the morning on the mountainside south of the ranch-house, staying with them the entire day and bringing them in, or at least coming in with them, at nightfall. Their food was taken to them in the corral; the fence, woven wire over pickets, was both dog-tight and coyote-proof, and so these dogs were at one time herders, protectors, and companions of the flock. The goats were white, of Angora breed, and were shorn once a year for their mohair. Of the kids a considerable number were used for the table; many people think, as I do, that the meat is even finer eating than lamb.

During my stay Audel Castro purchased two small lots of cattle, about one hundred head each, from nearby ranches, in each case mixed cattle, meaning cows, calves, steers and heifers, of various ages. These were driven to the Sisquoc, branded Q, s in the center, and turned out with the ranch cattle. How I enjoyed seeing the roping and branding, and also helping in the work; there is always room for one more at a branding bee!

The ranch had plenty of horses of all sorts for saddle, driving, and draft. A pinto saddle stallion was kept; and for grass and exercise he was staked out each day. I noticed that the stake rope was of rawhide, of heavier strands and less carefully platted than a reata and with the hair left on.

One Sunday it was proposed that we visit the neighbors on the Zaca Rancho adjoining; a team was harnessed to the surrey and Mr. and Mrs. Castro and three or four of us young people made the party. The Zaca country is mountainous and the ranch house was situated near a beautiful lake. The road for the mile nearest the house was a mountain grade, a portion of it so steep, at the time of which I write, that Don Vicente had us youngsters walk, and at that the horses had all they could do.

On our return one of the men of the Zaca accompanied us on horseback to the steep part. Fastening one end of his reata to the rear axle of the carriage and taking turns around the saddle horn, he helped to steady the vehicle down the grade. I presume that now one would find a very different grade and roadway, over which automobiles can roll with ease.

One day a man appeared at the Sisquoc, the like of whom I had read about, but never seen; one of the pioneer sort, a combination of stockman, hunter, and trapper, a good looking fellow, in age something over fifty. He was garbed in fringed buckskin and was well mounted. He had a mid-day meal with us at the ranch house, and appeared to be well acquainted with Don Vicente. The conversation was entirely in Spanish. After he had left the boys told me that his name was Goodchild and that he lived on the far eastern edge of the Sisquoc, having a homestead there in the rough mountains. He was English by birth, well educated, and had come to California as a youth, but had chosen for some reason unknown to them the rough life of a mountaineer rather than association with men of his kind and breeding. With a young Indian woman he made a home in the wilds and there they raised a family of half a dozen children, and made their living by hunting and trapping and raising a few cattle. He was then on his way to Santa Maria for the purpose of contacting some cattle buyer for the little lot which he had for sale that season. The boys told me they had only seen the woman, Mrs. Goodchild, at her home, had never seen her go to town. Their ranch was inaccessible in the winter season save by saddle horse, for the road to it followed the river bed of the Sisquoc for a mile or more and on leaving the river was in all parts of the most sketchy order, rough, narrow, and steep.

Goodchild's mission was successful, for several days after he had returned to his home he passed again, with his beef cattle. This time two of his sons were with him, and then I saw more buckskin apparel than I have ever seen since except on Indians at the Frontier Days Show at Cheyenne. The sons showed distinct signs of Indian blood, but were good-looking boys nevertheless. They were extremely quiet and reserved. All three men carried six-guns, which was natural enough; their buckskin garments were home tanned, cut and sewn. Altogether they were a picturesque lot. I doubt that any of the children had ever



received any schooling, though the father might have taught them to read and write to some extent. They probably went later on from home one by one to work out, the boys as vaqueros or ranch hands, the girls as servants or waitresses.

I was not told whether or not these children could speak any English, but later on I learned that in various cases of mixed marriages where the family lived as did the Goodchilds, Spanish was used exclusively, no English being acquired until after leaving home. I had an example of this some eight or ten years later. Driving one day to the Sisquoc Rancho with team and buggy I saw no one about the house save a lad of about fourteen years, who was working in the garden.

This was our conversation:

"Where is Don Vicente today?" He did not understand.

"No hablas Inglés?" Don't you speak English?

"No, Señor."

"Donde está Don Vicente hoy?"

"Está en el potrero por arriba," pointing to the hills. He is in the pasture up there.

"Y la señora, las señoritas?"

"Están en Santa Maria." They are in Santa Maria.

"A qué hora volverán?" When will they return?

"Creo que muy pronto." I think very soon.

"Gracias."

It is hard to believe that in the year 1900 one could find a native son with no knowledge of English. I learned later that he had been born and raised not far from there, that he had become an orphan and Don Vicente had taken him in, as he had done with boys before, giving him a home in return for minor services.

My visit came to an end. I hated to leave after only two weeks, for the life on the big ranch, the hospitality, the riding, the work with cattle, the Spanish that I was hearing each day and was beginning to learn, all were fascinating. But I had to return to Aptos; the ride back was not nearly as interesting as the ride there, but I finally reached home, safe and sound.

As nearly as I could figure, with the aid of the Southern Pacific's mileage tables, my ride, both ways, totaled about four hundred and twenty-five miles.



## THE STAKE ROPE

Of all the saddle horses in use in our big country very few are broken to stake, and yet such knowledge is often a real asset. There are many occasions when, if one can stake his horse, two purposes are served: the horse can eat if there is grass, and the rider's mind is at ease concerning the whereabouts of his mount. Hobbles are not always satisfactory, for some horses will hop with them and can go both far and fast if they wish to do so.

If a colt is broken to stake, if he is staked often enough and long enough at a time to become thoroughly accustomed to the rope, here are some of its advantages:

1. He will not be afraid of a rope trailing, or touching his hind legs. It makes the first shoeing an easier process.

2. When you want to take him in, or to catch him in a corral, he will face you; you go up to his head first, not along his back.

3. He will never pull back, he can be tied afterward with a light rope.

4. He becomes a self-exerciser; he will learn to run round and round and play when he wants exercise, but will not overdo it, for he can stop when he pleases. He will even roll when he wishes, and if when he rises he finds the rope over his neck he will learn just how to flip it off to get it back into natural position.

5. You can use bits of grass around buildings which would otherwise be worthless, thus both saving hay and giving the horse a change of diet.

6. In many cases staking is the ideal solution of the stallion problem. If your stallion can be staked to a pin in the center of a corral it is immaterial what kind of a corral it is, or what horses are on the other side of the fence. Since he cannot get to the fence, he cannot paw it down. So by means of the stake rope you can give your stallion grass, exercise, or both.

At one time I acquired a registered Percheron stallion as a foal and broke him to stake. It proved so thoroughly satisfactory that I broke to stake every stallion that I afterward owned.

The halter for a staked horse should be close fitting, placed well up on the nose; and it is well to use in addition a light safety strap from one upper cheek ring to the other. For stallions a neck strap in addition is

advisable, for it is always possible that the halter may accidentally be slipped. After a horse is well accustomed to staking one can use either halter or neck rope.

For breaking to stake the best age is at weaning time or younger. When the colt has had enough halter lessons to give readily to a pull from either side and is beginning to lead, he is ready to stake. Use a piece of soft cotton rope not less than three-quarter inch in diameter, about twenty feet long, fasten a swivel snap to the halter end, and tie the other, not to a solid post, but to something that will give; nothing is better than a piece of heavy chain such as log chain, forty or fifty pounds in weight. Leave the colt thus in the corral for several hours at a time.

He will get over the rope with his forefeet, and when he gets it between his hind feet will kick to free himself, but he will very soon find that the rope does not hurt him in the least and before you know it he will have learned not to struggle but to give to the rope, lifting a hind leg slowly to free himself. It is quite a gentling process, a good preliminary toward brushing down the hind legs or picking them up as if for shoeing. After two lessons as above the colt can be staked to a solid post or pin.

It is necessary to use a thick soft rope at first to avoid rope burn at the heel, this being very annoying. After the colt has learned the rope well, one can use any kind of rope or even chain. The stake rope of the Mexican days was made of rawhide, with heavier strings than for a reata, platted more loosely, with less care, and with the hair left on.

It is hard and in most cases inadvisable to try to teach an old horse to stake. He is too likely to get into serious trouble or injure himself by kicking and struggling when finding himself with the rope between his hind legs. It can be done, but it is a matter for an expert rather than an amateur. A professional breaker of my acquaintance, who handled many mature unbroke, made great use of hobbling the hind legs, in order to gentle the rear end of the horse. He made his hobbles of sack-ing, to avoid injury; his method was extremely effective. After treatment the horse would submit to handling of legs and tail, and also could be put immediately on stake rope if desired.

I have known men who preferred to stake by a front foot. Of the two methods this is the fastest to use for a grown horse not broken to

stake by halter, but it has the disadvantage of not serving at all if the exercise question is to be considered, since a horse so staked cannot run around and around his stake pin for the mere purpose of exercise.

The remaining thought in regard to staking a horse is what to tie to. If you want to stake a stallion, for example, in the same place every day for exercise, an iron stake pin is the right thing, and he can practice the merry-go-round to suit himself. The resourceful cowboy, if out in plains country without stake pin or bush, digs a small deep hole in the ground with his pocket knife, ties a knot in the end of his rope, sticks it into the hole and tamps the dirt closely around it. This holds surprisingly well.

For general use, and especially for staking on grass not far from yards and barns, nothing I have used equals a wagon tire, one eighty to a hundred pounds in weight, from some old farm wagon. You need no sledge hammer to place it, you don't have to pull it up to move it, you just set it on edge and roll it. One can move it fifty feet to give his horse fresh grass in one-tenth the time it takes to pull a stake pin and re-drive it. Since it is round, the rope or chain will not foul it. If a green horse gives a pull on it it will move a bit, but he cannot run away with it.

*(To be continued)*

## RECENT CALIFORNIANA

### *A Check-List of Publications Relating to California*

- ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Arroyo Sequit . . . a late coastal site in Los Angeles County (Paper No. 4). Los Angeles, 1959. \$3.50.
- BAER, KURT. Architecture of the California Missions. Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1958. \$10.00. (Reviewed in this issue.)
- BECKLER, MARION F. Palomar Mountain, Past and Present. Palm Desert, Desert Magazine Press, 1958. \$1.25.
- BIGGER, RICHARD, *et al.* Metropolitan Coast, San Diego and Orange Counties. . . Los Angeles, Bureau of Governmental Research, U.C.L.A., 1958. \$2.00.
- BLOCK, EUGENE B. Great Train Robberies of the West. New York, Coward-McCann, 1958. \$5.00. (Reviewed in June *Quarterly*.)
- BUFFUM, E. GOULD. Six Months in the Gold Mines, ed. John W. Caughey. Los Angeles, Ward Ritchie Press, 1959. \$5.00 (To be reviewed.)
- CARILLO, J. M. The Story of Mission [sic] San Antonio de Pala. Balboa Island, Paisano Press, 1959. \$1.50.
- CLELAND, ROBERT GLASS. From Wilderness to Empire, a History of California, ed. Glenn S. Dumke. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1959. \$6.95. (Reviewed in June *Quarterly*.)
- CONMY, PETER T. Benicia, Intended Metropolis. San Francisco, Native Sons of the Golden West, 1958. Gratis.
- CROSLY, MARY EDITH. Hornitos. Universal City, Crosley Books, c. 1959. 25 pp. Offset. \$1.00.
- CUNNINGHAM, WILLIAM. The Log of the Courier, California, 1826-1827-1828. Los Angeles, Dawson's Book Shop, 1959. (Early California Travels Series, Vol. 44). \$7.50. (To be reviewed.)
- DOWNNEY, JOSEPH T. The Cruise of the Portsmouth, 1845-1847. New Haven, Yale University Library, 1958. \$6.00.
- DUKE, DONALD, comp. Pacific Electric Railway, a Pictorial Album. . . San Marino, Pacific Railway Journal, 1958. \$3.75.
- EARNSHAW, JOHN. Thomas Muir, Scottish Martyr. (Studies in Australian and Pacific History—No. 1. General Editor Walter W. Stone). Cremorne, New South Wales, Stone Copying Co., 1959. 84 pp., illus. Offset. Limited edition, 300 copies. (Reviewed in this issue.)
- EDWARDS, E. I. Desert Voices, a Descriptive Bibliography. Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1958. \$12.50. (Reviewed in March *Quarterly*.)
- FLETCHER, ROBERT S. Eureka, from Cleveland by Ship to California, 1849-1850. Durham, N. C., Duke University Press, 1959. \$3.00. (Reviewed in March *Quarterly*.)



- GILBERT, EDWARD M. *Panamint Legend*. Los Angeles, Hesperus Press, 1957. \$1.00.
- GOSS, HELEN R. *The Life and Death of a Quicksilver Mine [the Great Western, Lake and Napa Counties]*. Los Angeles, Historical Society of Southern California, 1958. \$5.00.
- HAMMOND, GEORGE. *Noticias de California*. San Francisco, Charles R. Wood & Assoc. 1959. (For sale only to Book Club members.)
- HANNA, PHIL TOWNSEND. *Libros Californianos*, rev. and enl. by Lawrence Clark Powell. Los Angeles, Zeitlin and VerBrugge, 1958. \$7.50. (Reviewed in *March Quarterly*.)
- HILLS OF SAN FRANCISCO. Foreword by Herb Caen. San Francisco, Chronicle Publishing Co., 1959. \$1.50. (Reviewed in this issue.)
- HISTORIC LANDMARKS COMMISSION. *Sidewalk History of Pioneer Sites of Old Sacramento*. Sacramento, 1958. Gratis (County Librarian, 914 Seventh St.).
- HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. *Bibliography of all Published Works, 1884-1957...* compiled by Anne Marie and Everett G. Hager. Los Angeles, the Society, 1958. \$9.00. (To be reviewed.)
- HUBBARD, DOUGLASS. *Ghost Mines of Yosemite*. Fresno, Awani Press, 1958. \$1.15.
- MCCARTHY, FRANCIS F. *The History of Mission San Jose... 1797-1835*. Fresno, Academy Library Guild, 1959. \$5.95. (To be reviewed.)
- MAGEE, DAVID. *The Hundredth Book, a Bibliography of the Book Club of California and a History of the Club*. San Francisco, Grabhorn Press, 1959. (For sale only to Book Club members.)
- McLANE, LUCY NEELY. *A Piney Paradise*. Fresno, Academy Library Guild, 1959. \$7.50. (Reviewed in *June Quarterly*.)
- MURPHY, WILLIAM. *Pictorial History of California*. San Francisco, Fearon Publishers, 1958. \$7.50.
- OVERLAND JOURNEY OF JAMES A. PRITCHARD FROM KENTUCKY TO CALIFORNIA IN 1849, ed. Dale Morgan. Denver, Old West Publishing Co., 1959. \$15.00. (Reviewed in this issue.)
- ROBINSON, WILLIAM WILCOX and LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL. *The Malibu*. Los Angeles, Dawson's Book Shop, 1958. \$20.00. (Reviewed in *June Quarterly*.)
- ROBINSON, WILLIAM WILCOX. *The Story of San Bernardino County*. San Bernardino, Pioneer Title Insurance Co., 1959. Gratis.
- ROGERS, FRED BLACKBURN. *Montgomery and the Portsmouth*. San Francisco, John Howell, Books, 1959. \$10.00. (Reviewed in this issue.)
- ROJAS, ARNOLD R. *Lore of the California Vaquero*. Fresno, Academy Library Guild, 1958. \$3.75. (To be reviewed.)
- ROWLAND, LEONORE. *The Romance of La Puente Rancho*. La Puente, the author (18800 East Railroad Street), 1958. \$2.75.

- RUSH, PHILIP S. The Californias, 1846-1957. San Diego, the author (P.O. Drawer 31), 1958. \$4.00.
- RUSH, PHILIP S. A History of the Californias. San Diego, the author (P.O. Drawer 31), 1958. \$6.00.
- SCHIEL, JACOB H. Journey Through the Rocky Mountains and the Humboldt Mountains to the Pacific Coast. Transl. and ed. by Thomas N. Bonner. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1959. \$3.75. (Reviewed in March *Quarterly*.)
- SCOTT, EDWARD B. The Saga of Lake Tahoe. Crystal Bay, Sierra-Tahoe Publishing Co., 1958. \$12.50.
- SIENKIEWICZ, HENRY. Portrait of America, Letters of the Author of *Quo Vadis*, ed. and trans. Charles Morley. New York, Columbia University Press, 1959. \$5.00.
- STORKE, THOMAS M. California Editor. Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1958. \$6.75.
- SUTHERLAND, MONICA. The Damndest Finest Ruins. The Full Story of San Francisco's Great Earthquake-Fire. New York, Coward-McCann, 1959. \$3.50. (To be reviewed.)
- SUTTON, JACK. Pictorial History of Southern Oregon and Northern California. Jacksonville, Oregon, Southern Oregon Historical Society, 1959. \$1.50.
- WARRINER, JOHN and RICKY. Lake Tahoe, an Illustrated Guide and History. San Francisco, Fearon Publishers, 1958. \$1.75.
- WILKINS, THURMAN. Clarence King: A Biography. New York, Macmillan, 1958. \$7.50. (Reviewed in June *Quarterly*.)
- WILSON, JOHN A. Thompson and West's History of Los Angeles [and Orange] County. Facsimile reprint of 1880 edition, with new introduction by W. W. Robinson. Berkeley, Howell-North Press, 1959. \$12.50. (To be reviewed.)

## New Books

*Hills of San Francisco*. Foreword by Herb Caen. (San Francisco: Chronicle Publishing Company, 1959. 89 pp. \$1.50 regular edition, \$3.95 deluxe edition.)

The brief, pleasant, informative essays that make up this book were prepared to appear as a series of San Francisco *Chronicle* feature articles. This they did, and many a reader (like this reviewer) clipped and filed them, at the same time wishing that they could be gathered together into a volume. For the *Chronicle's* anonymous researchers located a total of forty-two hills, and the clippings made a bulky file. Thus this book, magazine size but thick enough to be shelved, is particularly welcome.

It is an excellent popular work, full of interesting description, anecdote and

history, illustrated with fine contemporary photographs, a few old ones, and many decorative drawings. Like all good guide books, it makes the reader want to go out and see for himself—rediscover, in this case, the familiar hills of the city and explore the unfamiliar ones. Many of the forty-two (like Gold Mine Hill and Larsen's Peak) are little known. Some even have no certain names, and others are hardly higher than mounds. Nineteen of them are in that much neglected portion of the city south of Market Street. Writers too often skip over it, assuming that nothing interesting has happened there since the last public bear baiting. The *Chronicle's* volume gives its hills their due.

On a more sophisticated historical level the *Hills of San Francisco* comes off well too. While there is little here of early history that is unfamiliar, there is much unusual material on the city's last eighty years. It has been gathered from a variety of sources. They include the *Chronicle's* own files and the direct observations of its researchers; hill dwellers' recollections and traditional lore (judiciously used); records of the City Planning Department and Redevelopment Agency; Geological Survey and Assessors' maps; and the library of the California Historical Society together with some discoveries by its resourceful librarian.

There is an appreciative foreword by *Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen, a full index, and a map spotting all forty-two of the hills described.

RUTH TEISER.

*Montgomery and the Portsmouth* by Fred Blackburn Rogers. (San Francisco: John Howell, Books, 1958. XIV + 145 pages. Index. \$10.00.)

The military and naval conquest of California in 1846-1847 has, over the years, received the attention of a good many writers and yet there are aspects of it and problems related to it which justify further study and research. In the present volume, Colonel Fred Blackburn Rogers, U.S.A. (Ret.) has approached the subject through a sort of dual biography which deals with the career of John Barrien Montgomery (1794-1873) and the record of the 20-gun sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* which he commanded during the Mexican War. Colonel Rogers has emphasized this period when the man and the ship came into conjunction, and this is reflected in the allocation of 93 of the 121 pages of text in the book to the years 1845-1848.

*Portsmouth* was a brand-new ship when Commander Montgomery placed her in commission at the Portsmouth Navy Yard where she was built in 1844. Her first cruise was to the Pacific where she arrived on station at Monterey in September 1845. The next two and a quarter years she spent off the coast of California and Mexico watching the events in the San Francisco Bay region which culminated in the Bear Flag Revolt, acting as the center of American force in the taking of Yerba Buena, Sonoma, and Sutter's Fort upon the outbreak of formal hostilities in July 1846, moving to San Diego at the end of the year when the tide of events turned to southern California, and participating in the blockade of Mexican and Baja California ports in 1847. Montgomery brought her back to Boston in May 1848, and there the careers of the ship and the man parted.



Montgomery's later career included the usual variety of duties, and culminated with his command of the Pacific Squadron in 1859-1861. He was promoted to the rank of rear admiral in 1866. *Portsmouth* cruised to Africa, back to the Pacific, and to the East Indies Station. While on the last duty, she took part in the bombardment of the Barrier Forts below Canton in 1856. She was still an active vessel in the Civil War, and then after a long period of relative inactivity she was burned for her metal fittings in 1915.

Colonel Rogers, who has already established a secure reputation as a military historian of the West and whose editions of the journal of Marius Duvall and of Joseph T. Downey's "Filings from an old saw" give him rank as an expert on the naval conquest of California, has gathered the materials for this book from a wide variety of places and with indefatigable energy. Full use of the official reports and correspondence of Montgomery make up in considerable measure for the fact that his personal papers have apparently been destroyed. Beyond the materials on Montgomery himself, Colonel Rogers has made extensive and intelligent use of a host of related sources so that a well-rounded and interesting narrative emerges, albeit the evidence at hand did not permit Montgomery himself to "come alive" to any considerable degree. Enough background material is presented to place Montgomery and *Portsmouth* within the broader setting of the Mexican War in the Pacific. Particularly important are the sections of the book dealing with Montgomery's relations with the Bear Flag men and Frémont, his administration of Yerba Buena and the region about during the summer and fall of 1846, and the disappearance of his two sons in *Portsmouth's* launch in November of that year. The whole narrative moves along in easy, lively fashion, but yet in dignified and not unduly "popular" style.

The book has been handsomely designed and printed by Lawton Kennedy. Its eight illustrations include a hitherto unpublished portrait of Montgomery, and reproductions of four imprints by Sam Brannan which were issued at Yerba Buena while Montgomery commanded there. In every way, therefore, this book is a distinguished addition to the bibliography of the American conquest of California.

JOHN HASKELL KEMBLE

*Architecture of the California Missions.* By Kurt Baer (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1958. 196 pp. \$10.00.)

For many years past there have been publications concerning the California Missions. This latest edition, *Architecture of the California Missions*, by Kurt Baer and Hugo Rudinger, is much more attractively put together than its predecessors, with well designed layout by Rita Carroll, and is generally appealing to the eye. The small drawings are a helpful addition, and the text is more complete and instructive than the usual book on Missions. It catalogs and analyzes the various individual Missions.

As one interested in architecture I, however, feel forced to complain some-



what loudly about the photographs and/or their reproduction. Many of them are so fuzzily romantic that they fail to communicate through the sentimental fog. They appear to be printed on paper best reserved for old documents, and certainly do not have the clear, fresh detail of a picture with contemporary photographic technique. I feel I am almost misinformed by them, and that it is not fair to the Missions themselves, which are notable structures, to be dealt with in such sentimentality. For years I have seen this same kind of photography used to express the old, romantic air of New Orleans, and find it most displeasing.

Since photographs dominate the book, it is hard to recommend the book wholeheartedly, but because of its other qualities *Architecture of the California Missions* will find a place on many bookshelves. It would be interesting to see, in contrast, what a more creative approach to the buildings might have produced in the photographs. The photograph on the dust-jacket has something of the quality I am thinking of—creating an interest in examining detail, and revealing the true beauty of the Missions—as is done in a book called *Architecture of Truth* by Rayner Heppenstall, with photographs by Lucien Heré, concerning the Cistercian Abbey of Le Thoronnet in Provence, France.

While this latest volume is generally a welcome addition to the literature on architecture of Early California, I feel an even better one will yet be published.

JOHN CAMPBELL

*Thomas Muir, Scottish Martyr: Some Account of his Exile to New South Wales, his Adventurous Escape in 1796 across the Pacific to California, and thence, by way of New Spain, to France.* By John Earnshaw. (Studies in Australian and Pacific History—No. 1. Cremorne, New South Wales: Stone Copying Co., 1859. 84 pp. Limited to 300 copies.)

John Earnshaw has written a brilliant and entertaining account of Thomas Muir, the little-known "Tomas Moro" of California history, which is a model of comprehensive compactness. In the span of 84 pages he has given us the benefit of a far-reaching scholarship that has left no pertinent source unconsulted; and little can ever be added except by the discovery of the last manuscript of memoirs by Muir himself, which we know he wrote and which, when published, would have extended to "two quarto volumes." Earnshaw has so skillfully used the material he found, including that in the California Historical Society and the Bancroft Library, that Thomas Muir comes to life in his exciting historical context. If other volumes in this series—which *Thomas Muir* inaugurates—reach this high quality, they will be a distinct and welcome contribution, not only to scholarship but to the general reader as well.

Of greatest interest to most Members will be the account of Muir's visit to Monterey in July 1796, where he entered the Spanish archives under the name of "Tomas Moro." The author prints, for the first time, the full text of the eight letters Muir wrote in Monterey at the time, some of which contain comments on California, especially on the governor, Don Diego Borica and his wife. Also

illuminated are the troubles of the unfortunate commander of the *Sutil*, Don José Tobar, "an easy prey for being seduced by Muir's alertness and cunning," as Viceroy Branciforte wrote later.

But any Member who acquires a copy will be caught up in the story of Thomas Muir himself, Scottish idealist and ardent champion of political reform favoring the "Rights of Man," who was banished by the English to the penal settlement of Australia, whence he escaped with some English convicts and time-expired men on the American ship *Otter* bound across the Pacific to the Northwest Coast to trade for furs. At Nootka Muir persuaded Tobar to take him to California and New Spain, from which he hoped to reach Philadelphia. Getting as far as Havana Muir was put in jail and then sent to Spain, losing his left eye in a sea-fight with the English on the way. At last he made his way to France, where he was received by the Revolutionists with accolades, but he soon drifted into obscurity, dying in a Paris suburb in 1799. There is now no trace of Muir's grave. It and his lost manuscript would have been his true monuments, but John Earnshaw has erected a fitting memorial tablet in this study.

The book is a quarto in size, multilithed, and bound in printed paper wrappers. There are seven appendices (on the *Otter*, the English convicts in Tonga, the English convicts in Monterey and New Spain, among others), but no index. The illustrations include a reproduction of the portrait of Captain Ebenezer Dorr of the *Otter* from the collection of the California Historical Society.

JOHN SWINGLE

*The Overland Diary of James A. Pritchard from Kentucky to California in 1849.* Edited by Dale L. Morgan. (Denver, The Old West Publishing Company, 1959. 221 pp. \$15.00.)

Once in awhile—amid the welter and confusion of new books—one comes along which is emphatically worth having and consulting. For three reasons this is such a book. First, because the overland diary of James A. Pritchard is a fascinating account of an 1849 journey to California, with the expert annotation of Dale Morgan and with the interesting and informative story of Pritchard by a grandnephew of the diarist. Second, by reason of Morgan's introduction and critique of 1849 diaries, together with the immense chart (in a pocket of the back cover of the book) on which is traced the emigration of 1849 over the South Pass route, and the dates on which no less than 162 diarists passed (all or some) eighty important spots along the trail. And third, because there are here reproduced the maps which J. Goldsborough Bruff made of the South Pass Route in 1849, with a red line tracing overlaid showing the Pritchard trek. All in all, the result is a collection of riches sufficient to render this book a veritable milestone among accounts of the Gold Rush trail.

Pritchard, who took this central road to the gold fields, had few exciting experiences or hardships on his way west. He handled the direction of the mule-train of which he was elected Captain in a capable manner and though the train

broke up (leaving not one of the original company with him when the diggings were reached) others took the places of the dissenters and the train moved along smoothly. The superiority of mules over oxen was well shown by the fact that at least the leader of the company had passed the majority of the emigration of 1849 by the time the first mines were sighted, despite his rather late start. The diary entries are not mere skeleton accounts but were filled in so that the final journal represents a finished narrative. Except for a concluding entry the diary, as such, ends with Pritchard's arrival at Coloma.

Moreover, the vast amount of pertinent information which is included in Mr. Morgan's account of the diaries of 1849 and his impressive chart is such that collectors and all those interested in the emigration of that year can ill afford to be without this book. Though the diary of James Pritchard is quite irrelevant to this mass of information—and *vice versa*—it serves as an introduction. It is to be hoped that the data on the journey as a whole may be accorded separate publication, perhaps with similar information on other routes and years. This will be a Herculean task, but a splendid beginning has been made. At any rate I commend the notion to Mr. Morgan and to Fred A. Rosenstock (who is the Old West Publishing Company). It will, of course be largely a labor of love, for who could suppose the staggering amount of work to be remunerative.

The book has been appropriately designed and printed by Lawton Kennedy, who is well known to all who read the publications of this Society. It will doubtless become known as Morgan's Pritchard. As such it will be read by those interested in the great Gold Rush, and to those whose interests go beyond mere desultory reading it will serve as an invaluable guide to a certain phase of Gold Rush literature. Mr. Morgan is to be commended for having by his chart and listing given new form and order to the 1849 emigration by the way of South Pass. Many will anxiously await the assistance called for by this enticing beginning.

CARL I. WHEAT

# Book of Remembrance

Established in 1945

On view in the Society's library is a finely bound "Book of Remembrance," recording the names of persons in whose memory contributions have been made to the Library Fund. Below are names that have been inscribed for 1958 and 1959.

## 1958

Alice Mayhew Allen  
J. Frederick Ast  
Geraldine Bliss Brook  
Twohy Brusstar  
Olga Bujannoff  
Edwin H. Carpenter, Sr.  
Allen Lawrence Chickering  
Henry C. Compton  
Oscar Cooper  
Arthur E. Corder  
Henry J. Crocker  
R. Stanley Dollar  
Henry B. Dyson  
E. S. Egbert  
Dana L. Fuller  
Emma Gordon Hare  
Beulah Lanyon Hostetter  
Charles Curtiss Judson  
Susan A. Judson  
Alice Swain Kelly  
Catherine R. Kendall

Douglas McGlashan Kelley, M.D.  
Charles Lux  
Miranda W. Lux  
Andrew C. McLaughlin  
Janet Watt Miller  
Tulita Wilcox Miner  
Mildred Knox Moore  
Donald William Page  
Olive Holbrook Palmer  
Laura Doe Pettigrew  
Mary L. Raggio  
Freda Ortmann Shumate  
Howard Dunbar Smith  
Frank Alton Somers  
Judson Somers  
Elisabeth Wade Stadtmuller  
Elizabeth Henry Stephenson  
Edward Herbert Towler  
Edith Lynn Walker  
Willard Forsythe Williamson  
Ella Sherburn Yoeck

## 1959

Richard O. Bliss  
Jesse Washington Carter  
Henria P. Compton  
Elie Dalmon  
Fay Lanphier Daniels  
Leslie Van Ness Denman  
Maude McKay Evans  
John Debo Galloway  
J. Duncan Gleason  
Daisy Howard  
Haidee Grau Keesling  
W. D. Kleinpell  
Charles F. Lambert

Mary Josephine Lauppe  
Ivy Lee, III  
Tulita Wilcox Miner  
Eugenie S. Neppert  
Martha Hutchinson Ransome  
Edward Gunther Schmiedell  
Harold M. Smith  
Mary Swain Stabler  
Alice Clay Stephenson  
Anna Louise Green Turner  
Emma Avaline Turner  
Gustavus James Turner  
Gustavus Samuel Turner  
Caroline Wenzel



# In Memoriam

MRS. EDWARD L. DOHENY

With the passing of Mrs. Edward L. Doheny on October 30, 1958, California lost a distinguished citizen and the Society a valued member. Born Carrie Estelle Betzold in Philadelphia on August 2, 1875, Mrs. Doheny spent her early childhood in Marshalltown, Iowa, and came with her family to Los Angeles about 1890. There, in 1900, she married Edward L. Doheny, already well known as the man who discovered oil in Los Angeles. A year or so after their marriage the Dohenys purchased Chester Place, a park-like estate near the corner of Adams Boulevard and Figueroa Street. Although they continued to acquire property and eventually maintained six large ranches in different parts of the state, they always thought of Eight Chester Place as home. They remodelled and enlarged the original house and built an enormous glass house to take care of the rare palms and cycads which Mr. Doheny brought up from Mexico, as well as Mrs. Doheny's collection of some eight thousand orchid plants.

As Mr. Doheny extended his oil operations in California, and later in Mexico, Mrs. Doheny shared his life to the full and was a tower of strength to him in all his strenuous activities. Both were devout Catholics and they worked with the late Archbishop Cantwell on many large-scale building projects for the archdiocese, the most important being St. Vincent's Church, dedicated in 1927. In 1932 the Dohenys gave the E. L. Doheny, Jr., Memorial Library in the University of Southern California in memory of their son.

The crowded years of work and travel ended in 1930 when Mr. Doheny's health began to fail. It was then, as they settled down to a life of retirement in Chester Place, that Mrs. Doheny turned to book-collecting—a pleasant hobby which she could pursue at home and share with her husband. With characteristic energy and enthusiasm she set about acquiring all of the Merle Johnson "High Spots" and later the English novels on A. Edward Newton's list. After Mr. Doheny's death in 1935 Mrs. Doheny enlarged her collecting activities, expanding into new fields with illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, and rare Bibles. She took a keen delight in acquiring all the fore-edge paintings that came her way and one day discovered that she possessed what was probably the large number in any collection—about 700.

By 1940 Mrs. Doheny had in her Chester Place home a collection of some five thousand volumes and was beginning to think in terms of their future preservation. At that time Archbishop Cantwell was building St. John's Seminary, a major seminary in which young men would be trained for the priesthood in the Los Angeles archdiocese. The seminary was located at Camarillo, about fifty miles north of Los Angeles on a part of the historic Camarillo ranch. Mrs. Doheny engaged Mr. Wallace Neff as her architect and together they planned and built the Edward L. Doheny Memorial Library adjacent to the main sem-

inary building. The first floor and stacks housed the working library of the seminary, the second floor was Mrs. Doheny's. Here she installed her books and manuscripts, her paintings and period furniture, and various small personal collections such as antique glass paperweights, jades and fans. She planned the rooms and placed everything herself. It was a labor of love, a tribute to her husband and to her Faith.

Other large building projects followed—the Estelle Doheny Hospital attached to St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles; the new Los Angeles Orphanage; St. Vincent's Seminary in Montebello. The Estelle Doheny Eye Foundation was established in 1947 to further research into the causes and cure of diseases of the eye, in the hope that those who, like Mrs. Doheny herself, were stricken with glaucoma, might be helped. But with all these great benefactions, there was none which gave Mrs. Doheny greater pleasure than her library which she always called "my little jewel."

After the library was built and her collection safely disposed in it, Mrs. Doheny continued to buy. Many of her most notable purchases were made in her later years—the first volume of the Gutenberg Bible in 1950; a magnificent copy on vellum of the 1462 Bible; the *Biblia Pauperum*, a complete block-book in superb condition; the Button Gwinnett document which rounded out her autographs of Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and many more. Her collection is not large—some 7000 volumes—but it is feminine and personal. Mrs. Doheny never bought *en bloc* but found her greatest pleasure in selecting those books which appealed to her love of beauty, her delight in a colorful miniature, a richly decorated binding, a noble folio of the fifteenth century. Many scholars have made use of the collection, a three-volume catalogue has been published, and visitors are warmly welcomed.

Behind all the building and the giving—the well-known public benefactions and the personal charities which touched the lives of hundreds—was a woman of vivid personality and irresistible charm. Endowed with buoyant vitality, Mrs. Doheny also had a quick mind, a strong grasp of practical affairs and an executive ability that made her an invaluable helpmeet to her husband. She had a deep sense of responsibility toward her wealth which she regarded as a trust from God to be used in furthering His work on earth. In this spirit of service to God and her fellow-man she strove always to do what she believed was His will. Her life and her works are part of the history of the California she loved. But those who had the privilege of knowing her will cherish the memory of a vital, magnetic woman whose sparkling brown eyes and radiant smile were the outward expression of a warm and generous heart.

LUCILLE V. MILLER

## CHARLES F. LAMBERT

Charles F. Lambert, long-time Willows resident, and one of California's outstanding water and irrigation authorities, died February 20, 1959. Mr. Lambert was born July 28, 1887, in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. His family moved to the Willows area in 1907. In November of that year Mr. Lambert became surveyor and engineer for the Central Canal and Irrigation Co., and with this experience he "decided to drive his stake in the Sacramento Valley."

After World War I, with the phenomenal demand created for rice, he began organizing and refinancing the irrigation districts. The rice bubble burst and he turned to land speculation and other types of promotional work.

In the early 20's as the agricultural depression deepened, landowners in the Willows area began to lose their lands to the public districts they had created, and the districts sank farther and farther into default. Mr. Lambert turned his attention to the financial salvation of the districts—settling conflicting titles on delinquent lands, reducing bonded interest and principal, getting bonds from obstinate bondholders, obtaining money from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, reselling land to its former owners and rehabilitating misused lands. During this period Mr. Lambert began acquiring title to lands. The districts couldn't sell the lands; nobody would buy and he was compelled to take over the land in lieu of fees. Mr. Lambert believed that the major factor in land speculation was not available money but "vision, optimism and the intestinal fortitude to make investment. The time to buy land is when no one wants it."

In recent years Mr. Lambert had acted, without fee, as a consultant for various irrigation districts and associations in the Willows region. In 1956 he spearheaded formation of the Upper Sacramento Water Users Association. The purpose of the organization is to stipulate water rights with the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation. He also headed a move as ex-officio consultant, for four or five irrigation districts in the Willows area to combine with Glenn-Colusa as the only economic thing to do.

He had clearly expressed his stand on water rights in the following words: "There can be in the end only one answer to the water-right problem on the river. That answer is more than water. The struggle now is the sharing of the free or natural flow of the river."

Mr. Lambert was greatly interested in the conservation of natural resources and the history of California. He was full of humor, a frank partisan, a man who could be an enthusiastic friend or an outspoken enemy.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Rebecca Porkitt Lambert, daughter of a pioneer Willows family; a son, Peter G. Lambert; a brother, Gordon Lambert of Orland; a sister, Mrs. Felix Henghold of Santa Barbara; a grandson and numerous nephews and nieces.

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DONALD E. HARGIS, the editor of *Western Speech*, the research journal of the Western Speech Association, was born in Minnesota and did his undergraduate work at the University of California, Berkeley; received his M.A. degree at the University of Minnesota, and his Ph.D. degree at the University of Michigan. He is presently serving as an Associate Professor of Speech at the University of California, Los Angeles. His particular research interest is public speaking in California from 1849 to 1860, and the history of elocution in the United States from 1800 to 1900.

A. LINCOLN, who holds M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of California, is Associate Professor of History at the University of San Francisco. His field of special interest is the Progressive Era. He has been a contributor to the *Pacific Historical Review* and the *Historical Bulletin*. In 1951 the *Quarterly* published his article "The San Francisco Bay Area Press Views Russian Aggression in the Far East, 1903-05."

HENRY TOD LILIENCRANTZ was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1871. He came to California with his parents in 1874 to settle in Oakland where his father, a physician and surgeon, practiced medicine for fifty years. His boyhood was spent in that city, including studying at the University of California. But the call of the land was too strong and he became a rancher, raising cattle and horses. In the pursuit of this business he has traveled the length and breadth of the state and operated, owned, or leased ranches in Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, and San Benito Counties. He has now retired from the active cattle business and resides in San Juan Bautista, San Benito County. His interest in the history of California, especially the Spanish-Mexican period, began as a boy when he made friends with Don Vicente Castro and his family, pioneers of that era.

DR. ELMO R. RICHARDSON, who has been on the staff of the Department of History, University of Kansas, since 1957, is a graduate of the University of Illinois and

received his Ph.D. in history at the University of California, Los Angeles, in 1958. He is at present engaged in a comprehensive study of the politics of conservation in the West during the Roosevelt and Taft period.

GRACE TOMPKINS SARGENT is a native Californian and a graduate of Stanford who received her M.A. at the University of California, Berkeley. Her home is in San Diego, but at present she is living in England with her husband, oceanographer Marston Cleaves Sargent, who is associated with the American Embassy. Mrs. Sargent and her family expect to return to southern California in the fall of 1960.

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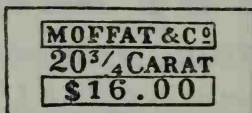
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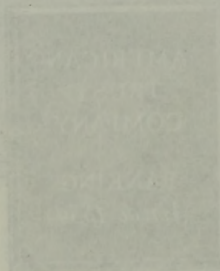
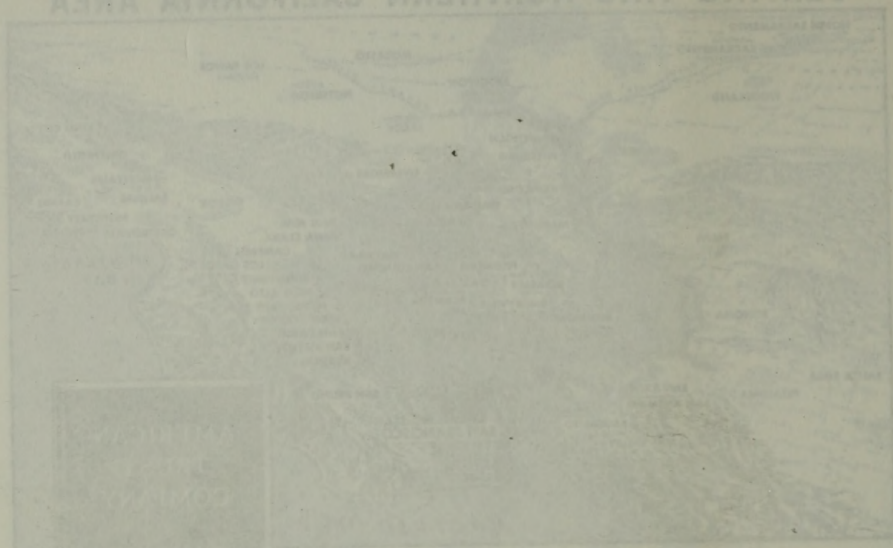
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: December 1959

# California Historical Society Quarterly

DONALD C. BIGGS, *Director and Editor*

WILLIAM W. WHITNEY, *Assistant Editor*

MAUDE K. SWINGLE, *Editorial Assistant*

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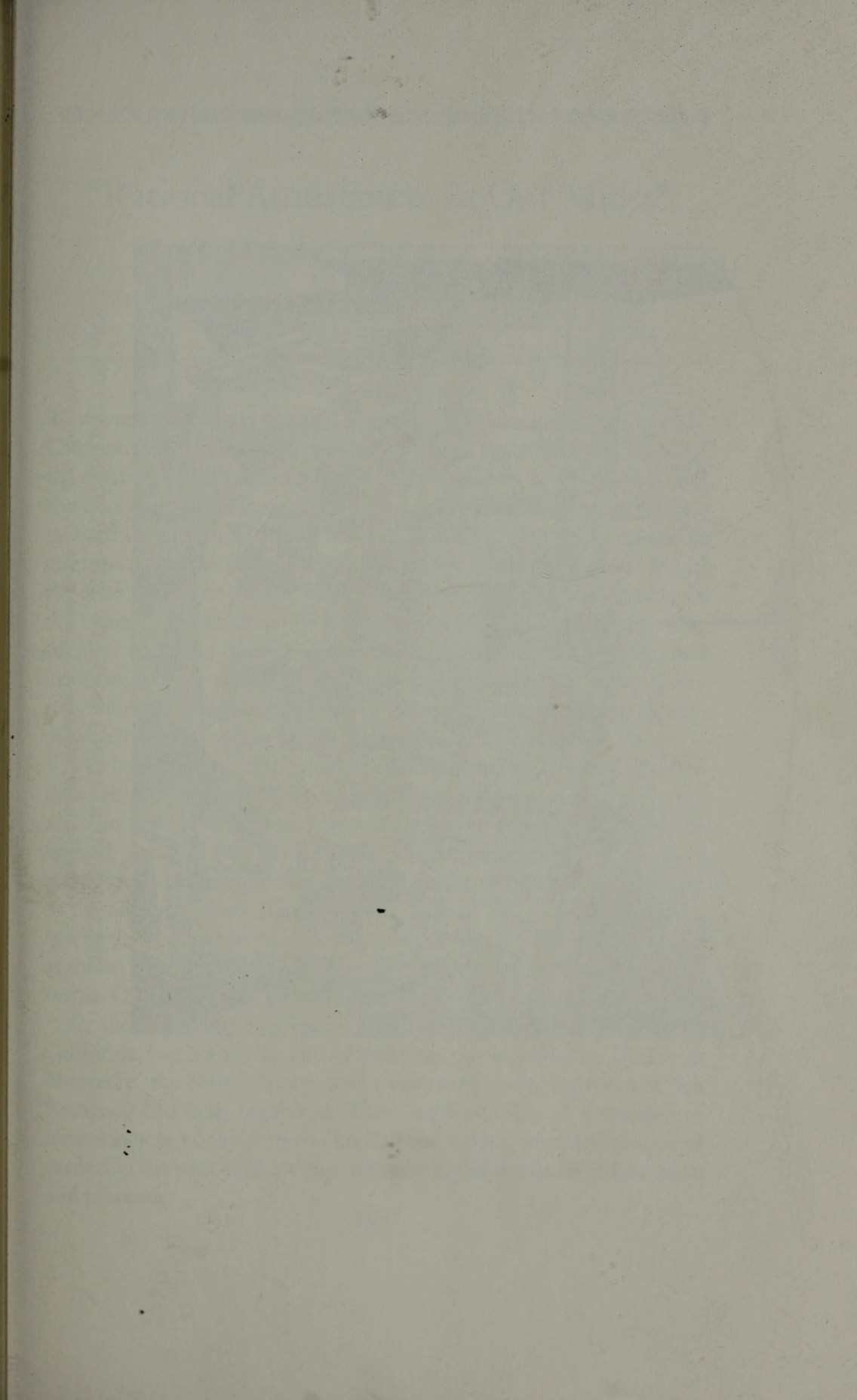
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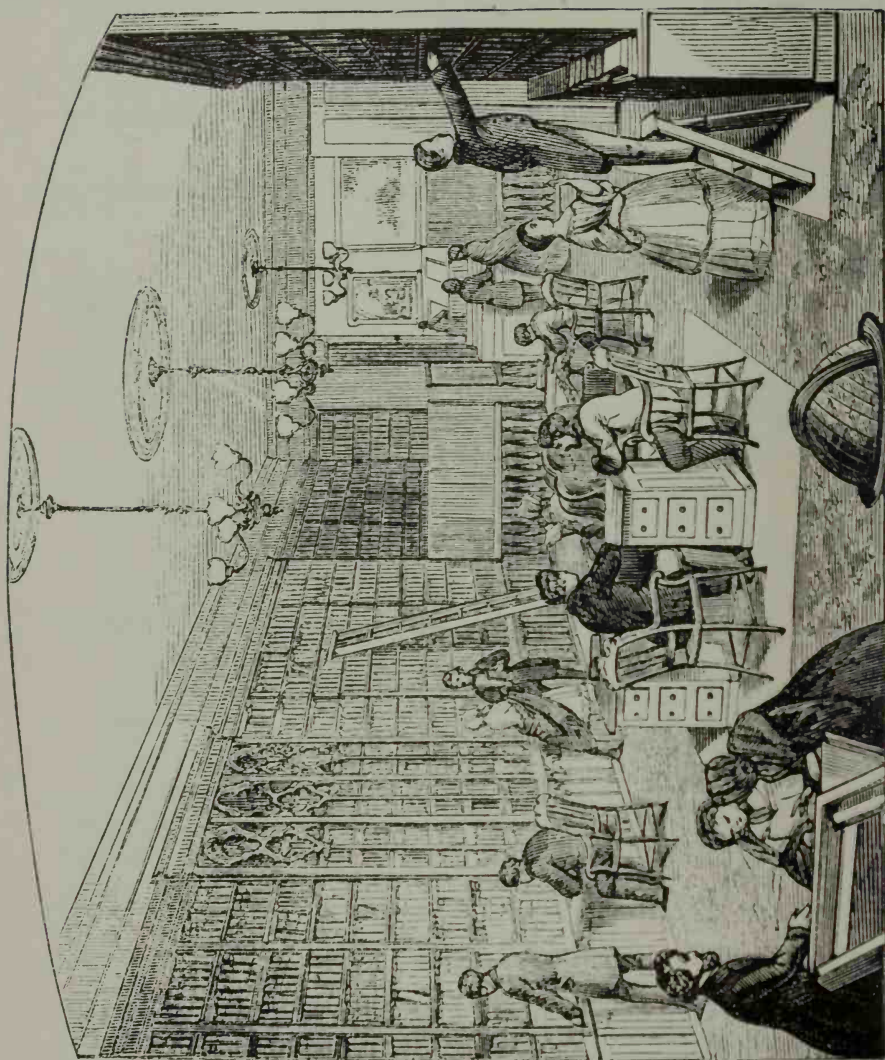
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LIBRARY AND READING ROOM OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY  
*From HUTCHING'S MAGAZINE, Volume 4, No. 11, p. 491, May 1860.*

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## “Rational Amusement in Our Midst”

*Public Libraries in California, 1849-1859*

By HUGH S. BAKER

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THE STORY OF THE LIVELY and entertaining cultural activities in early California has been narrated in histories and romances—the story of the theaters, of the beginnings of literary activities, of the schools, and the churches. But except for a few passing remarks, historians have ignored the fact that lending libraries in several cities and settlements contributed to the formation of the rich social and intellectual life of the state during its earliest years.<sup>1</sup> Nor have the historians considered the types of books these libraries contained. These steadily growing supplies of books of high quality were read for entertainment and information, and were deeply appreciated by readers in general; also they must have been highly useful for embryo writers. These libraries provided a solid foundation for the cultural life of the state.

The beginning of intellectual life in California arose with the establishment of the missions, where first the missals and later theological and also some scientific works were preserved for the benefit of the learned padres. These libraries were not public institutions, but they served the essential functions of housing ideas and of giving inspiration to the mission fathers. The library at Mission San Carlo Borromeo is one of the best preserved collections in the northern part of the state,<sup>2</sup> as that at Mission Santa Barbara is the best preserved in Southern California. Originally each mission had a library, even though a small one.

At the beginning of 1849 no lending or club libraries existed in California, but before the end of that year one subscription library at Monterey, the State Library, and a commercial reading room at San Francisco had been organized. These were the first of a number of institutions in addition to the bookstores<sup>3</sup> which provided groups of readers in the state with an important supply of books for information and pleasure.

The libraries' most important single attraction to members was the provision of reading matter at little expense. At this time almost all of the lending libraries in the United States were supported by stockholders and subscribing members (called association, mercantile, or mechanics' libraries), or were owned by clubs and fraternal organizations. A third type—the free public library—was virtually unknown before 1850. The first public library in the United States, at Peterborough, New Hampshire, dates from 1833; the second, at Boston, from 1854.<sup>4</sup> By the end of 1859 these three chief types (as well as a State Library, commercial reading rooms, and a library for guests in a hotel) were represented in California.

A second important purpose of libraries in the state was to provide a gathering place for young men. The constitution of the Monterey Library Association, adopted in 1849, pointedly stated the idea thus:

The design of this Association is through a Library and Reading Room, to afford amusement, entertainment, and profit to a large class who, without its aid, would waste their time in the frivolities and questionable pastimes so prevalent in our State.<sup>5</sup>

These were fitting purposes for initiating a library in a town which had neither clubs nor a theater. In Sacramento the purposes of a projected library were similar: "There has long been a lack of places of rational amusement in our midst, and this together with our theatres, bids fair to supply the want we have felt so long."<sup>6</sup> After a fire in San Francisco in which two club buildings and theaters had been burned, *The Alta California* printed an editorial which forcefully expressed a variation of this idea; having asserted that the city needed "... a place for the intellectual enjoyment of the bachelor inhabitants," the editor continued:

... we should wish to see a good Public Library and Reading Room in this city ... where little coteries of congenial spirits might meet and enjoy the luxury of rational *conversaziones*, of changing thoughts and ideas with each other in a free and easy style, and thereby creating an incentive to reading, reflection, and sober habits of life.<sup>7</sup>

Later *The Alta* flatly declared that libraries were useful "... as a means of improving society and of teaching social ideas so that laws will not have to be so stringent."<sup>8</sup> In the light of this comment it is important to observe that the first attempt (although an unsuccessful one) to found a library in San Francisco was the final effort of the Vigilance Committee of 1851.



Fittingly enough, the first public library was founded at Monterey,<sup>9</sup> which for so many years had been the seat of the Spanish government, the capital of Alta California under the Mexican Republic, and the seat of the first government after California passed into the hands of the United States. Late in 1849 the Rev. Samuel Hopkins Willey, a Presbyterian clergyman, and the Rev. Joseph A. Benton, a Congregational clergyman, thought of a library as a part of their missionary efforts.<sup>10</sup> Following the traditions of the Atlantic seaboard and the Middle West, they founded an association library of high standards; it established a pattern in the state for the present system of public (now free) libraries. So that this library would benefit as many young readers as possible, the fees were nominal—one dollar a month or eight dollars a year.<sup>11</sup> The printed catalogue of 1854 listed books of literature (including poetry, essays and fiction), history, biography, travel, science, and theology.<sup>12</sup> The books listed in this catalogue included works by Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Burns, Macaulay, Parkman, and other classic and contemporary authors. There was also in the collection a special section of books in Spanish, including works in Spanish translation by such authors as Scott, Defoe, Cooper, Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, Hugo, Dumas and Eugene Sue. Such entertaining books must have appealed to many of the Spanish speaking people still living in Monterey. In 1859 the collection numbered 2,500 volumes,<sup>13</sup> a goodly beginning for a cultural tradition for the Golden State.

In 1849 in San Francisco the reading room of the Merchants' Exchange<sup>14</sup> had been opened for those men who wished to read Eastern and European newspapers, at a charge of \$5 per month, \$2 per week or 75c per day.<sup>15</sup> In the next few years several other reading rooms supplied current periodicals at various daily or monthly rates<sup>16</sup> to the men who were hungry for news from their home towns or who wished to read editorials or articles by such luminaries of the newspaper world as Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Henry Raymond, or Samuel Bowles. The patrons of these reading rooms could also find therein magazines published in America, England, or France. Few of these reading rooms survived as late as 1853 or '54.

The second public library to be founded in California, also situated in Monterey, was the State Library. In its earliest days it was neither



a lending nor a public library; rather it was primarily for the use of legislators and executives. Yet it eventually grew into a great public institution which today serves readers in every section of the state through its loans to county libraries. Before California was admitted into the Union, this library was born on December 24, 1849, with a gift of five books to the Senate.<sup>17</sup> Three weeks later, John Bidwell presented to the Senate on behalf of John C. Frémont one hundred volumes, including Frémont's *Exploring Expedition*, George Kendall's *Santa Fe Expedition*, *Don Quixote* (in Spanish), Macaulay's *Miscellanies*, Herschell's *Astronomy*, and several legal texts.<sup>18</sup> During the next few years the expansion of the library was slow, because the legislature did not support it adequately. Most of the additions were legal texts,<sup>19</sup> but by 1855, when a catalogue was published, the library had added to its collection two sets of standard and popular works—Harper's Family Library and Harper's New Miscellany.<sup>20</sup> In the following ten years, after which another catalogue was printed,<sup>21</sup> the library purchased many literary, historical, and biographical works for general reading, because the legislature and the librarian had finally determined to collect a complete and well-rounded selection of books for public use. Interest in works concerning the Orient is indicated by such books as W. S. Williams' *The Middle Kingdom*, J. F. Davis' *The History of China*, G. W. Cook's *China*, E. Upham's *The History of Buddhism*, five works describing Mohammad and Islam, and numerous other books on the Near and Far East.

In August of 1850 a group of business men in Sacramento founded the second association library in the state.<sup>22</sup> After Squire P. Dewey, formerly a member of the New York Mercantile Library, had presented 320 volumes of English and American literary works to the association, it opened its doors on August 6, 1850, to members, but shortly became little more than a periodical reading room;<sup>23</sup> members drifted away from the city, and a dispute arose concerning the librarian and also whether the library should be opened on Sundays.<sup>24</sup> These difficulties were cut short by the fire of 1852, which consumed the books and silenced the arguments.<sup>25</sup>

During 1850 and 1851 two organizations in San Francisco—the New England Society,<sup>26</sup> and the San Francisco Verein<sup>27</sup>—supplied their

members with books, but these collections were not open to the general public even at a fee.

The years between 1851 and 1855 were auspicious ones for the growth of public libraries in both San Francisco and the state. The first excitement of the gold rush had become history, people were determining to make California their permanent home, and therefore they wished to reproduce the familiar institutions of their Eastern homes on the Pacific Coast. As churches and schools took their rightful place in society, as women began to make homes for the former Argonauts, as the theater provided places of amusement to rival the gambling houses, so libraries seemed a necessity for a regulated, cultivated and cultured life.

In 1851 the lack of an adequate reading place for the general public in San Francisco was obvious. The story of its first lending library strikingly illustrated the devotion to an ideal of civilization and intellectual breadth held by certain members of the first Vigilance Committee, whose activities gave California a part of its wild reputation in the Eastern states and Europe. Shortly after the fire of May 4, 1851, *The Alta California* printed impassioned editorials on the need for an association library in San Francisco.<sup>28</sup> By October 4 some members of the Vigilance Committee determined to take the *Alta's* recommendations seriously, but they planned a library exclusively for their members.<sup>29</sup> By that date Selim E. Woodworth (son of Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket") had donated a few books to the embryo library. But *The Alta* objected to the exclusive character of this projected library, even though other men promised donations, and stated that the association should be "... cut off so soon as it had drawn sufficient sustenance from ..."<sup>30</sup> the Vigilance Committee. The organizers chose "The California Institute" as their name, elected directors and rented rooms on Pine Street.<sup>31</sup> Possibly the influence of the Vigilance Committee was still too strong for the library to become a general one; anyway the records of 1852 for this institution were silent until the end of the year.<sup>32</sup>

The next year interest in a library revived without the cloud of the Vigilance Committee obscuring the sunlight of culture. However, several members of the defunct Vigilance Committee were leaders in

the organization. Col. Joseph B. Crockett (who later became Chief Justice of the State) was elected as their chairman; they collected \$4,500 and promises of \$3,000 more in subscriptions, and selected the name Mercantile Library.<sup>33</sup> Idealism as well as practical considerations marked the inception of the library, for twenty meritorious young men were to be admitted to free membership from time to time. The directors purchased General Ethan Allen Hitchcock's private library of 1,500 volumes (the largest and best private collection on the coast at that time) and with a fanfare of trumpeting speeches opened the rooms to the public on March 1, 1853.<sup>34</sup> Thus these enterprising men accomplished their purpose in short order, once the difficulties of the former two years had faded away.

Professional and business men of means supported this library, but a committee of members appealed several times to mechanics (working youths who could not afford life membership or stock) to join. One of the appeals for membership illustrates the manner of thinking about a public subscription library at that time in San Francisco:

The Association is called mercantile and in some cities that would be as much as to say — We do not want any mechanics; but no such sentiments prevail in San Francisco. The mercantile profession is not the most honorable, but only the most extensive in San Francisco. We are all merchants, and this association is open upon the same terms for mechanics, lawyers, doctors as for traders. The wealthy men of San Francisco have done but little for this institution as yet; the number of life members is small, and of stockholders and subscribing members not large.<sup>35</sup> Neither working men nor wealthy men responded very cordially to such appeals, but the library had no serious difficulties although it tended to become exclusive in character.

From 1854 through 1859 the Mercantile Library served its members well by purchasing new books regularly—often current fiction to satisfy the tastes of the members but to the scandal of a few serious-minded individuals.<sup>36</sup> Horace Davis of Massachusetts, later president of the University of California and one of the first trustees of Stanford University, was the most distinguished librarian of those early years. David S. Turner, a merchant, was the first president. Such distinguished persons as Bishop William Ingraham Kip, John S. Hittell, and Ferdinand C. Ewer donated books to the collection, which by the beginning of 1854, when a catalogue was printed,<sup>37</sup> totalled some 3,000 volumes, among them works on religion, law, government, commerce, science,



philosophy, the arts, history, biography, travel, and literature. To encourage reading of serious and reflective works, the library annually offered a course of lectures on literary, historical, and current subjects. These included "Trade and Letters" by the Rev. William A. Scott (later published as a volume),<sup>38</sup> and "American Civilization" and Books" by Col. E. D. Baker. Other titles by various speakers were "Japan," "The Pacific Ocean," "Ancient Babylon," and "Chemistry."

It is extremely important to observe, in considering the interest Californians developed in the Orient early in the 1850's, that this collection of books included Hindu and Chinese works, or histories and travels describing India and China. For instance, one could borrow *The Four Books*, *The Institutes of Hindu Law by Manu*, *The History of British India*, *The Mahawanso* (Buddhist Literature), Pococke's *India in Greece*, J. Ward's *History of the Hindoos*, J. Webb's *Antiquity of China*, W. Winterbotham's *The Chinese Empire*, and S. W. Williams' *The Middle Kingdom*. John S. Hittell read such books, according to the copious footnotes in *The Evidences Against Christianity*.

A second catalogue was published in 1861.<sup>39</sup> It indicates that those who wished could read the important literary works published between 1840 and that date, as well as older standard works. Among books of contemporary British and American poetry, the library owned Robert Browning's *Poems* and his *Men and Women*; Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Aurora Leigh*; Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, and *The Idylls of the King*; Longfellow's *The Song of Hiawatha* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*; Holmes' *Poems*; Lowell's *The Biglow Papers*; Poe's *Poems*, and even the first edition of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. This latter title indicates how "advanced" the taste of the librarian must have been, if not that of the members. The current British and American fiction included such books as *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, and all other novels by Dickens; *Pendennis* and all other works by Thackeray; novels by George Eliot, Charlotte and Anne Bronte, Bulwer-Lytton, Mrs. Gaskell, Anthony Trollope, Nathaniel Hawthorne, most of Melville, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others, some of whom we have fortunately forgotten today. Again, we notice how "advanced" the taste of Californians could be for that day since they were able to borrow novels by Eliot, Melville, and Hawthorne—the novelists who were creating a new literary tradition. The library



owned essays by such writers as Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, and Thoreau; biographies and autobiographies by Irving, Lockhart, George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, Thomas Benton, Walter Colton, J. D. Borthwick, and Joseph Baldwin; works of travel by Bayard Taylor, William Cullen Bryant, John Stephens, Lamartine, and J. Ross Browne; and works of history by such men as Motley, Parkman, Grote, Thiers, Guizot, and the perennial Abbott brothers. There was a fine collection of books pertaining to California and the Pacific Coast so that members could read about their own part of the United States. By 1860 the library, which became a model for others in the state, contained 11,591 volumes.

Approximately one-half of the members' reading consisted of fiction, but the other half of the circulation accounted for "good, solid" works. The taste of the readers interested not only the directors but the public press. For instance, *The Pioneer*, in November of 1854, after summarizing the circulation figures for the past six months, opined:

Who would suppose, that, in this mad California life, Biography and History, and Science, and Criticism, would have a single victory? Who would suppose that books of poetry would attract the serious attention of one single adventurer hither? Yet such is certainly the fact. The increase above shown in the number of books taken out from the different departments of the library, is not spasmodic; it has been regular through the months we have not given, and is therefore legitimate. The subscribing members of the Society are mostly clerks and mechanics. The proportion of shareholders to subscribing members is more than two to one, and it may *not* be an uninteresting fact to know, that in proportion to their members, the library is used far more by the subscribing members than it is by the shareholders.

A somewhat different opinion was expressed by *The Bulletin* on September 15, 1858, when reporting on the circulation figures for August; the editor rebuked members for their poor reading tastes because 839 works of fiction had been borrowed, "... whose perusal, if it does no harm, certainly does but little good." He noted that works of travel and biography ranked second, and that other subjects accounted for small circulation figures. He objected that "... young men, who compose so large a proportion of the subscribing members of the Mercantile Library, should confine their reading exclusively to works of an uninstrusive and useless character." The editor stressed

the usefulness of works of travel, history, and science; men should not read to pass time and kill hours; and he concluded thus:

We must read to keep pace with the intellectual march of the world . . . Our distinguished jurists, physicians, theologians, geologists, engineers, etc. . . . chose a different path [from fiction reading] and achieved a different fate [from that of frittering away their time].

Nevertheless, the circulation figures do demonstrate that about half of the reading matter was of a serious nature.

The successful initiation of the Mercantile Library in the spring of 1853 inspired other groups of people to imitate this venture, since various people wanted to read but felt unwanted at this association library. Between 1853 and 1856, eleven additional libraries were organized in San Francisco not only to supply reading matter but also to offer lectures based on books. By 1856, when the population numbered about 50,000, there were at least fifteen libraries contributing to the cultural life of the city; of these five may be considered "public libraries," for they were open to all readers on easy terms. The greatest significance of these libraries lies in the fact that they not only supplied books but also club rooms and educational lectures to their members. Most of these libraries continued to serve their members as late as the close of the 1850's, thus contributing to the beginning of the cultural life of San Francisco.

In July of 1853 some Negroes (who obviously had been excluded from the Mercantile Library) instituted a collection for their fellow Negroes.<sup>40</sup> These Negro leaders had come to California largely from the Northern Atlantic States, the West Indies, and the Barbadoes, where a number of them had received excellent schooling.<sup>41</sup> Loving classical nomenclature, they called their association the Athenaeum, appealed for books and donations, and finally on September 1st opened their rooms to members with 250 volumes. Some of the books were Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Hildreth's *The History of the United States*, Ticknor's *Spanish Literature*, and the poetical works of Milton, Byron, Scott, and Tupper. In less than a year the members had built their own building, and had increased their holdings to eight hundred volumes. The later history of this association is hazy, but it was mentioned as late as 1857.<sup>42</sup> There is no record showing how extensively these books were used, but Negroes in

California today remember having heard elderly men of the former generation refer to reputable books and quote long passages from Shakespeare.<sup>43</sup> Perhaps this association never achieved the notoriety of Mammy Pleasant, but it was far more important to the people who were fighting the Dred Scott Decision and the evils of slavery.

Late in 1853 a new project was launched. This was the YMCA Library Association, which opened in 1854 with about 400 volumes, and two years later had increased to about 1,500 volumes.<sup>44</sup> Very shortly the directors, who had at first thought solely of collecting books of a standard religious character, expanded their interests and admitted members and non-members alike, thus making the rooms the only free ones for readers in San Francisco. The Rev. Albert Williams and the bookstore of Marvin and Hitchcock, among others, donated books. To encourage the reading of standard as well as religious works, the directors offered lectures on such topics as "History," "Geology and Its Relation to Scripture," "On Reading," "The Mosaic Account of Creation," and "Novels and Drama."

Just before the YMCA Library made its rooms free to all readers (though few people seem to have availed themselves of this opportunity), the Mechanics' Institute, a venture on the part of manufacturers to establish a reading room for themselves and workmen, was incorporated in April of 1855.<sup>45</sup> Like similar institutions in the Eastern States, it differed from the Mercantile Library of San Francisco, because it supplied books for the laboring class rather than for the professional class of the city. Eventually (in 1906) the two merged, to become the Mechanics'-Mercantile Library.

Stockholders owned the Mechanics' Institute and invited subscribers who were not professional men and merchants to join; as its constitution affirmed: "All members eligible to office must be mechanics and citizens of San Francisco."<sup>46</sup> During 1855 this library was not very important. Its collection of books numbered about 600 volumes by the end of that year, and it had a cash surplus of \$1,000. Slow growth of the library resulted from the financial panic in the state; nevertheless, its supporters persisted in their ideal. By holding benefit theatrical performances and a series of Mechanics' and Manufacturers' Fairs, the directors raised money with which they purchased "... works of real value."<sup>47</sup> By 1859 the collection contained 2,000 volumes, and by that

time the directors presented an annual series of lectures.<sup>48</sup> Between 1860 and 1906 the library gradually prospered more than the Mercantile Library, so that when the two merged the Mechanics' Institute became the senior member of the union even though it was the junior in point of origin. This library is still making a decided contribution to the intellectual life of San Francisco. It is most unfortunate that the fire of 1906 burned almost every volume in the two collections, but the directors immediately began to buy books again and shortly thereafter erected an imposing building on lower Post Street. Thus two of these first public libraries are still serving the reading public of the San Francisco Bay Area as they did in the 1850's.

With the belief that fraternal orders should help not only in sickness and death, but also aid in "... the intellectual improvement of members,"<sup>49</sup> some of the brothers of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows formed a library association on December 20, 1854. They were ready for borrowers on April 2, 1854, with about 1,000 volumes on the shelves, and the library was eventually open to non-members of the I.O.O.F. By 1860 this library was a rival of the Mercantile Library, for it owned about 5,000 volumes, including most of the books published concerning the Pacific Coast.<sup>50</sup> These latter books became a controversial point among readers interested in history. In *The Herald* for June 8, 1858, someone who signed himself "Antiquarian"<sup>51</sup> alleged that the I.O.O.F. Library, having no duplicates, was larger than any other in San Francisco and that its collection of books concerning California was outstanding. To prove his point he listed 131 titles on California in the library. For many years the largest proportion of additions to the collection consisted of books containing solid information rather than for light reading.

During 1854 and 1855 several other groups in San Francisco showed their cultural interests by initiating small libraries. In 1855 the Society of California Pioneers began its collections of books.<sup>52</sup> At least two of the other libraries belonged to companies (i.e. clubs) of volunteer firemen: The Sansome Hook and Ladder Company, No. 3, and the Monumental Engine Company.<sup>53</sup> The former was the more important of the two, for by January 5, 1854, James Lick, a philanthropic merchant that early in the decade, had presented it with a sumptuously furnished building which included a library on the third floor. By 1859 its read-



ing room contained 1,500 volumes. Another club library belonged to the Hebrew Young Men's Literary Association (founded in 1855);<sup>54</sup> its collection contained copies of the classics in English, Hebrew, French, and German, thus attesting to the intellectual interests of Jewish people who had come from the Eastern United States and Europe. A similar collection of books belonged to the St. Mary's Library Association (also founded in 1855). This library was proud of copies of historical and devotional books and its collection of letters by Spanish missionaries.<sup>55</sup> What a great loss it was to the state when this manuscript collection was burned in 1906! An early German visitor to San Francisco—J. J. Benjamin—in a narrative of his travels<sup>56</sup> in mentioning the St. Mary's and the Hebrew Young Men's libraries, emphasized the importance given to reading by early San Franciscans, who were reputed to be interested in nothing but money.

By early January, 1856, R. B. Woodward (later to become famous as the owner of a suburban pleasure garden) purchased books for a reading room in his temperance hotel, known as the What Cheer House.<sup>57</sup> Assuming that transients wanted a convenient supply of books, he advertised throughout the state that his hotel contained a reading room. Eventually it contained works of poetry, drama, history, biography, travel, fiction, and the classics in translation. Guests could read novels by Scott, Cooper, Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray, and Fredrika Bremer. One guest at this hotel in 1856 was the youthful Henry George, some twenty-five years before he wrote *Progress and Poverty*; in letters to his sister in Philadelphia and in his recollections, George spoke of the profit he derived from reading the standard works at the What Cheer House.<sup>58</sup>

A second collection of books for transients was the Seaman's Reading Room and Library. By 1856, visitors to it averaged fifty daily,<sup>59</sup> thus starting a tradition of reading that has borne fruit in writings such as Eric Hoffer's *The True Believer*. About 1858 or 1859 the Swedenborgian Society founded a library, consisting largely of devotional and theological works.<sup>60</sup> This library is still in existence on Lyon Street, housed in one of the late R. Bernard Maybeck's most beautiful buildings. Meanwhile in the 1850's numerous other churches in San Francisco had small Sunday School libraries, despite the fact that the

YMCA Library supplied books to Sunday School teachers. Such clubs as the Pacific Club and the Union Club also purchased books for the pleasure of their members.<sup>61</sup>

While enterprising readers in San Francisco were arranging for the mutual sharing of books, groups in at least seven places in the mining region (each with a population of from 1,000 to 2,000) clubbed together during 1854 and 1855 to purchase small, but select, collections of books. Though these libraries followed by three or four years the establishment of bookstores in large mining towns, we must not overlook their importance in the improvement of the social life of the state.<sup>62</sup> One of the oldest of these library associations was at Cold Springs, near Coloma. In May of 1854 the miners of that community purchased "... well-selected literary and scientific works."<sup>63</sup> In December of that year, "... the young men of superior minds and noble ambition" at Spanish Flat had formed the Franklin Library Association with \$500 of capital stock, thus honoring the founder of an early association library in North America.<sup>64</sup> Some of the details concerning a library at St. Louis, only four miles from Spanish Flat, were printed in *The Pacific*:

The St. Louis Library Association was organized on the 15th day of October, with a capital stock of five hundred dollars, divided into fifty shares of ten dollars each. The stock is all sold, and the Association has purchased 229 volumes as follows: 22 volumes of History, 24 Biography, 12 poetry, 18 Law and Politics, 9 Natural History, 6 Travels, 5 Theology, 17 vols., Harper's New Miscellany, Chambers' Information, Ure's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences, together with a variety of scientific and miscellaneous works.<sup>65</sup>

This precise description shows that fifty men at one small camp were interested in such a club, and selected diversified reading matter of excellent quality. We may safely assume that the libraries in the other mining camps reflected similar intellectual tastes.

A thumb-nail sketch of the library at Hawkins' Bar (near Jamestown) gives us an indication of the good reading tastes of the times among the miners. Prentice Mulford, who became an author in San Francisco in the 1860's, wrote in his autobiography:

...as early as 1854 or '55 the ... "boys" had clubbed their funds, sent down to San Francisco, and there purchased a very respectable library. It was a good, solid library, too, based on a full set of American Encyclopedias and Humboldt and Lyell, and from such and the like dispensers of heavy and nutritious mental

food, rising into the lighter desserts of poetry and novels. As late as 1858 the "boys" were in the habit of replenishing their library with the latest published scientific works, novels, and magazines.<sup>66</sup>

These books, Mulford recalled, lined two walls of the cabin of Morgan Davis, a slovenly miner. Mulford jocularly but tactfully called Davis a "literary cook," because he always read books while eating, and left greasy finger-prints on the pages.<sup>67</sup>

During 1854 and 1855 other groups of miners founded or projected similar clubs. One was at Columbia; when it burned late in 1854, it reputedly contained some 2,000 volumes,<sup>68</sup> for in those days Columbia was a city. Another library existed at nearby Shaw's Flat,<sup>69</sup> and library clubs were being planned at Mariposa<sup>70</sup> and Yreka.<sup>71</sup>

In the years between 1856 and 1859 at several mining towns readers followed the common practice of banding together to purchase books. The story of the Nevada City Library is more complete than that of libraries in other mining towns, and it is especially significant because the library is still in existence. On December 19, 1857, a group of men laid their plans for a public library association,<sup>72</sup> and shortly thereafter accepted gifts from six residents of Nevada City. Three hundred volumes were purchased in San Francisco; the fee for membership was only five dollars a year; the library was to remain open on Monday and Wednesday evenings. A few years later C. W. Mulford returned from New York with 300 volumes of standard works, by which time the collection numbered well over 1,000 volumes.<sup>73</sup> About 1865 this library was sold to the I.O.O.F., and later given to the municipality for the foundation of a free public library.<sup>74</sup> By 1858 the library at North San Juan (a few miles away) contained about 500 volumes by such authors as Scott, Cooper, Irving, Gibbon, Macaulay, Prescott, and George Bancroft. For the opportunity to borrow books, members paid dues of 50 cents a month.<sup>75</sup>

At Uniontown (now Arcata) about 1857 the Murdock family, which had recently arrived from Massachusetts, initiated a library and debating society. In his memoirs, Charles Murdock stated that his mother and the family had covered all the books so they could stand constant usage. The significance of such a library lies in the fact that Bret Harte (a close friend of the Murdocks) and other readers could secure books as easily in a small town then as readers can today. An

incident about a member, related in Murdock's memoirs, clearly associates Harte with this library:

One man of good mind, always said "hereditary." He had read French history and often referred to the *Gridironists* of France. I have an idea he was the original of the man whom Bret Harte made refer to that Greek hero as "Old Asheels."<sup>76</sup> Thus we see that unschooled men in these communities were commonly known to have been inveterate readers—an assumption which Harte ten or more years later used in certain instances.

Obed Wilson of Maine described an informal library which he and his friends supported about that time at Camp Warren, near Downieville:

We organized a reading and debating club of thirty members and sent to San Francisco for one hundred dollars' worth of books, which, with our club meetings, deer hunts, and snow shoe coasting, filled our leisure hours and made tolerable our gloomy surroundings.

Our club meetings were especially interesting, and as the debates led to much careful thought and research we derived lasting benefit from them. We discussed state politics, the Chinese question, the Kansas question, then of absorbing interest, and many other matters of general concern.<sup>77</sup>

Association libraries were organized during the 50's at Sonora,<sup>78</sup> San Andreas,<sup>79</sup> La Porte,<sup>80</sup> and Oroville.<sup>81</sup> At the latter mining community the members of the Lyceum debated one evening on the subject: "Resolved, that the reading of novels and other works of fiction, exert an evil rather than a beneficial influence." The Rev. J. W. Burton led the affirmative, and Joseph Erwin, a lawyer, defended the negative side in the debate.<sup>82</sup> In 1858 the library at Columbia was revived;<sup>83</sup> and in 1859 libraries opened in Grass Valley,<sup>84</sup> Mokelumne Hill,<sup>85</sup> Downieville,<sup>86</sup> Poverty Bar,<sup>87</sup> Angels Camp, Campo Seco, Murphys, and Shasta. The note about the library at Shasta characterizes all of these other centers of pleasure and culture: *The Pacific* declared that the

... growing book cases and well stocked reading room, make many a pleasant evening for those who would otherwise be left to the loneliness and perils of California leisure.<sup>88</sup>

As a result of the changes in the population in the mining towns all of these association libraries except the one at Nevada City fell into disuse during the 60's and 70's.

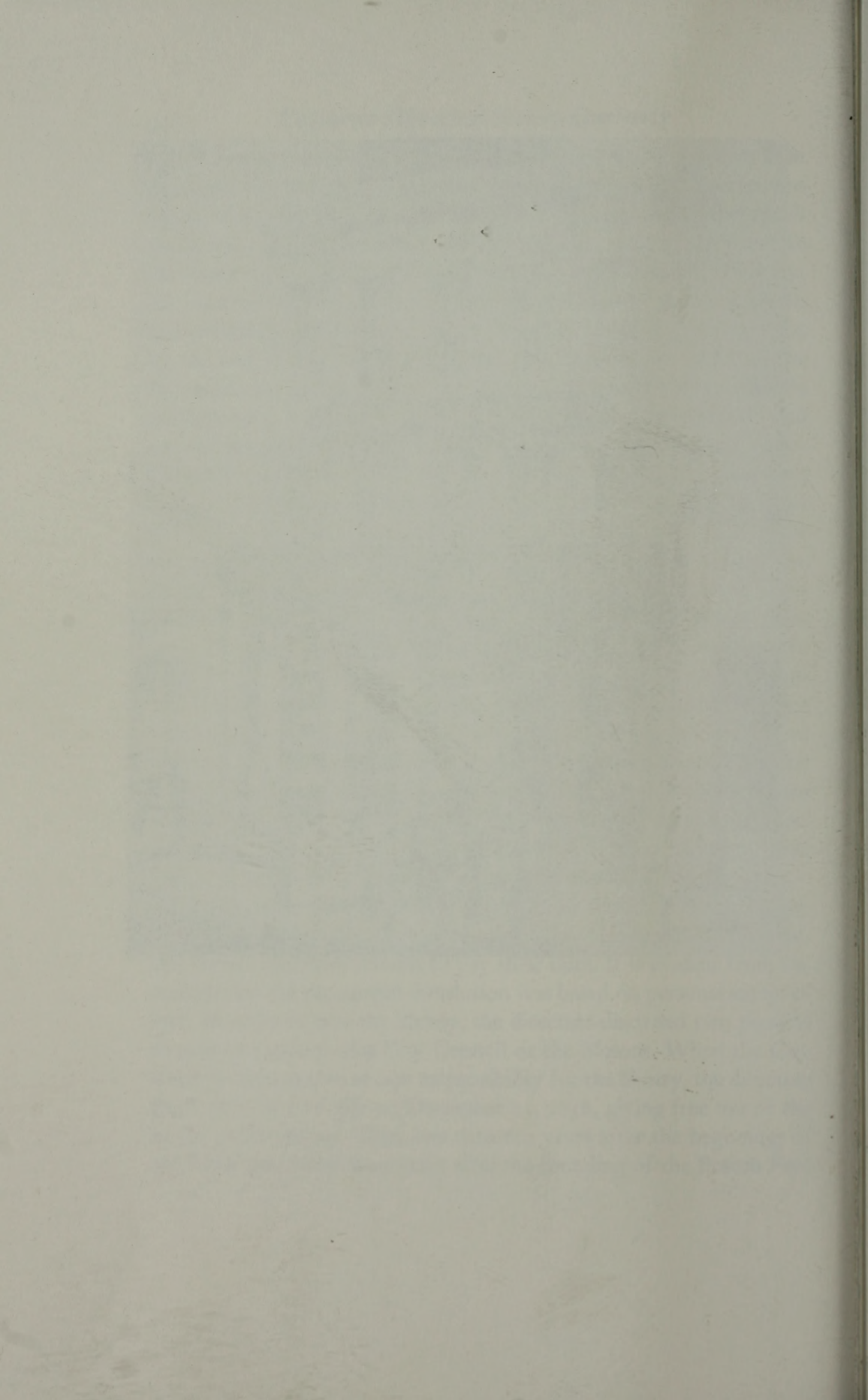
In a history of the early public libraries in California, we should pay



high honor to the residents of Marysville. The Library Association in that city was the first permanent one founded in the Sacramento Valley, and is worthy of a special tribute because during the 1850's theirs was the first free library to be supported by a municipality in the state.<sup>89</sup> Organized on February 10, 1855, as a subscription library, the directors opened its rooms after 347 volumes of standard works had arrived from New York; although donors gave 134 more volumes, by the end of the year the directors closed the rooms and sold the furniture since many subscribers did not fulfill their pledges. But in the following February the library association was reorganized, and one resident of Marysville offered his services gratis to help the association. Bishop William I. Kip, Frank Soulé (editor of *The California Chronicle*), and others delivered lectures, and S. Hastings Grant, of the New York Mercantile Library, selected books at the request of the directors. A few of the gifts that year included Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, Irving's *The Life of Columbus* and his *The Life of Mahomet*, de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, Marryat's *Diary in America*, Benton's *The California Pilgrim*, Daniel Wood's *Sixteen Months in the Gold Diggins*, and Joseph G. Baldwin's *The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi* and his *Party Leaders*, the latter two works having been written by a former resident of Marysville, at that time a prominent lawyer in San Francisco. The year of 1856 had been a successful one for the association; early in 1857 it numbered 125 members, owned about 2,000 volumes, and had a circulation of 709 volumes, "... of which a large proportion may be considered books affording real, sound, practical information," the librarian reported with pride.

During 1857, the circulation of books increased, but the library faced serious difficulties concerning policies. The president resigned, and certain members refused to pay their dues. It is evident from the records that the threatened dissolution was based on personal antagonisms. In order to save the library, the directors discussed two possible sources of support—the City Council or the Masons. When the City Council consented to accept responsibility for the library, the directors drew up a deed of gift on December 15, 1858, giving free use of the books to all citizens. Thus, less than ten years after the beginning of the Gold Rush (and four years after the founding of the Boston Free





Library, one of the first municipally supported libraries in the United States) a city in California undertook to guarantee a library by public moneys. The people of Marysville quite intelligently accepted the new idea of free public libraries, which had begun in Peterborough, New Hampshire, in 1833. This library in Marysville is in a flourishing condition today, housed in its own (not Carnegie-financed) building.

On October 14, 1857, a group of professional and business men organized a library association at Sacramento.<sup>90</sup> The founders had high hopes for it, for its manuscript records reveal that it was capitalized at \$25,000. Within a week eighteen wealthy lawyers and merchants became life members, and one hundred other men became active members. One caustic individual suggested that the library was a ruse of the newly founded Republican Party to appear philanthropic.<sup>91</sup> He unmasked the fact that leading Republicans, such as Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, C. P. Huntington, and Mark Hopkins (soon to build the Central Pacific Railroad) supported the association. Nevertheless, it was a sincere effort on the part of residents of Sacramento to regain what they had lost in 1852, for a number of members of that earlier library became active in the later one. The library accepted books from the projected library of the Sons of Temperance, and steadily increased its holdings by purchasing books locally and in New York "... most of them selected to meet the inquiries of our citizens for certain scarce volumes in art and literature." In 1859 the directors cut expenses, reduced the dues, and resorted to a series of lectures to raise money. After a continued financial struggle during the 1860's and 70's, this became a free library in 1879, and is still supported by the city.

Meanwhile, in Marysville, Sacramento, and Stockton, other groups of people shared reading matter in common. The Sacramento Pioneer Society began to collect books in 1854,<sup>92</sup> the Sacramento<sup>93</sup> and Stockton<sup>94</sup> Order of Odd Fellows initiated their libraries in 1855, and the Marysville Order<sup>95</sup> imitated them in 1858. A few years ago (and possibly still today) some of the books of the Marysville Order could be seen in their original book cases in the historic I. O. O. F. building there. Many of the works were standard ones, such as poetry by Tennyson, Poe, Cowper, and Hood; fiction by Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Scott,



Cooper, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Poe, and Melville; essays by Swift, Addison, and Burke; histories and biographies by Prescott, George Bancroft, Gibbon, and Macaulay; and political writings by Washington, Webster, and Clay.

In the agricultural regions of California the movement for library associations commenced in 1855. In Petaluma the first plans did not mature, but during the following winter (libraries usually were initiated during the rainy season) the second plans matured completely and a reading room was opened to the public.<sup>96</sup> The lecture series sponsored by this association included such topics as "Reading and Thinking" by the Rev. Samuel H. Willey, one of the founders of the Monterey Library Association in 1849; "Books" by Col. E. D. Baker, the noted orator of San Francisco; and "The Reading Demanded by the Times" by the Rev. E. Thomas of Petaluma. The library at San Jose (dating from 1855)<sup>97</sup> was called the Young Men's Library. The first Oakland library association (also dating from 1855) sponsored a lecture series in 1858, one of its guests being Judge Thomas W. Freelon of San Francisco.<sup>98</sup> In the last years of the 1850's groups of readers in at least five more towns of the agricultural sections of the state imitated this tradition. The one at Vallejo was founded on September 6, 1856, but within a few years its members drifted away.<sup>99</sup> However, it was revived in 1868, when an appeal was made to the former members to return their books to the collection. A small library at Pine Grove dated from 1856, and the one at Napa dated from 1857.<sup>100</sup> During the summer and autumn of 1859 readers at Los Angeles organized their association.<sup>101</sup> At the end of 1859 the directors of the newly organized library at Santa Rosa asked help from the San Francisco Mercantile Library Association in the planning of their organization and in the selecting of books.<sup>102</sup> In each of these towns approximately a dozen people took the leadership in initiating libraries.

When we recall that the movement for public libraries in the 1850's coincided with the beginning of the book trade in the state, and with the enthusiastic interest in reading and in owning books on the part of many early Californians, we can understand that the desire for sharing books mutually was natural on the part of the early Californians. They wanted to transfer the familiar institutions of their former

homes to their new communities in this raw state. It was a conscious effort to bring the comforts of civilization to the Far West, to make cultural interests available to these settlers, and to give wholesome recreation to all who wished it. This movement was a part of the larger urbanizing movement which was expressed in the founding of churches, schools, and theaters in the state. The establishment of libraries was also related to the interest early Californians had in the development of their own literary expressions. What would Bret Harte, Prentice Mulford, Henry George, or John S. Hittell, to mention but a few of the writers who created San Francisco's Literary Frontier, have done if they had not had a convenient supply of fine books at hand? It seems clear that the excellent supply of reading matter available in California libraries contributed directly to the energetic literary and historical output of many early Californians.

## NOTES

1. For references to lending libraries in histories of California, see *The Annals of San Francisco* (New York, 1855), pp. 428-429, 625, and 715 (hereafter cited as *The Annals*); Theodore Hittell, *The History of California* (San Francisco, 1885-97), III, p. 412; H. H. Bancroft, *The History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-1890), XXIII, pp. 460 and 783; Robert Glass Clelland, *From Wilderness to Empire* (New York, 1944), p. 264, and Rodman W. Paul, *California Gold* (Cambridge, Mass., 1947), p. 314.

2. The Reverend James Culleton, D.D., "California's First Library," *Quarterly News Letter*, Book Club of California, vol. 2, no. 2, pp. 4-9, Sept., 1934.

3. Hugh S. C. Baker, "A History of the Book Trade in California, 1849-1859," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. XXX, p. 97-115, 249-267, 353-367, June, September and December, 1951.

4. An indication of the fact that some Californians were still interested in the Eastern subscription libraries after settlers reached San Francisco is seen in the *Pacific News*, Dec. 13, 1849; it printed statistics describing the size of these libraries. The *Alta California* (hereafter cited as the *Alta*) June 18, 1851, spoke of libraries in the Eastern United States.

5. The Monterey Library Association, *Constitution and Rules* (San Francisco, 1854), p. 3.

6. The *Sacramento Transcript*, June 19, 1850.

7. The *Alta*, May 12, 1851.

8. *Ibid.*, June 18, 1851; see also, Dec. 16, 1851; Dec. 22, 1852, and Oct. 6, 1853. The San Francisco Mercantile Library Constitution, printed in the San Francisco Mercantile Library *Catalogue . . . August, 1854* (San Francisco, 1854), pp. 27-28,

and *The Annals*, pp. 428-429 and 715, repeat this idea that libraries served part of the functions of homes in California.

9. The Monterey Library Association, *op. cit.*; see also, the *Alta*, March 16, 1850; and the Sacramento *Union*, June 7, 1855. The Monterey *Sentinel*, June 2, 1855, said: It "... is a nucleus around which the friends of literary and social refinement and elevation, may cordially unite." The "... greater part of the library was purchased in New York ... is open to the use of the whole public." Additional news items about the library appeared on Nov. 17, 1855, and Jan. 19, 1856; the former article printed the constitution and rules. [I am indebted to Col. Fred B. Rogers for calling my attention to these references in the *Sentinel*.]

10. S. H. Willey, *Joseph Augustine Benton, in Memorial* (San Francisco, 1892), pp. 18-19; see also, S. H. Willey, *Thirty Years in California* (San Francisco, 1879), p. 30.

11. Monterey Library Association, *op. cit.*, p. 5.

12. *Ibid.*

13. *The State Register and Year Book of Facts for 1859* (San Francisco, 1859), p. 173 (hereafter cited as *The State Register for 1859*). The Monterey *Weekly Herald*, Sept. 19, 1874, said that the officers in 1853 were: Milton Little, President; J. R. Knapp, Vice-President; W. S. Johnson, Treasurer; and D. R. Ashley, Secretary. The article continued that the library was neglected and locked in the "Quartel" Building; the editor wanted the library revived.

14. See advertisement in the *Placer Times*, Dec. 15, 1849; this advertisement was dated Nov. 15, thus giving the approximate date of the founding of this reading room. Edward E. Dunbar was the manager. The *Pacific News*, Dec. 24, 1849, reported that the reading room had been burned the day before, but it re-opened shortly thereafter. Later L. W. Sloat (son of Commodore John D. Sloat) was the proprietor. It was burned again on May 4, 1851. Sidney Van Wyck, a young merchant from Baltimore, frequented its rooms, where he read current American, British, and French magazines. Sidney Van Wyck, "Diary" (Manuscript in California Historical Society library), pp. 136 ff.

15. Bogardus's *San Francisco . . . Directory, for July, 1850*, p. 4.

16. *Ibid.* In 1850 the Clay Street Reading Room was owned by Chipman and Woodman; Kimball's *San Francisco Directory, Sept. 1, 1850*, p. 26, said it had removed to Sacramento. Another reading room was owned by Fryer and Hubbard, the *Alta*, April 25, 1850; another by D. Jobson, the *Alta*, July 8, 1851; the San Francisco *Courier*, July 8, 1851, reported that it was free. Still another reading room was owned by Charles Barrett, the *Alta*, Aug. 27, 1851; this one was called the Athenaeum Reading Rooms—in reality, an exclusive club for subscribers. See also, the *Alta*, Sept. 2, 1851, for a statement that it re-opened after a fire. On Oct. 4, 1851, the *Alta* reported that the Union Association had been burned on May 4, 1851. The Western World Institute advertised in the *Alta* on Dec. 1 and 22, 1851, but it went into bankruptcy early in 1852.

17. *The Journal of the California Senate, 1850* (San Jose, 1850), p. 56. The books were "... a late edition of the Constitution of the United States, Dana's *Mineralogy*, Frémont's *Geographical Memoir and Map* and the *Mier Expedition*; ... and 'The Holy Bible'."

18. *The Journal of the Legislature, First Session, 1850* (San Jose, 1850), pp. 96-97.

19. *The Sacramento Transcript*, May 2 and 7, 1850. *The Alta*, Jan. 22, 1851; Feb. 5, 1852; March 17, 1854; Nov. 8, 1855; Feb. 9, 1858, and Nov. 27, 1859. *The Wide West*, April 16, 1854; the *Union*, Feb. 19; May 10, 1858, and Dec. 22, 1859. See also, "The Annual Reports of the State Librarian," *The Journals of the Assembly, 1853-1859*, and *The Journals of the Senate* for Jan. 30, Feb. 4, April 20, and May 1, 1852. According to the Assembly Journals for 1854 and 1855 proposals were made for district and public libraries. In 1855 the suggestion was made that the State should purchase the W. B. Olds Law Library of 3,500 volumes in English, French, and Spanish, one of the best collections of its kind on the Pacific Coast; an enabling act was passed by the Assembly on April 26, 1855. This collection was eventually purchased from the San Francisco Law Library Association. Bruce Husband and Ferris Forman (Secretary of State in 1859) served, among others, as librarians. When the books were moved to a new building, the *Sacramento Union*, Dec. 22, 1859, spoke of its "... increasing usefulness as a public library." *The State Register for 1859*, p. 174, gives a historical summary of the library.

20. *The Catalogue of the California State Library, January 1, 1855* (Sacramento, 1855).

21. *The Catalogue of the California State Library* (Sacramento, 1866). See also the *Union*, July 14, 1868.

22. *The Sacramento Transcript*, June 18-22, 29; July 2, 16; Aug. 6 and 7, 1850; the *Placer Times*, June 18, 1850, and the *Alta*, Aug. 9, 1850, and Feb. 17, 1851.

23. The MSS of the Mercantile Library of Sacramento, Warren Collection (Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley), include bills for magazines from the firm of Ticknor and Co. of Boston, and bills for a few books from the firm of Warren and Co., of Sacramento. (For Warren & Co. as book dealers, see Baker, *op. cit.*, p. 103.) J. L. L. Warren became president of the Sacramento Library in 1851.

24. *The Alta*, Jan. 21, 1853.

25. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, XXIII, p. 460.

26. *The Annals*, p. 715. The first collection of books was burned in the fire of May 3 and 4, 1851.

27. *The Alta*, May 17, 1852; see also the *California Chronicle*, Jan. 4, 1856, which states that the library had published a catalogue, listing 1,175 titles. *The San Francisco Directory ... 1859*, p. 393, and *The State Register for 1859*, p. 173, report this library; by that date it had grown in size to some 3,000 volumes.



28. The *Alta*, May 12, and June 18, 1851.
29. *Ibid.*, Oct. 4, 1851. A certain Mr. Shelton, a botanist, had given the institution a part of his collection, for the founders hoped to collect scientific specimens. The rooms were at the corner of Sacramento and Sansome streets, over the offices of Messrs. Middleton and Smiley.
30. *Ibid.*, Nov. 22, 1851.
31. *Ibid.*, Nov. 28, 30; Dec. 8 and 16, 1851. The minutes of the California Institute were printed in full in the *California Courier*, Dec. 3, 1851. Mary Williams in *A History of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance of 1851* (Berkeley, 1921), p. 346, said that all but three members of this Institute were members of the Vigilance Committee.
32. The *Alta*, Dec. 23, 1852, reported an organization meeting; and on Dec. 24 printed an address to the people of San Francisco.
33. *The Annals*, pp. 428-429; the *Alta*, Jan. 9, 11, 16, 18, 21, 23, 24 and 26; Feb. 2 and 19, 1853.
34. *Ibid.*, March 1 and 2, 1853. See also Joyce Backus, "A History of the San Francisco Mercantile Library Association" (thesis collection, University of California, Berkeley, 1931).
35. The *Alta*, March 13, 1853; see also May 19, June 11, July 16, 21, August 2, Oct. 6 and Nov. 9, 1853.
36. San Francisco Mercantile Library Association, *Reports 1853-1860*. See also the MSS of the Mercantile Library, Warren Collection (Bancroft Library); *The Pioneer Magazine*, Nov. 1854; and San Francisco daily newspapers, 1854-1859.
37. *The San Francisco Mercantile Library Catalogue . . . 1854* (San Francisco, 1854). This catalogue also contains a list of members of the association.
38. William A. Scott, *Trade and Letters* (New York, 1856).
39. *San Francisco Mercantile Library Association Catalogue of Novels and Romances* (San Francisco, 1860). See also the *Classified Catalogue* (San Francisco, 1861), and the *Catalogue of the Library* (San Francisco, 1874).
40. The *Alta*, July 23, Sept. 2, and Dec. 30, 1853.
41. Delilah Beasley, *The Negro Trail Blazers of California* (Los Angeles, 1919), *passim*.
42. *The San Francisco Directory . . . 1858*, p. 381.
43. Interview with Miss Aimee Carrington of Berkeley, June 6, 1941.
44. The *Alta*, July 18, 1853, and the *Daily California Chronicle*, Nov. 23, 1853, and Jan. 18, 1854; see also the *YMCA Annual Reports* (San Francisco, 1854-1861).
45. John H. Wood, *Seventy-five Years of History of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco* (San Francisco, 1930), p. 8. See also "The MS Constitution of the Mechanics' Institute" (in Mechanics'-Mercantile Library); it is followed by the autographs of the members. J. H. Culver, "The Building of a State," *The Overland Monthly*, N. S. VI, Sept. 1886, pp. 316-319; *The Constitution* (San

Francisco, 1855); the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, Oct. 26, Nov. 1 and 6, 1855; the *Alta*, Feb. 29, 1856; and MS "Report of Mechanics Institute Meeting, Feb. 7, 1857" in Warren Collection (Bancroft Library).

46. "The MS Constitution of the Mechanic's Institute, Bylaws," Article III.

47. *The Mirror of the Fair*, Sept. 8, 1857.

48. *San Francisco Directory* . . . 1859, p. 392; *Alta*, Jan. 1, 1860.

49. Odd Fellows' Library Association, *Third Annual Report* (San Francisco, 1856). The *Fourth Annual Report* stated that 1,250 volumes had circulated that year; the collection totalled 1,488 volumes. See also *The By Laws* (San Francisco, 1879).

50. Odd Fellows' Library Association, *Seventh Annual Report* (San Francisco, 1860). The library had purchased 483 volumes classified thus: Romances and Miscellaneous—95; Biography—83; History—62; Travel—49; Classical—15; Science—13; Religion—40; Essays, Sermons, etc.—72, and Commentaries and Encyclopedias—30 (24 volumes were not accounted for).

51. *The Herald*, May 26 and 29, 1858.

52. MS "Register of Library Books Purchased and Donated from 1855 to 1861" (in California Pioneer Society Library). This MS also contains minutes of the meetings; the 300 active members were asked to donate books or \$3 each; only a limited number of members complied with this request. By 1860 the library owned only a few more than fifty copies of historical, biographical, and descriptive works, including several concerning California; it also owned biographies, poetry, fiction, and essays by standard and contemporary authors in various languages. The committee hoped to gather manuscripts, but none were contributed before 1860. *The State Register for 1859*, p. 173, reported that the library contained only 500 volumes. See also Harry W. Abrahams, "The Society of California Pioneers" in *Seven Pioneer San Francisco Libraries* (San Francisco, 1958).

53. *The San Francisco Directory* . . . 1859, p. 375; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, XXIII, p. 209; the *Daily California Chronicle*, Jan. 5, 1854. See also, J. J. Benjamin, *Drei Jahre in Amerika* (Hannover, Germany, 1862), pp. 288-290. J. D. Borthwick, *Three Years in California* (Edinburgh, 1857), p. 89, said that all of the fire companies of San Francisco had reading rooms. I have found no evidence to support him, nor to refute him; however, these companies may have had small collections of books in their clubrooms. I own a copy of Charles Lanman's *The Private Life of Daniel Webster* (New York, 1852) bearing the stamp of the Sansome Hook and Ladder Company. By 1860 the Monumental Engine Company owned about 1,000 volumes.

54. *The San Francisco City Directory* . . . October, 1856, p. 129, gave Oct. 7, 1855, as the date of the founding of this literary association. Benjamin, *op. cit.*, p. 247, refers to this library.

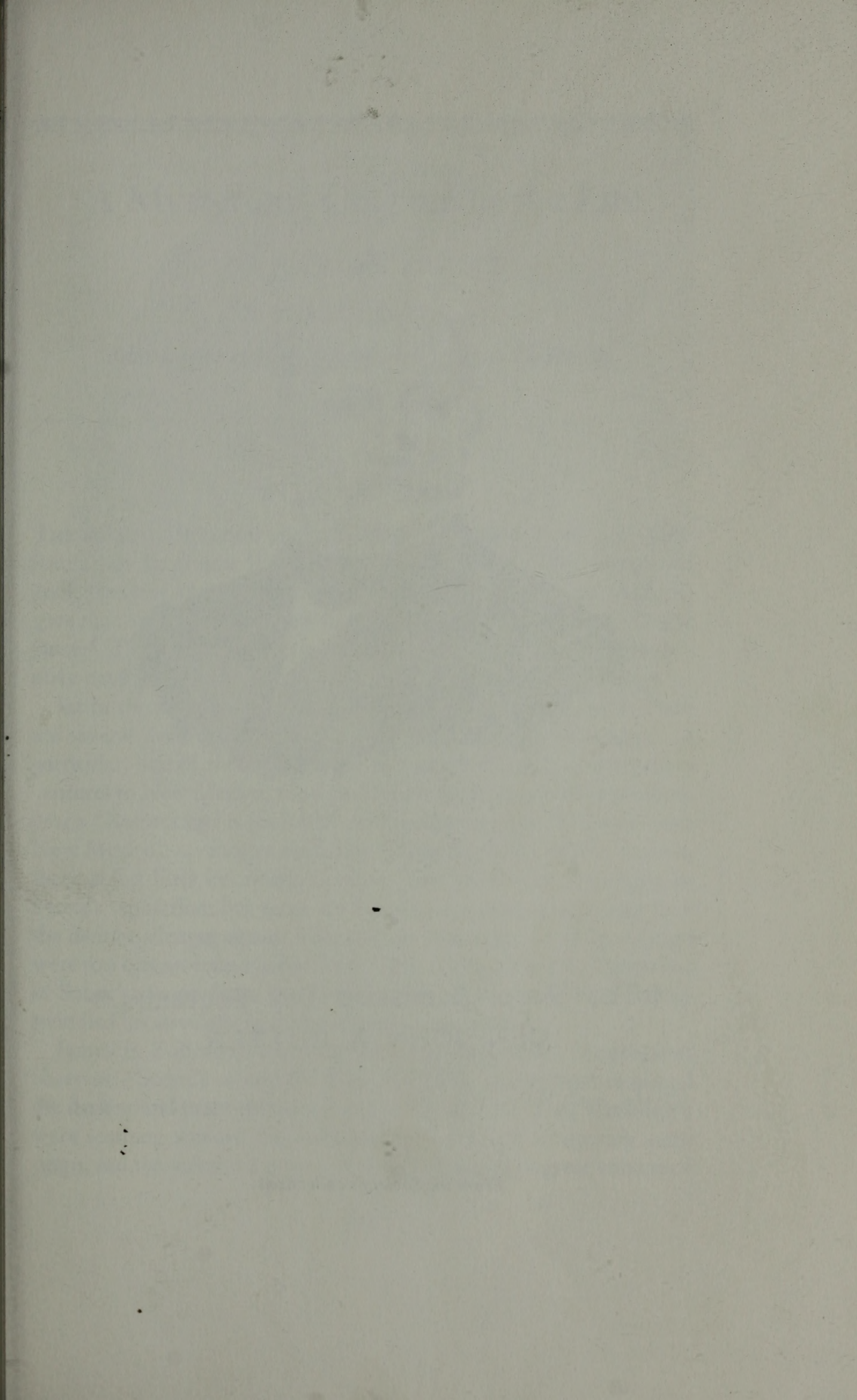
55. *The State Register for 1859*, p. 173. Benjamin, *op. cit.*, p. 288.

56. Benjamin, *op. cit.*, p. 288-290.
57. The Shasta City *Courier*, Jan. 12, 1856, and the Los Angeles *Star*, Dec. 3, 1859, contain examples of Woodward's extensive advertising. See also, *Hutchings' Illustrated California Magazine*, Jan., 1861
58. Henry George, Jr., *The Life of Henry George* (New York, 1904), vol. I, p. 83. By 1859 the What Cheer House library contained 1,600 volumes. In 1860 George also read books at one of the subscription libraries in San Francisco, p. 101.
59. *The Bulletin*, April 3, 1856.
60. *The San Francisco Directory . . . 1859*, p. 386. According to William Taylor, *California Life Illustrated* (New York, 1858), p. 98, a small Sunday School library was at Yerba Buena (the early name of San Francisco), organized in 1847. For a list of later Sunday School libraries in San Francisco and their size, see *The San Francisco Directory . . . 1860*, pp. 35 and 432-438.
61. *The State Register for 1859*, p. 173; see also *The California Chronicle*, Jan. 11, 1856.
62. A. C. Ferris in the San Jose *Pioneer*, Dec. 15, 1895, stated that a reading room (a rude place with benches and a sawdust floor) was set up in the rear of Harrison's News Depot at Columbia in 1852. *The Empire County Argus*, Nov. 19, 1853, reported that a similar place existed in the Metropolitan Saloon at Coloma in 1853. Probably these reading rooms stocked periodicals.
63. *The Pacific*, May 26, 1854.
64. *Ibid.*, Dec. 8, 1854.
65. *Ibid.*, Dec. 22, 1854.
66. Prentice Mulford, *Prentice Mulford's Story* (New York, 1889), p. 92.
67. *Ibid.*, p. 181.
68. Edna B. Buckbee, *The Saga of Old Tuolumne* (New York, 1935), p. 113.
69. Heckendorn and Wilson's *Miners' and Business Men's Directory . . . for the Year Commencing January 1, 1856 . . . of Tuolumne County* (Columbia, 1856), p. 60. The rooms of Liberty Hall, nearly finished, were to house a cabinet and library "... to be devoted to general literary and scientific purposes." There was also a debating club at Shaw's Flat. The population at that time totalled about 2,000.
70. *The Golden Era*, Sept. 24, 1854.
71. *The Bulletin*, Oct. 10, 1855.
72. *The Nevada City Democrat*, Dec. 23, 1857; thereafter this paper regularly printed the minutes of the library association; see especially, Dec. 30, 1857, Jan. 13, Feb. 17, April 14, May 4, and July 20, 1859. A. A. Sargent, the editor of the *Democrat* and later an important political figure in the state, was one of the directors of the association and a donor of books to it; in February he purchased 300 volumes for it in San Francisco.
73. *Ibid.*, July 20, 1859.

74. H. L. Wells, *The History of Nevada County, California* (Oakland, 1880), p. 164.
75. The North San Juan *Hydraulic Press*, Sept. 25, 1858; July 23 and Sept. 17, 1859.
76. Charles Murdock, *A Backward Glance at Eighty* (San Francisco, 1921), pp. 54-55. A library may have existed earlier at Crescent City (about 1853); see Madame Ida Pfeiffer, *Mon Second Voyage autour du Monde* (Paris, 1885), p. 356.
77. Obed Wilson, *My Adventures in the Sierras* (Franklin, Ohio, 1902), p. 213.
78. The Sonora *Union Democrat*, May 23, 1857.
79. The San Andreas *Independent*, Dec. 4, 11, 18, 1858; April 2, 1859.
80. The Marysville *Herald*, Dec. 31, 1857. The books were kept in the school building.
81. *The State Register for 1859*, p. 173. A library was mentioned in the *Butte Record*, July 19, 1856.
82. The *Butte Record*, Dec. 27, 1856.
83. The Sacramento *Union*, Nov. 24, 1858.
84. The Nevada City *Democrat*, Dec. 15, 1858.
85. The Petaluma *Journal*, March 11, 1859.
86. The Downieville *Sierra Democrat*, Oct. 15, 1859. The Rev. Robert Lindsey, a Friend, presented 35 volumes of works on religion to this library.
87. The San Andreas *Independent*, Dec. 25, 1858, and Jan. 8, 1859, mentioned the libraries at Poverty Bar, Angels Camp, Campo Seco and Murphys.
88. The *Pacific*, Jan. 6, 1859. Books formerly belonging to the Concordia-Verein Library of Dutch Flat (organized in 1860) have been deposited in the Auburn Museum.
89. MS "Minutes of the Meetings of the Directors of the Marysville Library Association" (in City Clerk's Office, Marysville); the Marysville *Herald*, Aug. 9, Oct. 30, 1855; Feb. 21, March 21, 27, 29, April 5, 12, 19, 27, June 5, 1856; the *Alta*, Feb. 24, 1856, and Feb. 20, 1858; and Amy's *Marysville Directory for the Year Commencing June, 1858*.
90. MS "Records for 1857-79" (in Sacramento Public Library). The Lyceum at Sacramento had planned a library; see the Sacramento *Daily Times*, Nov. 19 and 27, 1856.
91. The *Daily State Sentinel*, Nov. 8, 1857. The "Records for 1857-79" gives a complete list of members.
92. *The State Register for 1859*, p. 173.
93. *Ibid.*; Sacramento *Union*, March 21, 1859.
94. *The State Register for 1859*, p. 173.
95. Records in Odd Fellows Building, Marysville.
96. The Petaluma *Weekly Journal*, Dec. 1, 1855; Dec. 19, 1856; Jan. 23, 1857; and following issues; *The State Register for 1859*, p. 173.
97. Statement of Joseph E. Brown in San Jose *Pioneer*, Nov. 15, 1895; *The State Register for 1859*, p. 173.



98. *Ibid.*; the *Alta*, July 1, 1857, and the *California Chronicle*, Jan. 7, 1858.
99. MS letter in Warren Collection; *Vallejo Evening Chronicle*, Jan. 16, 19; Feb. 18, 1869; and *The Vallejo Directory for the Year 1870* (Vallejo, 1870), p. 282.
100. *The State Register for 1859*, p. 173.
101. The *Los Angeles Star*, May 29, July 23 and Sept. 24, 1859.
102. The *Sonoma Democrat*, April 29, May 15, 1858; Nov. 17, Dec. 1 and 15, 1859; Jan. 12 and March 8, 1860; see also letter from J. A. Woodson in Warren Collection.







→The "Bee's" Admission Day Souvenirs,←  
**GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER.**

—ISSUED BY THE—

Daily and Weekly Bee,

Sacramento, Cal.

1884,

*From the Society's collections*

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# A Mysterious Chapter in the Life of John A. Sutter

*As Told by* B. D. WILSON

*Edited, with an Introduction, by* DOYCE B. NUNIS, JR.

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## INTRODUCTION

THE NAME OF SUTTER is one intimately associated not only with California, but the greater West. When James Wilson Marshall discovered gold, January, 1848, on Sutter's extensive Sacramento River lands, he gave the name of Sutter a new luster, and a new association. Gold and Sutter! They became intertwined. That story along with Sutter's early days in California has been told: history has paid its homage.

Yet in the many books written about John Augustus Sutter, there are several dark chapters that have never been fully elucidated. In particular, one of the least known of Sutter's activities is his trading ventures to New Mexico, 1835-37. Hubert H. Bancroft dismisses those years: "Respecting his [Sutter's] commercial ventures in Missouri and New Mexico . . . ventures consisting largely in trade with the Indians, there is but little information extant. That little is not favorable to Sutter's reputation; but there are reasons for not even repeating here the definite charges against him, and for believing that those charges were to a certain extent unfounded."<sup>1</sup> The charges alluded to grew out of Sutter's second Santa Fe expedition; Sutter was accused of having swindled his associates in that venture—if not worse.

James P. Zollinger, the most authoritative Sutter biographer, observes: "Sutter's second Santa Fe expedition has hitherto remained the darkest and most mysterious chapter of his life. What was known were scathing rumors, the defamations of a hectic whispering campaign, and the stains and smears of him produced by a great volume of



vitriolic ink. . . . Others went still farther and made him a murderer. But Sutter never expressed himself on this mysterious episode of his life, a sure sign that at least he was deeply ashamed of it."<sup>2</sup>

Earlier Sutter biographers have handled the New Mexico travels in varying ways. Erwin G. Gudde glosses over the event without much notice, other than favorable to Sutter.<sup>3</sup> Julian Dana merely notes Sutter's 1835 trip; then states that he was engaged for three years in the Santa Fe trade.<sup>4</sup> Marguerite E. Wilbur, whose intriguing title, *John Sutter, Rascal and Adventurer*, denotes more than may be evident, concludes: "In the spring of 1836 John left for Santa Fe with several wagon loads of his own merchandise. But the trip proved a fiasco." Mrs. Wilbur places the blame on taxes and general economic conditions.<sup>5</sup>

To throw some light on the southwestern enterprises of Sutter, the following document is offered. It was dictated by Benjamin D. Wilson, November 30, 1877, and a copy is in the James de Barth Shorb Papers, Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California, and also in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley. Shorb was Wilson's son-in-law, having married Wilson's daughter by his first marriage, María Jesus.

Wilson had journeyed to New Mexico in 1833. After trapping in and around that area, he returned to Santa Fe in 1835 and remained there for the following three years.<sup>6</sup> It was during those years, 1835-37, that Sutter made his appearance in Santa Fe. In 1841, Wilson came west to California as a member of the Workman-Rowland party, settling in present-day Los Angeles-Orange County environ. He established for himself a very much admired reputation—a man of integrity. His dictation concerning Sutter, which follows, can only be accepted in that light, even though it tarnishes the reputation of Sutter.<sup>7</sup>

\* \* \*

John A. Sutter,

a Swiss by birth,<sup>8</sup> had been in New Mexico without any ostensible business, except a wallet stuffed with galvanized jewelry [sic] that he peddled around to the Indians, and other portions he exchanged for mules.<sup>9</sup> From there he went to St. Louis Mo. where he met some Germans possessed of considerable money, which they desired to invest in lands. He gave them glowing accounts of New Mexico and life

therein; and also persuaded them to invest their money in goods, and take them to that country, where they could in a short time double their money, and then come back to Missouri and buy land. The Germans bought the goods and brought them across the plains to S[an]ta Fe.<sup>10</sup> Sutter came with the party. On their arrival at S[an]ta Fe,<sup>11</sup> Sutter prevailed on them to let him have all the goods to take down the river where some very rich Mexicans lived to whom he could sell them at high profits. These Germans were not common men, or traders, but high-toned gentlemen, some of whom had been attached to the courts of Europe. They accepted Sutter's proposition, and remained in S[an]ta Fe, where they amused themselves. Sutter started with the caravan of goods, that was probably in the fall of 1836,<sup>12</sup> sold the goods *rio abajo*, and returned to Santa Fe feigning to be very ill, stated that he had sold very well, but had been under the necessity of giving the purchasers a few days time to collect their money; that his illness had compelled him to come back without collecting the proceeds. He called Capt. Saunders, the head of the German party, older than any of the rest, and a very elegant gentleman, to his apparent sick bed, and told him that he (Saunders) must go himself to effect the collections. Saunders started at once with some of his friends and on arriving at the place where the goods had been disposed of by Sutter, they ascertained that Sutter had collected all the money, and not a dollar was due on the goods.<sup>13</sup> They hastened to Santa Fe, and immediately repaired to the rooms at which they had left Sutter. They there learned that on the same night of their departure on the collecting expedition, Sutter had left his bed, and with a few men started by way of Taos and Bent's Fort on the Arkansas bound to Missouri. Saunders and his friends found themselves stripped of everything, except jewelry [sic] and arms. They sold their watches, rings and everything they could spare to procure animals to go in pursuit of Sutter. Some of the merchants then also made them a few advances. The season was then far advanced, and it was extremely dangerous to travel. Their friends and well wishers endeavored to dissuade them from undertaking to cross the plains so late in the season, but Saunders swore that he would catch Sutter or lose his life. They hastily started with such an outfit as he could get, taking 7 or 8 men with him, the rest he was obliged to leave behind for want of means: one of them was Capt. Charles Blummer,

who in after years became a prominent merchant in Santa Fe, and at one time U. S. Marshal for the district of N[ew] Mexico. He may be still living in S[an]ta Fe.<sup>14</sup> Some days after the departure, news was received in S[an]ta Fe that Saunders and party had arrived safely at Bent's Fort, and were only two days behind Sutter and party. Saunders & his party were never heard of again, and it remained an open question if they had been murdered by Indians or by Sutter. The general belief in Santa Fe was that Sutter waylaid and destroyed them.<sup>15</sup> Sutter arrived in Western Missouri & wintered.<sup>16</sup> Early in the following spring, he started for the Rocky M[oun]t[ai]ns, with a small party outfitted by himself.<sup>17</sup> After leaving Missouri, he forged several drafts, and invested all the money in goods, made a hasty trip across the Rocky M[oun]t[ai]ns trading, went to Astoria,<sup>18</sup> there embarked for the Sandwich Islands, where he remained some time,<sup>19</sup> & then turned up in California.<sup>20</sup> Many of those forged drafts he paid here in 1842 or '43 to hush up the matter. A gentleman who knew Sutter in S[an]ta Fe at the time he swindled the Germans, and was informed of his subsequent rascally transactions in Missouri, by which he had defrauded Dr. David Waldo<sup>21</sup> and others, wrote to the Dr. that Sutter was here in California, with ample means to take up his forged drafts.<sup>22</sup> These were forwarded to California and Sutter paid them.

The man's subsequent life in California is well known and need not be detailed here.

#### NOTES

1. Hubert Bancroft, *History of California* (7 vols., San Francisco, 1886-90), IV, p. 124.

2. James P. Zollinger, *Sutter, The Man and His Empire* (New York and London, 1939), p. 27.

3. Erwin G. Gudde, *Sutter's Own Story* (New York, 1936), pp. 9-10.

4. Julian Dana, *Sutter of California* (New York, 1934), pp. 13-15.

5. Marguerite E. Wilbur, *John Sutter, Rascal and Adventurer* (New York, 1949), pp. 41-42.

6. "Benjamin David Wilson's Observations . . .," ed. by Arthur Woodward. *Annual Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California*, XVI (1934), p. 77 *et seq.*; "Early [Santa Fe] Inhabitants [census]," March 20, 1839. Ritch Collection, Huntington Library.

7. After an exhaustive examination of the Wilson and Shorb Papers at the Huntington Library, Wilson's integrity would appear beyond question. For a brief sketch of Wilson, see John W. Caughey, "Don Benito Wilson: An Average Southern Californian," *Huntington Library Quarterly*, II (1939), pp. 285-300.

8. There is some disagreement as to the date of birth of John Sutter, but not his birthplace—Kandern, Grand Duchy of Baden. Jacob B. Landis, "The Life and Work of General John A. Sutter," *Lancaster [Pa.] County Historical Society*, XVIII (1913), p. 280, accepts February 28, 1803, as does T[homas] J. Schoonover, *The Life and Times of Gen. John A. Sutter* (Rev. ed., Sacramento, 1907), p. 7; R. Bigler, "General Johann August Sutter und seine Beziehungen zu Burgdorf," *Das Burdorfer Jahrbuch 1935* (Burgdorf, Switzerland, 1934), p. 7.

Gudde, *op. cit.*, p. 3, observes that Sutter was "either born or baptized" on February 23. Dana, *op. cit.*, p. 1, also accepts the 23rd. Zollinger, *op. cit.*, p. 4, gives the date as February 15. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, p. 122, merely endorses the month as February and the year as 1803.

9. Sutter's early life is adequately covered in the above cited references. Suffice it to say that he landed in New York, July, 1834, and traveled west to St. Louis in company with several other immigrants. The fall and winter of 1834-35 found him in and around the St. Louis-St. Charles area. In the spring of 1835, Sutter's friend, Johann August Laufkötter, loaned him sufficient money to purchase some old pistols, cheap trinkets, and old German student jackets from St. Louis pawnshops. With these as his goods, he headed for Santa Fe. Zollinger, *op. cit.*, pp. 17-24.

B. Schmolder, *Neuer praktischer Wegweisen für Auswanderer nach Nord-Amerika . . .* (Mainz, 1848), pp. 74-76, states that the German 1835 company (of which Sutter was undoubtedly a member) that went to Santa Fe was composed, at first, of 50 members, mostly from Giesen, Germany, who had settled in Warren County, Mo. Later the party dwindled in number, the desertions being charged off to inexperience.

10. The party consisted of 15 newly arrived immigrants who joined him in the 1836 venture. The party left for Santa Fe, April 15, 1836, with merchandise valued at \$14,000. Zollinger, *op. cit.*, p. 29.

11. The arrival date was probably in mid-summer. On August 22, Sutter joined with other Santa Fe traders in signing an open letter which was published in the *Missouri Republican*, October 22, 1836, pointing out the unfavorable state of the trade.

12. In the Mexican Custom House Entries, p. 36, under date of August 27, 1836, there is an entry for Sutter leaving Santa Fe. Ritch Collection, Huntington Library.

13. Zollinger, *op. cit.*, pp. 30-34, defends Sutter, blaming the situation of loss of the investment on general business conditions, and more or less clears him of the pall of guilt. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, pp. 124-25, charges the episode off to Sutter's enthusiasm, and opines that the charge of swindle was exaggerated.



Wilbur, *op. cit.*, p. 42, blames the "fiasco" of the 1836 venture on taxes and economic instability in the trade.

Zollinger, *op. cit.*, p. 27, justifies Sutter's 1836 expedition, and places responsibility for the defamation of his character on Laufkötter, naming him "the standard-bearer of these incriminators, whose activities toward the close of Sutter's life were no doubt partly to blame for his failure to obtain justice before the United States Supreme Court and before Congress."

14. Little is known of Blummer's early life. He knew B. D. Wilson, for he joined him and a few others in a petition to Governor Manuel Armijo, December 2, 1839, on a question of trade confiscation. Consular Dispatches, Santa Fe, vol. I., National Archives.

Indisputably, Blummer remained in New Mexico after his arrival. Several manuscripts in the New Mexico Historical Society archive attest to this. In 1837, he and several others protested governmental trade discrimination; in 1838, Blummer brought a complaint against Tomas Lovato for attempted theft of cloth from his store and for assault. Blummer's name also appears on a list of tax 1841 receipts, and on a list of custom duties for 1842. MSS. entries sent to this writer by J. Robert Feynn, July 20, 1959.

When General Stephen F. Kearny established a civil government for the newly occupied Mexican Territory, September 22, 1846, Blummer was designated as Treasurer. Ritch Collection, Huntington Library. He served in that capacity, 1846-54, 1857-63; becoming U. S. Marshal in 1856 and serving until 1858. Between 1863-69, he acted as U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue. L[ansing] B. Bloom, ed., "Historical Society Minutes, 1859-1863," *New Mexico Historical Review*, XVIII (1943), p. 274, p. 46 note.

15. There is no evidence to sustain this view.

16. Zollinger, *op. cit.*, p. 35, admits, Sutter being ashamed, moved to Westport for the winter.

17. Sutter departed Westport, April 23, 1838, in company with the American Fur Company battalion of Andrew Drips. They reached Fort Laramie, leaving it on June 2; then moved up the Sweetwater into the Wind Mountains. Sir William Drummund Stewart accompanied the caravan. Letter dated July 3, 1838, printed in the December issue, *Oregonian and Indian's Advocate*, vol. I.

18. Sutter was at Willamette Mission, November 1, 1838. Zollinger, *op. cit.*, pp. 43-44. Douglas S. Watson, *The Diary of Johann August Sutter* (San Francisco, 1932), pp. xviii, 2. Watson reprints the sketchy diary entries of Sutter's trip which first appeared in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, Jan. 26; Feb. 2, 9, 16, 1878.

19. Sutter arrived in Hawaii, December 9, 1838. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, p. 126. Faxon D. Atherton, writing in his diary, December 13, 1838, at Oahu, commented: "Last Sunday [Dec. 9] I was introduced to a Swiss gent called Sluiter. [Sutter] who came here in the Bark Columbia from Columbia River. He . . . informed me he was going to California for the purpose of taking a look at the

country, has been travelling in the Rocky Mountains these past two last years, has a farm in Missouri, is looking for a place suitable for settlers which he hopes to bring from Switzerland." Faxon Atherton Diary, MS, California Historical Society. [I am indebted to James de T. Abajian, Librarian of the Society, who is editing this diary for publication, for calling this to my attention and for permission to quote.]

20. Sutter arrived in Yerba Buena, July 2, 1839. Watson, *op. cit.*, p. 3. July 1 is date given in Bancroft, *op. cit.*, IV, p. 127.

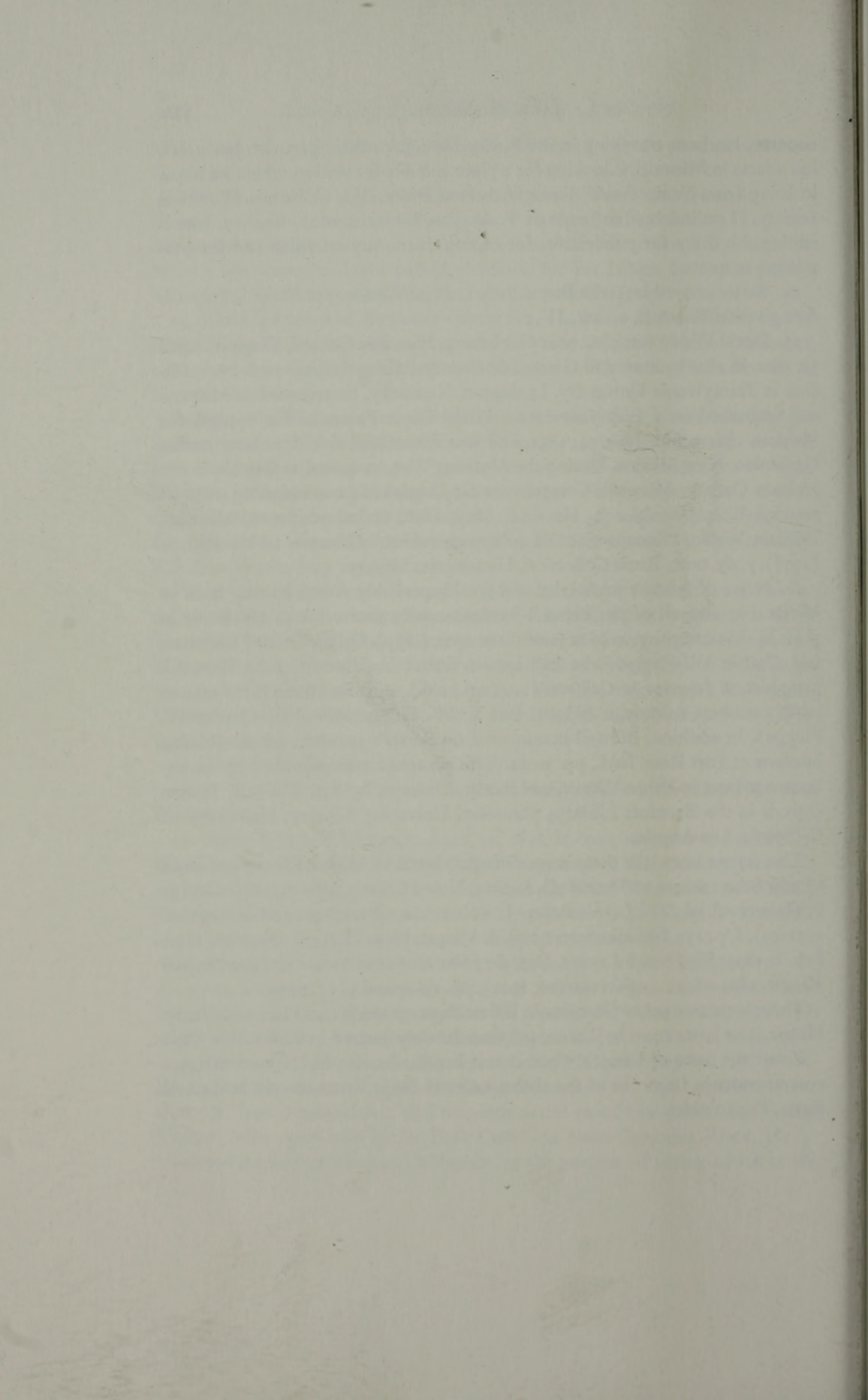
21. David Waldo was born near Clarksburg, Harrison County, Virginia, April 30, 1802. In 1820 he moved to Gasconade County, Missouri. After studying medicine at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, he returned to Missouri and embarked on a fifty-year career in the Santa Fe trade. He applied for Mexican citizenship, June 12, 1831, and was naturalized five days later at San Geromino, New Mexico. During the Mexican War, he served as Captain in the Jackson County, Missouri, Company under Doniphan's command. In 1849 he married Eliza Jane Norris. He died, May, 1878, at Independence, Missouri. William Waldo, "Recollections of a Septuagenarian," *Glimpses of the Past*, V (1938), p. 63, note; Ritch Collection, Huntington Library.

22. News of Sutter's prosperity and wealth probably found its way back to Missouri as a result of the Bidwell-Bartleson party that came to California in 1841. In that company were at least three men, Joseph Chiles, Cornell Rickman, and Charles W. Flugge, who had known Sutter in Missouri. John Bidwell's pamphlet, *A Journey to California* . . . (n.p., n.d.), p. 2, lists these three men as party members (although Bidwell lists E. W. Flugge instead of Charles W. Flugge). In addition, Bidwell commented on Sutter's purchase of the Russian interests at Fort Ross. *Ibid.*, pp. 20-21. This pamphlet was published by an unknown printer in either Weston or Liberty, Missouri, in 1842. The only known copy is in the Bancroft Library; photostat, University Library, University of California, Los Angeles.

That Sutter knew the three men aforementioned in Missouri is attested to in a letter Sutter wrote to Thomas O. Larkin, New Helvetia, Jan. 26, 1842. George P. Hammond, ed., *The Larkin Papers* (6 vols. to date, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1951-59), I, p. 159. See also Sutter to J. J. Vioget, New Helvetia, Aug. 28, 1842; Feb. 2, 1843. *Six French Letters, Captain John Augustus Sutter to Jean Jacques Vioget, 1842-1843* . . . (Sacramento, 1942), pp. 19-20 and p. 21, note.

There were two other Germans in Bidwell's party: Augustus Fifer and Henry Huber. The latter must be discounted since he only arrived in Missouri in 1840.

Either the news of Sutter's whereabouts became known in Missouri through correspondence from one of the above, or more likely, from the publication of Bidwell's pamphlet.



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# Some California Dates of 1860

*Compiled by* GORDON C. ROADARMEL

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THE PURPOSE OF THIS CHRONOLOGY is to interest readers in events which took place in California one hundred years ago this year. This compilation is not intended as a definitive or scholarly endeavor and should not be construed as an *Annals of California* for 1860. The majority of the direct quotations are taken from issues of the *San Francisco Bulletin*.

- JANUARY 1     Dashaway Temperance Society celebrates its first anniversary by inaugurating twice-daily meetings "to give the benefit of instant sympathy and support to any one who makes up his mind to be sober . . . To their influence, no doubt, is to be attributed much of the sobriety of New Year's Day." From five San Francisco firemen, the Society has grown to 2,500 members in branches from the Sandwich Islands to the thirteen Atlantic states.
- JANUARY 2     The California Senate rejects a motion for the election of a chaplain to look after the morals of its members.
- JANUARY 2     Joseph Pawling, '32 pioneer who made the first two mahogany billiard tables in California, dies in Los Angeles.
- JANUARY 5     Thirty-eight lives are lost when the steamer *Northerner* strikes a rock near Cape Mendocino. The heroic first officer made three trips to shore, saving all the ladies but one, before he lost his own life.
- JANUARY 9     Milton S. Latham, Democrat, is inaugurated as California's sixth American governor, having defeated Leland Stanford, Republican, in the election.



- JANUARY 11 The right hand of Fireman William Olwell is torn from his wrist "by a premature discharge of a cannon while firing a salute in honor of the election of Governor M. S. Latham to the office of U. S. Senator" to fill the vacancy left by the death of Broderick in a duel with Judge Terry last year.
- JANUARY 13 Emperor Norton I threatens that unless properly installed by the Governor as Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, he will resign "and demand the tribute due to us."
- JANUARY 14 In a "brief and graceful" inaugural, John G. Downey, thirty-three-year-old lieutenant-governor, succeeds Latham as governor. An Irishman who came to California in '49, Downey opened in Los Angeles the only drug store between San Francisco and San Diego in '50.
- JANUARY 16 Over 8,000 letters from the Atlantic and Western states arrive in San Francisco by the Overland Mail, "being by far the largest mail ever brought through on this route."
- JANUARY 17 Four hundred men, including some "of reputation," attend a "Model Artists Exhibition" at San Francisco's Union Theater, intrigued by the "No ladies allowed" sign. A jeering crowd embarrasses the gentlemen after a police raid uncovers only a group of scarecrows arranged on the stage, the producers having disappeared with the proceeds.
- JANUARY 22 Indian arrows kill R. B. Wilburn of Los Angeles at the upper crossing of the Mojave. The Colonel at Fort Tejon is sending a party to bring to justice the Pi-Utes presumed responsible.
- JANUARY 25 A bill to move the capital from Sacramento to San Francisco brings protests that such a move "would corrupt some of the members, and make all of them neglectful of their duties."
- JANUARY 30 Three dollars and one cent is collected this week from

the Washington Monument Fund box in the San Francisco post office. Included, however, are eighteen coppers, one half dime, and one three-cent piece, all uncurrent coins.

- FEBRUARY 4 Emperor Norton announces a National Convention to be held in San Francisco on the 8th because "We are certain that nothing will save the nation from utter ruin . . . except an absolute Monarchy . . . assimilating to the Russian form of Government, with such alteration as may be adapted to the American Nation."
- FEBRUARY 6 Six square feet of plaster falls from the ceiling of the State Assembly Chamber, "grazing the handsome head" of Mr. Lawrence, from Trinity, who promptly moves that a committee be appointed to investigate.
- FEBRUARY 10 The Legislature refers to committee the 247 foot long petition against Chinese "cooleyism," signed by 11,000 Californians.
- FEBRUARY 15 A bill to prevent the prostitution and vagrancy of children under seventeen years of age is passed in Sacramento. "This is designed to put a stop to the importation of hurdy-gurdy and dancing girls from other places."
- FEBRUARY 20 The Panama steamer leaving San Francisco takes a fund of \$2,231.25 collected for "the suffering Jews at Gibraltar."
- FEBRUARY 23 Governor Downey urges the Assembly to make highway robbery punishable by death, to protect the only banking system between outlying towns and the commercial metropolis, that of coin and gold dust.
- FEBRUARY 26 White men armed with hatchets massacre 188 Indians at Humboldt Bay, in retaliation for cattle rustling. "The bucks were mostly absent, which accounts for the predominance of female victims."
- MARCH 14 Newspapers criticize the Legislature's approval of the Bachelors' Homestead Bill, pointing out that although

homesteading "may be tolerated when confined to married persons, it becomes an intolerable public grievance when extended to those coreless knots on the trunk of society—confirmed and deliberate bachelors."

- MARCH 15 Six earthquake shocks rock Sacramento, encouraging those who support the bill to remove the capital to San Francisco.
- MARCH 17 Amid St. Patrick's Day festivities, the *Candinmarrub*, first Japanese vessel to visit the United States, drops anchor off Vallejo Street Wharf in San Francisco. Pleased visitors report that "there were no idols on board," and "the Admiral looked every inch a gentleman"; but San Francisco's ladies are upset at not being permitted on board "owing to a misapprehension of the social rank of females among us."
- MARCH 20 San Francisco sends \$820 to the Central Committee of Milan to purchase muskets for Garibaldi.
- MARCH 24 Clipper ship *Andrew Jackson* sets a record of 89 days from New York, beating the *Flying Cloud's* time by six hours.
- MARCH 28 Mr. J. B. Howe's performance of *Richard III* at Maguire's Opera House is honored by a party of Japanese officers, and by Emperor Norton, in full naval uniform, who is given a row of front seats to himself as "no one was desirous to intrude upon His Imperial Majesty."
- MARCH 31 Commander Cunningham, walking on the wharf at Mare Island, is seriously injured when hit by a salute fired from the *Powhatan* for the Japanese Embassy. "Through this occurrence the intended salute terminated with the first discharge."
- APRIL 11 The Russian bark *Kodiac*, bound for San Francisco with a full cargo of ice, strikes a rock and capsizes near Sitka, "in the Russian possessions on the northwest coast of this continent."

- APRIL 12 A ball in Sacramento celebrates the permanent location of the state capital in that city. The Pavilion is decorated with flags, flowers, and a marble fountain; and hats and coats are checked "without the usual fleecing of from \$2 to \$5 on such occasions."
- APRIL 14 Ten and a half days after leaving St. Joseph, Missouri, the first Pony Express rider and his pony reach San Francisco on the 1 a.m. steamboat from Sacramento. "If we were Egyptians . . . we would set up that pony in the Plaza and all of us go a-worshipping him." Instead, a grand torchlight procession marches from the wharf to Montgomery Street, where twenty-five letters at \$5 per half-ounce are delivered.
- APRIL 16 California's Senator Latham delivers a speech in Washington urging non-interference with the slavery question: "By letting slavery alone, it will always quietly work out its own destiny . . ."
- APRIL 16 Assemblyman J. C. Bell from El Dorado dies from gunshot and knife wounds inflicted in the Legislature by an irate citizen after a discussion about the bill creating the county of Marshall.
- APRIL 17 Booming cannons, ringing bells, and tar-barrel bonfires celebrate Governor Downey's veto of the Bulkhead Bill, which would have given San Francisco wharf-owners the right to collect tolls on the waterfront for fifty years in exchange for building a stone bulkhead.
- APRIL 18 The *Orbit* sails for Japan "with the implements of civilization," including 5 casks of ale, 70 cases of brandy, 50 baskets of champagne, 1 barrel of gin, 62 barrels of rum, 80 cases of wine, and 20 kegs of whisky. "As it is understood that men cannot be civilized by liquor alone," the cargo also includes clocks, jewelry, stoves, pork and lard.
- APRIL 19 Emperor Norton authorizes the collection of one million dollars so that he can "make a suitable appearance



- in Europe, and thereby be enabled to form a suitable alliance," presumably with Princess Alice of England.
- APRIL 23 Two convicts escape from the chain-gang beautifying Washington Square in San Francisco.
- MAY 3 New books received at the Mercantile Library include Mrs. Browning's *Italy and Other Poems*, and Walt Whitman's *Poems*, which "while full of rich, nutty thoughts . . . are about as fit for general reading as Rabelais."
- MAY 4 The names of eight fair ladies who stood through two hours of heavy rain to watch the ceremonies, are placed in the cornerstone of Grace Episcopal Church in San Francisco.
- MAY 5 A \$1,000 nugget of gold found near Shasta is exhibited in San Francisco.
- MAY 8 Henry Mellus, newly elected mayor, parades through Los Angeles in a four-horse stagecoach while "a puffing brass band bounced up and down on the swaying top outside, like popcorn in a frying-pan."
- MAY 17 Two hundred and ninety California soldiers join the forces in Virginia City preparing to protect the emigrant route "over which the hostile Indians are now spreading havoc and confusion."
- MAY 24 San Francisco's English residents celebrate Queen Victoria's 41st birthday with a dinner at the Union Club rooms, "the opening dish of oysters on the half shell to be served at 7 o'clock."
- MAY 31 No word has yet been received from the Pony Express, three days overdue. "There is no other place . . . in the Union standing so much in need of aid as the present scene of Indian hostilities between the Washoe mines and Salt Lake."
- JUNE 1 A meeting of citizens debates measures to relieve the people of Carson Valley, "now surrounded by bands of

hostile savages," and to support the volunteer army "which is in the field with brave hearts, but empty stomachs."

- JUNE 2 "The night was fine, the moon full, the tide high, the crowd . . . immense" as the largest river steamboat built in California, the *Chrysopolis*, 245 feet long and with a 1,000-passenger capacity, is launched for the San Francisco-Sacramento trade.
- JUNE 5 Citizens contribute to a fund sending 25 armed men from Carson City to Salt Lake to reopen the Pony Express route, closed by Indian raids.
- JUNE 7 Four hundred and thirty Chinese emigrants arrive in San Francisco. "Ten years ago it was necessary to send missionaries at great expense, and in the midst of many perils, to evangelize China; now China comes to our door, and gives opportunity to every man . . . to reach heathen enough without . . . risking a single comfort of a Christian community."
- JUNE 9 The first steam-engine seen in California, imported from England for hauling ore in Arizona, runs over ordinary roads from downtown San Francisco to Mission Dolores, "attaining with ease a speed of five miles an hour."
- JUNE 9 Five men hold up the Shasta stage coach near Chico, taking \$15,000 from the treasure box with the remark that "the company is rich, and this party has particular use for the money."
- JUNE 11 The Overland Mail confirms Lincoln's nomination for President at the Republican Convention in Chicago. "Most Californians had set their hearts on Seward, and it choked them a good deal, at first, to hurrah for Lincoln," whose character and service "is not sufficiently exalted to lend any particular lustre to the ticket." When 100 guns blast from Telegraph Hill, the Republican Committee apologizes for "disturbing the quiet

and devotion of the Sabbath with gunpowder."

- JUNE 25      An impressive speech honors the laying of the cornerstone of San Francisco's new \$162,000 Masonic Temple at Post and Montgomery streets.
- JUNE 28      Queen Victoria, a trick elephant in Rice's circus troupe, dies in Amador County of a cold caught while crossing the Stanislaus River.
- JULY 1        Indian tribes battle each other near Oroville over the default of a cash loan. Whites coming from the race-track to watch the fight kill several retreating Indians.
- JULY 4        Delays plague the three-mile trial run to Mission Dolores on the Market Street Mission Railroad, but those who endure the two-hour trip hold a "champagne jollification" to hail the opening to development of the "suburbs."
- JULY 4        A. F. Tilden, instructor of calisthenics, announces the opening of "a place for gymnastic exercises," marking the "origin of systematic physical culture in Los Angeles."
- JULY 6        In the absence of state witnesses whose yacht was becalmed out of San Francisco, a San Rafael jury hastily acquits Judge Terry of killing Broderick in a duel last year.
- JULY 14      A midnight police party arrests Italians on the Farallon Islands for stealing murre eggs from the Egg Company, but the San Francisco supply will probably be unaffected.
- JULY 15      News is received of the rival nominations of Stephen Douglas and John Breckinridge at the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore.
- JULY 20      The new *San Francisco Directory* reports 800 liquor dealers, 288 law firms, 189 physicians, 95 hair-dressers, 84 restaurants, 24 breweries, and 17 banks.

- JULY 31 Los Angeles Republicans greet Colonel John C. Frémont with a twenty-five gun salute.
- AUGUST 1 A 500-acre ranch in San Mateo County, with two houses and livestock, is advertised for sale at \$2,000. Additional cows are available at \$5 apiece.
- AUGUST 6 Gallery theatergoers pay 12½c to see the opening of "the greatest operatic drama of our age," *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in San Francisco.
- AUGUST 8 Hundreds of Sacramentans converge on the foot of M Street, where boys bathing in the river discovered several large gold nuggets.
- AUGUST 9 A fist-fight between two well-known citizens enlivens Los Angeles, where "business is stagnant, money is scarce, the weather is hot and stupefying, the public pulse languid; and we are so isolated from the world's great heart, no wonder if we cry . . . 'Our birth-right for a sensation'."
- AUGUST 11 Lessees formally surrender San Quentin Prison to the State in return for \$276,000 and permission to use prison labor for two months to remove four million bricks being manufactured there.
- AUGUST 13 "Three of the veritable chestnut rails" split thirty years ago by Abraham Lincoln arrive on the steamer *Sonora* for exhibit in San Francisco's new Music Hall, "where seats will be reserved for ladies."
- AUGUST 21 A survey of California newspapers shows 24 for Douglas, 21 for Breckenridge, 7 for Lincoln, and 3 for Bell (Union Party).
- SEPTEMBER 3 Bids for the building of the State Capitol in Sacramento are presented to the Commissioners.
- SEPTEMBER 6 A spectacular Aurora Borealis produces a general alarm of fire in San Francisco. "Rumor has it that the weather spirits were rehearsing for an earthquake."



- SEPTEMBER 10 The tenth anniversary of California's statehood is celebrated in a parade led by Colonel Frémont and General Vallejo, followed by an Anniversary Ball featuring music new to San Francisco "to which fashionable feet have been dancing at Newport and Saratoga this summer."
- SEPTEMBER 14 The first American store specializing in Japanese goods opens at 75 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. Its owners have just returned from "that oddest of all lands, Japan . . . and have curiosities the likes of which have not been seen here before."
- SEPTEMBER 17 The San Francisco Opera Season closes with a benefit performance of *Il Trovatore* for the leading lady, Mme. Lucy Escott. A packed audience complains of suffering "the torments of purgatory" through defective ventilation, pointing out that "the ladies and gentlemen who pay a dollar and a half for an operatic entertainment are surely entitled to the best . . ."
- SEPTEMBER 19 The rebuilt San Francisco High School, originally a church, is dedicated as pupils sing "Sweet Summer Comes When All Is Bright."
- SEPTEMBER 21 One of fifteen camels imported from Egypt makes a trial express run from Los Angeles to Fort Mohave. "Years hence, 1860 will be noted in the chronologies as the year in which camels were introduced to California . . . They will be invaluable to transport precious minerals from the mountains."
- OCTOBER 4 Young Prince Kamehameha, only surviving brother of the King of the Sandwich Islands, arrives in San Francisco on his private yacht.
- OCTOBER 8 The first telegraphic communication is established between Los Angeles and San Francisco.
- OCTOBER 9 The Sardinian flag crowns the top of Telegraph Hill to celebrate the triumphal march of Garibaldi.

- OCTOBER 10 Thirteen camels, whose performance in the desert was undistinguished, are offered at auction. One brought \$425.00.
- OCTOBER 17 Sacramento citizens complain that their city is so infested with highwaymen and assassins that "no man is safe to walk the streets at night."
- OCTOBER 22 Usually quiet Oakland is stirred by the murder of an employee at the fandango house *Estratia Chileno*.irate citizens with ropes and axes tear down "this vile den which has long been the terror of our citizens and a nuisance of the worst kind."
- OCTOBER 23 Reports indicate that the desperadoes who left Los Angeles to assassinate Governor Esparza in Lower California have been killed.
- OCTOBER 24 U. S. Commissioner Sylvester Mowry begins a three-year project to mark the boundaries between California and the Territories of Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona.
- NOVEMBER 2 Mining claims are staked off on Russian Hill after Mr. McMurty reports a gold strike while digging his cellar.
- NOVEMBER 6 Early reports of today's election indicate Breckinridge leading in Los Angeles, Lincoln in San Francisco.
- NOVEMBER 14 Lincoln's election is verified from Fort Churchill by Pony Express letters only six days old. "It is reasonable to anticipate a speedy cooling off among Southern disunionists, and a return to tranquillity throughout the country."
- NOVEMBER 23 Secession moves by South Carolina and Alabama are reported. "It is some comfort to think that we of California are removed from the scene of turmoil, and that . . . our position will be that of spectators . . . We have ourselves no personal interest in slaves, nor any desire to meddle with those who have . . ."
- DECEMBER 6 The original Siamese Twins and their children arrive on

the *Uncle Sam* from Panama for exhibition in San Francisco.

- DECEMBER 14 A solemn mass is performed at St. Mary's Cathedral for the repose of the souls of those who have recently fallen in Italy in defense of Pope Pius IX.
- DECEMBER 20 President Buchanan's last Annual Message to Congress arrives by Pony Express.
- DECEMBER 25 Three days of floods in northern California fail to dampen Christmas festivities.
- DECEMBER 26 The mayor of Los Angeles becomes "the first to yield that office to the inexorable demands of Death."
- DECEMBER 28 In Washington, Senator Latham pledges California to the Union of Free States, but points out that "with us the building of the Railroad is the paramount question."

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# Recollections of a California Cattleman

*Three Chapters from the Memoirs of*

*H. T. Liliencrantz*

*(Concluded)*

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Years ago many horses were raised wild, receiving no education whatever until caught up for breaking at three or over in age. Some old-time saddle horse breakers put such colts on the stake rope as a first process. The colt was roped by the front feet and thrown, the halter put on (or a heavy weight *jaquima*), then a one inch cotton rope was tied to his neck, run through the halter ring and tied to a stout post or tree; the horse was then allowed to fight it out. Generally it was a real fight. He was given about twenty feet of rope. He would pull back, sometimes until he fell; jump forward, get a front foot over the rope, squeal with rage, trying to get free. He would be sure, before a great while, to straddle the rope with his hind feet and would then kick and struggle until he fell. The harder he fought the more complete was his final submission. When he was through he was really and truly halter-broke and stake-broke. His neck was sore, nothing would induce him to pull back, his hind legs were sore and he would accept side lining (i.e., tying up hind foot to shoulder) without a protest. That was the time for the first saddle (usually the third day) and after the preliminaries as above described the average colt gave little trouble. He did not have much inclination to buck, and he would give readily to the *jaquima*, so the rider's control in stopping and turning was quickly established.

In my last years of breeding horses (for saddle use only) I stake-broke every foal I raised; it made for easier handling in every way, whether or not the colts would ever experience staking in later life.

Times have changed and there is no longer any use or place for wild



horses in California. Unbrokes have neither demand nor value, save for meat; therefore it pays to gentle the colts at an early age.

#### A FIVE-DAY CAMPING TRIP

In September of 1900 a small group of the social set of Santa Cruz conceived the idea of a good long drive over the mountain roads of the Santa Cruz range; a drive of several days, for since horse conveyance was the only method possible at that time a party could not get far from home if obliged to return the same day. The prime mover in this proposed excursion was Louis Pioda, a prominent young Santa Cruzan, who then held the position of Deputy County Assessor; by virtue of his line of work he had become well acquainted with people and roads in all portions of the county. The second person of influence was a Mrs. Martin of San Francisco, a widow with two daughters, who had come to Santa Cruz the year before to take up residence there for an indeterminate length of time in a home which she owned near the beach. Louis and Mrs. Martin had become great friends and he visited her house frequently. Her daughters were Theodocia Cook, eighteen years of age by her first husband, and Katherine Martin, twelve years old. As Mrs. Cook, the lady had lived for much of each year on a ranch in Contra Costa County, a beautiful spot at the foot of Mount Diablo. Both cattle and blooded horses were raised, the latter standard bred, and there had been a track for them.

I could write much of Mrs. Martin. She was a charming woman, of wealth, position in the social world, educated, traveled, and with accomplishments. Young, to have lost two husbands by death. Her second husband, Mr. Martin, had been in the wholesale wool business, headquarters in Boston; and Mrs. Martin told me how she had several times accompanied him on his summer excursions through the western range states, made for the purpose of contacting large annual clips, in competition with other buyers. They traveled by team and buggy many hundreds of miles over mountains and plains, through wild country, spending their nights with various degrees of comfort, many of them in odd places. I must add that Mrs. Martin was an accomplished horse-woman, both rider and driver, even to the extent of driving a four-in-hand.

Some months before our camping trip took place I had met the

Martins, accompanying Louis to the house one evening on his invitation, together with another young man. After this I spent occasional evenings there, always with Louis, and after it was found that I played guitar and sang, to some extent, I was implored to bring my instrument always, for they were music lovers, Theodocia being a good pianist and often acting as accompanist to her mother, who had a fine contralto voice.

After the idea of a camping trip had taken root, and I had offered to furnish the four-in-hand and suitable mountain wagon, Mrs. Martin questioned Louis most carefully, not only about the quality of my horses, but as to my ability as a driver. She had never seen me drive or seen any of my horses. Louis assured her that I had handled horses since childhood, and that no one drove better teams into Santa Cruz than those from the Liliencrantz ranch.

The plans matured. We would go the last week of September, conveyance my mountain wagon, three-seated, with canvas top and side curtains, trunk-rack, and best of brakes. Company, Mrs. Martin, Theodocia and Katherine, Georgia Skinner, a Santa Cruz girl, Louis Pioda and myself. This made three to a seat, for two seats. The third seat was left at home, for we needed that space for baggage and bedrolls.

At the last moment we acquired a seventh member. Baron Fritz von Hiller of Germany, was making a visit of several months in Santa Cruz, guest of his uncle, F. A. Hihn; and having met both Mrs. Martin and Louis Pioda, and learning of our proposed trip in the mountains, begged to accompany us. On being told that it was impossible to consider another passenger on account of lack of room, he said that as he was given free use of a pony and dogcart, which belonged to one of the Misses Hihn, he would be able to accompany us in that manner if agreeable; and so could consider himself as one of the party, at least at meal times and around the camp fires. At that we consented, for he was a young man of impeccable manners, and with knowledge of a different world from ours.

The day of departure arrived and the morning was a busy one. I reached Mrs. Martin's house from Aptos about ten o'clock and the loading of baggage, bedding, and provisions by Louis and myself took until noon. Then lunch at Mrs. Martin's (she had good servants, of course), and "Yo, ho, away we go." First to Soquel, then up the

Soquel-Los Gatos mountain road to a point not far from the first summit, where stood the Hotel de Redwood, a summer resort, by that date closed for the winter. There we obtained permission to camp in the redwood grove that stood directly across the road from the hotel. I bought a bale of hay for my horses; I had brought a sack of grain with me, for the team had heavy work up the long grades and deserved the best of care.

Our camp was in a grove of primordial beauty. The weather had been good to us; about a week before we started a rather unusual September rain, of an inch or more, had fallen; and as a consequence we had no dust to contend with, either on the road or in camp, anywhere. We even had, in addition, the light of a half moon.

The first night in any camping trip is generally the hardest, for until the members have found their places the work cannot be systematized. While I took care of the horses, Mrs. Martin and Louis selected the spots for fire and dinner spread, and unpacked provisions. Mrs. Martin proved to be a real leader; her experience in travel and outdoor life had been wide, and she knew just what had to be done and how to get it done.

It was a delightful evening. I haven't the faintest remembrance of just what we cooked and ate, but I remember well sitting around the camp fire, having stories and song; of course my guitar traveled with us; and the Baron, bless his heart, proved unendingly amusing. His ignorance of outdoor life was complete. I had to unharness his little horse for him; and I found that although he had brought along some liniment to rub on the pony's fetlocks, he had not thought of bringing any barley for his stomach.

When bed time came the three girls chose to sleep in the wagon. I took out the second seat that they might have the full bed. Mrs. Martin slept under the stars on one side of the wagon; for her we unfolded a buffalo robe, which she had owned many years. This she used as a mattress, for the nights were mild and it would be far too warm for a cover. The Baron had never in his life slept out of doors, and he refused to lie down flat; instead he sat down with his back against a huge redwood log and passed the night largely awake, listening to the horses munching hay, the weird hooting of horned owls, and many other lighter sounds. Louis and I shared blankets and slept like logs.

I cannot find words for the charm of a redwood grove as a camping spot. The delicate odor, the stillness of the air in the fall of the year, the softness of the accumulation of dried foliage on the ground, all is in perfect harmony of beauty and repose.

When morning came all were refreshed. Our goal the second day was Eagle Rock, where there was a small orchard and vineyard, and a few summer guests were accommodated, though it was not as pretentious a place as Hotel de Redwood. After our start we drove a bit farther on the Los Gatos road, then left it, turning north and for that day and the next Louis was guide; it was new road to me. This was all mountain road with few level stretches; many of the grades were steep and with sharp turns, a road that was not much traveled. Northward in direction, it must have been in many places where the Skyline Boulevard is today.

As we were descending the first steep grade encountered on our trip (before this our travel had been either on level road or up grade) with my horses on the trot, swinging around turn after sharp turn, my foot on the brake, I could notice that Mrs. Martin was watching me critically; but before we had reached the lowest point I could sense a sigh of relief. I had passed the test! From then on she could trust me as a driver.

We had left Hotel de Redwood about ten o'clock. After some three hours we stopped at a nice spot for lunch; we reached Eagle Rock in good time, at perhaps five o'clock.

Here was another beautiful grove in which we could camp; and as there was stable room for the horses I did not have to tie them out to trees. Also included with the camp charge came, unexpectedly, a huge basket of fruit, fresh grapes and apples, indeed much appreciated.

That night the Baron imitated Louis and me in our bed method, and lying flat on the ground in his blankets had an infinitely better night than the first. In the morning as we were ready to start off, Mrs. Martin, who had noticed how lonely the Baron appeared to be as he drove by himself always in the rear, offered to change places with him, she to drive his pony, he to join the other young people in the wagon. This was highly agreeable to both. Mrs. Martin enjoyed driving; she could stop at any spot where a particularly beautiful long distance view offered, she could drive ahead of us if she wished — which the Baron would never have dared to do — and she didn't feel lonely in the least. And the Baron,



in the wagon with us, kept up a constant chatter with the girls, with which all were amused.

We followed the ridge north for a number of miles, finally reaching the east-west Redwood City-La Honda road, where we turned toward the latter place, that being our goal for the third night. We had gone many miles at an elevation of around twenty-five hundred feet and now we had a long steep down grade ahead toward La Honda.

The grove at La Honda was of even larger trees than those at our earlier camps, and it was of greater extent and very beautiful. The night passed like the others: after our dinner the camp fire, around which we sat for a couple of hours, with story and song, then to sleep under what few stars we could see between the trees.

The fourth day we had a change in scenery, for much of our road now lay in sight of the ocean. Some miles south of Pescadero we came to that well known place, the "road on the beach." The cliffs of the mountains there come right to the ocean itself; no roadway existed above the beach in those days, although now there is one. Travelers had to take to the sand; therefore all who knew about this place took the precaution of timing their journey by the tide-table, so as to use the firm sand of low tide. If the tide was high it was hard and slow going in the dry sand even for loose stock, and impossible for loaded wagons. Ever since travel by white men up and down the coast had begun the road between Santa Cruz and Pescadero was known for that particular stretch; it was about three-quarters of a mile in length.

That fourth night we camped at Big Creek, some eighteen or twenty miles north of Santa Cruz, and about a mile off the highway to the east. The redwood grove was the property of an electric light and power company, and Louis, who knew the officials well, had obtained permission. We had this marvelous spot all to ourselves that night; not a stranger or a building in sight, and a place completely protected from winds. Of our four camps it was the most fascinating. I do not remember how I secured hay for the horses that time, but we got it some way.

On the morning of our fifth day we loitered, having concluded not to make the remainder of our drive, some twenty miles, until afternoon. We strolled here and there up and down the creek, enjoying the sights it offered, especially the various varieties of ferns. Then lunch, a final packing up, the drive into Santa Cruz, and dinner at Mrs. Martin's home.

It had been a grand success. We had carried out our itinerary to the dot, without accident or adventure, and had seen beautiful country. Such a drive over the same ground could not be made today. Modern automobiles could whisk a party over our five-day route in half a day, mostly if not all over paved roads; but no car of early make could have negotiated the "road on the beach." Since bulldozers and such have come on the scene, a highway has been gouged out of the rock cliffs which skirt the ocean at that point.

Another thing: the roads through the mountains, which used to be narrow, passing close to many a tree of wondrous beauty, are now wide highways, with cuts and fills, all scientifically graded, and often crowded with travel. Places of solitude are not so easily found today.

Goodbyes were said, with each thanking the other for his or her part in the excursion; I made a night drive to the ranch at Aptos, where after unharnessing my four and caring for them, I found the clock pointing to midnight.

I visited the Martins occasionally in the next few months. Then they went to Washington, D. C., where they lived for some time, returning however, to San Francisco, I heard, but I never saw them again after their leaving Santa Cruz. Nor did I ever see the Baron again, or hear a word about him, after he left.

The drive, the camping trip, came to an end; but pleasant memories of it will remain until the end of my days.



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# The Party, the Machine, and the Vote

## *The Story of Cross-filing in California Politics*

By FRANKLIN HICHBORN

*With an Introduction by SENATOR HERBERT C. JONES*

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### INTRODUCTION

FOR 45 YEARS it has been possible for the voters of one party to choose as their candidate in a Primary election, a member of another political party. This now will no longer be possible, since the enactment of a bill at the last session of the Legislature abolished "cross-filing" (under "cross-filing" a candidate may file for nomination not only under his own party, but under any other party or parties he may choose). Therefore the following article by Mr. Franklin Hichborn is most timely.

I personally had an extended experience with "cross-filing" during the two decades that I was a member of the California State Senate. I was the first Legislator in California elected at a recall election—January 2, 1913. Under the law, at this recall election, I had to run as an Independent, although endorsed by the Republican County Central Committee of Santa Clara County. My opponent also ran as an Independent, but he had the endorsement of the Democratic County Central Committee.

Before the election of 1914, came the Progressive (Bull Moose) movement under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt. Here in California, Hiram Johnson came out as a Progressive, and those of us who espoused his principles did likewise. Under the law, it was necessary for me, in running for re-election, to get the endorsement of the voters of the party in which I was registered—that is, the Progressive Party. My opponent for the Progressive Party nomination was a Labor man.

Since I had to campaign for the nomination of my own party, I felt that I might as well try for the nominations of all the other parties—



Republican, Democratic and Prohibition. Accordingly I filed for the nomination of each of these parties. I was entering upon untrodden ground. I did not know how the voters of these other parties would feel about someone from an outside party trying to capture the nominations of their parties. They might regard me as a "trespasser"—trying to "steal" the nomination from one of their own party members.

The outcome of the election was a revelation. I secured the nomination of each of the four parties—Progressive, Republican, Democratic and Prohibition.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that I shut out the Socialist Party candidate from getting his own nomination. There were not enough Socialist votes cast to give the Socialist nomination to anyone, but I received more Socialist votes than the Socialist candidate. It so happened that in my work as Trustee of the Hester School District in the campaign for bonds for a new school building, I had made the acquaintance and won the friendship of a number of Socialists who lived in the School District. There were more of them who voted for me than for the registered Socialist. In reality, therefore, I received the highest vote in each of five political parties! Then I realized that, in the eyes of the voter, the Legislature was in reality but a glorified City Council or Board of Supervisors—that the important issues in the minds of the voters, in voting for State Legislators, were local rather than national.

Before another four years came around the Progressive Party had gone back into the ranks of the Republican Party. In each campaign thereafter for re-election during the next 20 years, I also filed for the Democratic nomination and was successful in obtaining it.

Under "cross-filing" the voters of a party, in selecting as their nominee a member of another party, were simply doing what the old-time County Party Conventions were doing when, on occasion, they "cross-nominated." In other words, the sovereign voters were doing what Conventions were able to do when they so desired.

There have been many interesting ramifications, and some unexpected complications arising from "cross-filing." One was the shutting out of Rolph to run for Governor as a Democrat since he had lost the Republican nomination.

There is no one better qualified to write the story of "cross-filing" than Mr. Franklin Hichborn, the veteran newspaperman who reported the sessions of the California Legislature for about 48 years — beginning with the administration of Governor Markham and extending down through the administration of Governor Olson.

Mr. Hichborn's "Stories of the California Legislature" of 1909-1911-1913-1915 and 1921, distributed to newspapers and civic organizations, giving the voting record of Legislators, resulted in the defeat of many incumbents and the election of new men. He has been recognized by such editors as the late Chester Rowell as one of the most able and disinterested political writers in the history of California.

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"Cross-filing" was the result of a contest between political factions which had been contending for control of the state for half a century.

The political faction that secured control with the election of Hiram W. Johnson as Governor in 1911, proposed election laws that would:

- (1) Eliminate political consideration from the election of officials to purely non-partisan positions.
- (2) Do away with party conventions.
- (3) Under a two-party system, assure election of public officials by majority vote only.

But for the Hawson amendment adopted in the Assembly in 1917, "cross-filing" would have met to considerable degree the purposes of the Johnson faction. The amendment resulted in election by minorities far beyond anything experienced during the control of the political faction which the Johnson faction supplanted.

That faction had been the inevitable development of the establishment of Atlantic-Pacific railroad connections. Before the building of the Central Pacific Railroad, California could be reached only by "covered-wagon" across the plains, by sailing vessel around the southern tip of South America, or, later, but before the building of the railroad, by boat down the Atlantic Coast and through the Gulf of Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama, across the Isthmus to the Pacific Coast and by boat up the coast to San Francisco.

Californians of early pioneer days felt very isolated indeed; their

Eastern homefolks far distant. Office seekers from Maine to California urged building of a Pacific railroad. "No candidate for Congress," wrote California's popular journalist, "Old Block," in 1869, "could be popular unless he endorsed the Pacific Railroad."

In 1854, C. L. Wilson, who had a wild idea of building a railroad between Sacramento and mining camps in the Sierra Mountains, went East to engage a chief engineer. Horatio Seymour, then Governor of New York, recommended Theodore Dehone Judah. Up to that time, the sound of a locomotive whistle had not been heard in California. Judah took the job; and became obsessed with the idea of a railroad across the Sierras to connect with the East. So persistent was he that he became known as "Crazy Judah." "The Government," wrote John C. Burch, a California Congressman, "had expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in exploring the feasibility of a Pacific railroad, yet all this did not demonstrate the practicability of a route, nor show the surveys, elevations, profiles, grades or estimates of the cost of constructing the road over the route finally adopted."

The persistent Judah was able eventually to present his oft-rejected plans to a group of some twenty Sacramentoans. In the group were Leland Stanford, a wholesale grocer; Charles Crocker, who had a dry goods store; Mark Hopkins and Collis P. Huntington, proprietors of a hardware store. Judah did not dwell on the difficulties of the Sierra crossing. He emphasized, however, that if the railroad were built, Sacramento would have the trade of the fabulously rich Nevada mining country then in the booming days of its early development. Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins got behind the "crazy Judah"; California communities bonded themselves to promote the venture; enormous tracts of land were appropriated for its support; Congress provided funds. The railroad link with the East was completed. The "Big Four," as Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins were called, became the most popular men in California. A monument was erected to Judah.

The "Big Four" had a reach of roadbed from California to the Missouri River over plains inhabited by Indians and buffalo, with few prospective customers until they reached mineral-rich Nevada and the bounteous wheat fields of California. They proceeded to draw upon

those two states for the maintenance of their road. As Collis P. Huntington undiplomatically put it, "to exact in rates all the traffic would bear." Another source of irritation was that the railroad resisted meeting what the public regarded as its just tax burden. In Nevada, its political machine met the tax issue by electing officials who would be lenient in railroad tax levies. In California, the railroad either could not or would not pay. In 1893, for example, the then Attorney General, W. H. H. Hart, issued a report which purported to show that unpaid railroad taxes for 1880 to 1884 amounted to \$962,356.10, of which General Hart thought 30 per cent were recoverable; and that for 1885-6-7, \$2,011,760.18 was due. (This report was published in full in the *Sacramento Bee*, January 18, 1893.)

From being the most popular men in California, the "Big Four" became the most unpopular. In California, the organization they had built up to meet rapidly developing opposition was mainly within the Republican party, although in Democratic counties, as in Fresno County at that time, they functioned through the local Democratic organization. In Nevada, they functioned through the Democratic-Silver party organization. Their grip on Nevada was broken when, at the turn of the century, that state elected Francis G. Newlands and George Nixon to the United States Senate.

In California, the Railroad Machine probably never controlled the electorate or had a compelling influence upon a majority of it. The Machine's grip upon the state was made possible by partisan election laws which required that the candidate's party be stated. This was generally recognized and resented. All candidates for office, from township constable to Governor, were nominated by partisan conventions.

All parties held nominating conventions. There were state conventions which met to nominate candidates for state offices; state senatorial conventions, assembly conventions, county conventions, township conventions, and municipal conventions. Each party followed this procedure. The candidates of the several parties thus went on the final election ballot as Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Prohibitionists, Populists. The railroad machine usually controlled the conventions, but when it did not, with several candidates running for each office, could, and usually did, by centering its vote upon a dependable candi-



date, elect its choice by minority vote. By such procedure, the machine, broadly speaking, controlled official California from city hall to state capitol.

Opposition to the partisan convention system had its first effective expression in the municipalities. Berkeley was one of the first, if not the first, to go on record. The movement was known as the "Berkeley Plan." It was based on the absurdity of electing mayors, city clerks, chiefs of police, councilmen, etc., to such non-partisan positions on partisan considerations. Agitation for Direct Primary to take the place of nominating conventions had begun. The "Berkeley Plan" combined non-partisanship with the principle of direct primaries, with the further advantage of ending the election of officials by minority vote.

Under the Berkeley plan, candidates ran at the primaries without party designation. If one received a majority of the vote cast for the office he filed for, he was declared elected. If no candidate received a majority, the two candidates receiving the highest plurality vote, to the elimination of all others, ran it off at the final election. In this way, election by majority vote was assured. It was not long before practically all of the municipalities of the state had adopted the "Berkeley Election Plan."

The first attempt to elect state and county officials on a non-partisan basis was during the Legislative Session of 1909. The late Justice William Denman, then a leader at the San Francisco bar, later for many years Chief Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Judicial District, prepared measures to elect judicial officials on a non-partisan basis. These measures were known as the "Denman Bills." In that machine-controlled Legislature, the "Denman Bills" were given scant consideration.

The beginning of the end of machine control came at the 1899 Session of the Legislature. At that session, the machine's candidate for election to the United States Senate was Colonel Daniel M. Burns. Before the machine came out openly for Burns, its leaders made the mistake of promising the Senatorship to two owners of Northern California newspapers, M. H. de Young of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and John D. Spreckels of the San Francisco *Morning Call*. By an amusing accident, the two discovered that both had been promised the election, although as it turned out, neither was selected. The South,

rapidly developing in population and political importance, gave its support to U. S. Grant, Jr., son of the hero of the Civil War. The two San Francisco papers joined the South in opposition to Burns. To add to the confusion, Republicans opposing Burns refused to accept Grant. The Republicans had a safe majority of the Legislative membership and the contest was within the Republican party. A majority of the membership, sixty-one votes, was required to elect. Under ordinary conditions, Burns' election would have been assured. The division within the Republican ranks prevented that. The United States Senatorship was distinctly a partisan office. For a Democratic legislator to have voted to send a Republican to the United States Senate in those partisan days, would have been the height of unpolitical conduct and have meant political ostracism for the Democrat so voting. Nevertheless, it was held, not without reason, that if Burns came within striking distance of securing the essential sixty-one votes, the machine would sacrifice some of its Democratic members to ensure Burns' election. The Democratic members in the main voted for Senator Stephen M. White, who, six years before, had been elected to the United States Senate by the Democrats, who were then in control of the Legislature. The Democrats at the 1898 election had lost the Governorship and their control of the Legislature because of the methods employed to defeat their candidate for Governor, Congressman James G. Maguire. So complete was the split in the Democratic party over that incident that they were not to elect another Governor for forty years until Olson was elected in 1939.

On the first ballot at the joint session of Senate and Assembly, Grant received twenty-six votes, Burns twenty-four. The remaining Republican votes were divided among several candidates. As the voting continued over the entire session, it developed that there were Burns votes and Grant votes, hidden away for strategic purposes, voting for minority candidates. On the last ballot, at the close of the last day of the session, Burns received thirty votes, Grant thirty. The machine had suffered its first major defeat—and California was left with only one United States Senator. During the session, Thomas Flint, Senator from San Benito and Monterey Counties, had been active in the opposition to Burns. He had, from the beginning to the end of the session, voted for Thomas R. Bard of Ventura. Governor Gage, in February of the

following year, called the Legislature into extraordinary session to elect a United States Senator. The Legislature elected Thomas R. Bard.

Burns had gone to the special session convinced that the stage had been set for his election. Such was the belief throughout the state. Upon Bard's election, Burns and his close associates insisted that the machine leadership had deserted him. The animosities thus created cost Alden Anderson (who was to play an important although losing part in the politics of the State during the next ten years) the Speakership of the 1901 Assembly; and also cost Governor Gage re-election in 1902. Burns' defeat brought down upon the machine leadership the wrath of perhaps its most effective lieutenants, and did much to disrupt the machine organization. And, finally, the long-nurtured anger of the surly Burns played an important, perhaps decisive, part ten years later in wrecking the railroad machine and electing Hiram W. Johnson as Governor.

The Burns-Grant controversy encouraged the opponents of the machine to try for control of the 1902 Republican State Convention. This required a state-wide campaign for the election of delegates. Thomas Flint, Jr., became leader of the group that had opposed Burns. To the consternation of the machine forces, the Flint faction, by a slight margin, gained control of the convention. On the face of the returns, the contest for Governor was between Governor Gage, backed by the machine, and Flint. However, it did not work out that way. J. O. Hayes of San Jose, George C. Pardee of Oakland (whom Gage had defeated for nomination at the 1898 Republican Convention) and others, all drawing to considerable degree on Flint strength, announced their candidacy.

The test of strength came in the election of the Convention chairman. The Gage machine faction nominated Congressman Victor H. Metcalf; the divided Flint anti-Gage delegates nominated Lieutenant-Governor Jacob H. Neff. Neff was elected by a vote of 423½ votes to 406½. By this margin of 17 votes, the State machine suffered defeat.

On the first ballot for Governor, with 830 votes cast, 416 necessary for nomination, Gage received 322, Flint 251½, Pardee 119½, Hayes 62; scattering 74. By the fifth ballot, Gage had gained 13½ votes, having 335½; Flint stood at 280, a gain of 28½; Pardee at 142½, a gain of 23; with Hayes at 58, showing a loss of 4; scattering 13.

With threat of a possible switch of the Pardee and Hayes votes to Flint, the machine dropped Gage for Pardee. On the sixth ballot, Gage received 13 votes, Flint 239, Hayes 47, scattering 13, Pardee 518 and the nomination. Before the Flint forces could recover from the upset, the machine-Pardee delegates had nominated Alden Anderson for Lieutenant-Governor.

The Democratic convention nominated Franklin K. Lane for Governor and I. B. Dockweiler for Lieutenant-Governor. With the Democrats hopelessly divided because of the methods by which their candidate for Governor, James G. Maguire, had been defeated four years before, and with both Republican factions dissatisfied with their candidate for Governor, the popular demand for non-partisan elections increased. Pardee, at the final election, had strong Democratic support; Republicans of both factions quietly supported Lane. The division was nearly even. Pardee received 146,332 votes; Lane 143,783. The Democrats had lost their opportunity to elect the Governor, the last chance they were to have for thirty-six years.

Alden Anderson, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, made a better showing than Pardee. He received 150,039 votes to his Democratic opponent Dockweiler's 129,749.

The machine had snatched victory at the delegate-election polls from Flint. But the machine had Governor Pardee on its hands, and Pardee had a record for non-machine conformity which must have been disconcerting to the machine leadership. One more machine-manipulated Republican State Convention, and an aroused people, were to sweep the convention-nominating system into the discard, and to elect a Governor pledged to one thing and one thing only; namely: To "kick the railroad machine out of the government of the State."

*(To be continued)*



## WAGNER MEMORIAL AWARD

THE HENRY R. WAGNER MEMORIAL AWARD for outstanding achievement in historical scholarship was presented by the Society at the first annual Wagner Memorial Award Dinner held Monday, September 28, at 7 p.m. in the ballroom of the Mansion.

Henry R. Wagner, in whose honor the award is appropriately named, was one of the West's eminent historians, the author of the famous *Spanish Voyages to the Northwest Coast of America* and the exhaustive *Cartography of the Northwest Coast of America*. He founded the *Quarterly* and was a key member of the group which revived and reorganized the Society in 1922. The Royal Geographical Society of London made Wagner a Fellow, and he was the recipient of honorary degrees from Yale University, Pomona College, and the University of California.

The award is to be made annually to the author of the work published within the preceding two calendar years in the field of California history, cartography, or bibliography, which the Awards Committee shall deem most worthy of recognition. Judges for this year's award were: George P. Hammond, Glenn S. Dumke and Thomas W. Streeter.

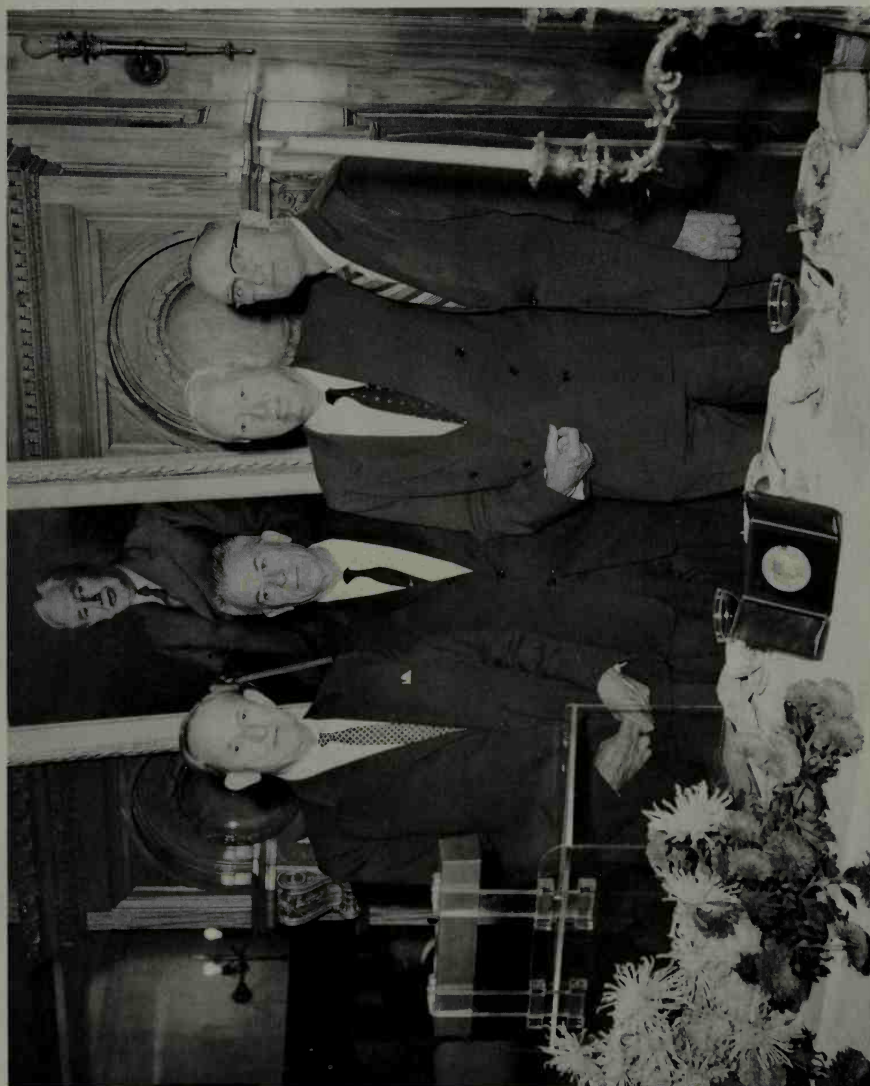
In making this year's selection for the award, the Committee is giving recognition to Carl I. Wheat and the first two volumes of his distinguished work *The Mapping of the Trans-Mississippi West 1540-1861* which, when completed, will run to five large folio volumes. Mr. Wheat has been a member of the Society since 1924, has served as a member of the Board of Trustees and of the Publication Committee and was Editor of the *Quarterly* from 1927 to 1932.

Carl Irving Wheat, born in Massachusetts, was graduated from Pomona College and after receiving his law degree from Harvard was admitted to the bar in California in 1920. He has had a distinguished career in the legal profession in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Washington, D. C. He has been a trustee of Pomona College since 1951 and was awarded an honorary Doctor of Letters degree by that institution last June. Mr. Wheat has nevertheless taken time to write numerous historical works on the Western United States, to edit learned journals and collections of historical material and to contribute articles on historical subjects to various periodicals.

The medal which was awarded Mr. Wheat is the work of Sculptor William G. Huff of Alamo, California, and bears a profile likeness of Henry R. Wagner.

In addition to the presentation of the award, Dr. George Hammond, Director of the Bancroft Library, gave a brief talk on Mr. Wheat, and the importance of his contributions; and Dr. Charles L. Camp discussed the life and work of Henry R. Wagner.

The distinction of the recipient of this first Wagner award would indicate that the annual event will become one of the most important marks of recognition in the field of western history and certainly a significant contribution on the part of the Society in furthering the highest historical scholarship.



THE HENRY R. WAGNER MEMORIAL AWARD DINNER

*Left to right:* President George Harding, Dr. Charles L. Camp, Carl I. Wheat, Dr. George P. Hammond. A portrait of Henry R. Wagner appears in the background, and the Wagner medal in the foreground.



# Book of Remembrance

Established in 1945

On view in the Society's library is a finely bound "Book of Remembrance," recording the names of persons in whose memory contributions have been made to the Library Fund. Below are names that have been inscribed for 1958 and 1959.

1958

Alice Mayhew Allen  
J. Frederick Ast  
Geraldine Bliss Brook  
Twohy Brusstar  
Olga Bujannoff  
Edwin H. Carpenter, Sr.  
Allen Lawrence Chickering  
Henry C. Compton  
Oscar Cooper  
Arthur E. Corder  
Henry J. Crocker  
R. Stanley Dollar  
Henry B. Dyson  
E. S. Egbert  
Dana L. Fuller  
Emma Gordon Hare  
Beulah Lanyon Hostetter  
Charles Curtiss Judson  
Susan A. Judson  
Alice Swain Kelly  
Catherine R. Kendall

Douglas McGlashan Kelley, M.D.  
Charles Lux  
Miranda W. Lux  
Andrew C. McLaughlin  
Janet Watt Miller  
Tulita Wilcox Miner  
Mildred Knox Moore  
Donald William Page  
Olive Holbrook Palmer  
Laura Doe Pettigrew  
Mary L. Raggio  
Freda Ortmann Shumate  
Howard Dunbar Smith  
Frank Alton Somers  
Judson Somers  
Elisabeth Wade Stadtmuller  
Elizabeth Henry Stephenson  
Edward Herbert Towler  
Edith Lynn Walker  
Willard Forsythe Williamson  
Ella Sherburn Yoerk

1959

Anson Stiles Blake  
Richard O. Bliss  
Charles R. Blyth  
Leon Bocqueraz  
Henry Hanna Brigham  
Jesse Washington Carter  
Henria P. Compton  
Oscar Cooper  
Elie Dalmon  
Fay Lanphier Daniels  
Leroy Harris Dart  
Charles Davis  
Leslie Van Ness Denman  
Maude McKay Evans  
Paul Scott Foster  
John Debo Galloway  
J. Duncan Gleason  
Daisy Howard  
Lorina Hunt  
Charles Sexton James  
Haidee Grau Keesling  
W. D. Kleinpell

Charles F. Lambert  
Clarence F. Laumeister  
Mary Josephine Lauppe  
Ivy Lee, III  
Lawrence Lovett  
Angus McDonald  
Tulita Wilcox Miner  
Eugenie S. Neppert  
Mrs. Richard Newhall  
Phil O'Connell  
Martha Hutchinson Ransome  
Edward Gunther Schmiedell  
Ethel R. Shorb  
Harold M. Smith  
Mary Swain Stabler  
Alice Clay Stephenson  
Anna Louise Green Turner  
Emma Avaline Turner  
Gustavus James Turner  
Gustavus Samuel Turner  
Caroline Wenzel  
Katherine Emily Winn



# In Memoriam

## CHARLES SEXTON JAMES

CHARLES SEXTON JAMES, who was born in Lewisberg, Pennsylvania, was the son of a Montana pioneer doctor and served as assistant superintendent of the Little Eagle Indian School, Standing Rock Reservation, in the Dakotas. He first studied art with Alexis Fournier at Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft colony in East Aurora, New York, and later did special work in architecture at Penn University.

Mr. James came to San Francisco in 1906 and in 1909 was employed by Gump's where he worked for 47 years until his retirement. He died at the age of 82 on July 30, 1959. After retirement he wrote nine small biographies of early California painters which are used in the State Historical Societies, State Libraries and Art Galleries of California, Montana and Washington.

Mr. James was closely associated with Abe Gump in selling works of art and had many interesting stories to tell of artists and clients.

RICHARD GUMP

## CHARLES R. BLYTH

IT IS AN HONOR for me to pay tribute to the memory of Charles R. Blyth who died August 25, 1959, at the age of seventy-six. A native of Ohio, a graduate of Amherst College, Mr. Blyth came to California in 1908.

My own acquaintance and friendship with "Charley," as he was known to his legion of friends, coast to coast, goes back to 1910, when he was associated with the security firm of Louis Sloss & Co.

In 1914 he became president of the investment banking firm, Blyth & Co., formerly Blyth Witter & Co., which he headed and directed as chairman of the board until his death and which, over the years, has grown in stature and importance to the position it now holds as a recognized and pre-eminent leader in its field, with 24 offices and 700 employees.

Of itself this rise to the topmost rank of one of the great professions in America was only one of his accomplishments. Brilliant of mind, gentle and understanding of spirit, he nevertheless was characterized by a singular humility and by a sympathetic understanding of his fellow associates—in the broad field that encompasses finance, industry and civic affairs. Charles Blyth's sphere of dedication knew no limitations for nothing that was human was alien to him, whether civic, social or cultural. Despite heavy responsibilities, as head of a nation-wide investment banking organization, he managed to find time for innumerable outside activities, some large, some small and personal.

He was chairman of Liberty Loan drives in Northern California, World War I, and chairman of Victory Fund Committee, World War II. Last February he was re-elected chairman of the California Olympic Commission. He was a principal fund raiser for the Republican Party (those personal letters, in the first person

and signed "Charley"—always brought results, whether for charity or civic service). He was president of the San Francisco War Chest in 1942 and 1948; chairman of the San Francisco Red Cross Chapter from 1944 to 1946; headed many San Francisco charity drives and was also active in local work of the American Cancer Society. In addition he served as a director of Stanford University Research Institute and as a trustee of Stanford University, St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco, Mills Memorial Hospital in San Mateo and the M. H. de Young Museum.

Mr. Blyth's long list of civic activities includes service as vice-president of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the San Francisco Opera Association. He was a director in many large corporations, among them Crown Zellerbach Corporation and Rayonier Inc., both of which he served long and well. Mr. Blyth was a member of the Bohemian, Pacific Union and Stock Exchange clubs in San Francisco; the Burlingame Country Club in Burlingame, and The Republican, Recess, River, Links clubs in New York.

In addition to his wife, the former Katherine Ramsay, Mr. Blyth is also survived by a son, Charles Blyth, Jr., now in graduate school at Harvard University; three daughters, Mrs. Alfred D. Bell and Mrs. John Coghlan, both of Hillsborough, and Miss Katherine Blyth of Philadelphia; and eight grandchildren.

Charley Blyth will be missed, for everywhere, by the humble and the great, he was held in the highest regard and respect.

There is left to those who knew him, to those who worked with him and to his family who loved him, a precious memory, one that will long be treasured.

SIDNEY L. SCHWARTZ

### ETHEL R. SHORB

COINCIDENTALLY THE DEATH OF Ethel R. Shorb occurred upon Admission Day, September 9th, for she embodied both in her own person and distinguished ancestry the quintessence of California history.

Ethel R. Shorb was born January 13, 1880, at San Gabriel, Calif., the daughter of James de Barth Shorb and Marie Jesus Wilson Shorb. The Shorb estate in San Marino is the site of the Henry E. Huntington Library and is where Ethel spent her childhood. Reared together in a patriarchal fashion was the large family of brothers, sisters and cousins, who included Ynez (Mrs. Carroll Buck), Doctor James A., Edith (Mrs. James King Steele), Ramona (Mrs. J. A. Murtagh), Campbell, Donald, Norbert, Bernardo, and the cousins, the late General George Smith Patton and Miss Anne Wilson Patton.

Mr. and Mrs. James de Barth Shorb were renowned for their gracious hospitality and the names of their visitors was a roster of the famous who visited Southern California. Among them were Bishop Kip, Senator Gwinn, and Helen Hunt Jackson who, while staying at San Marino, wrote *Ramona*, which was named after Ethel's sister, Ramona.

Her maternal grandparents, Benjamin D. (Don Benito) Wilson and Ramona

Yorba Wilson represented the Spanish and Anglo-Saxon California pioneer heritage. Ramona Yorba was the daughter of Don Bernardo Yorba of the Santa Ana Rancho (the nucleus of the Irvine ranch of Orange County), and was descended from Antonio Yorba who came to California in 1769 as a Catalan Volunteer in the Fages Expedition, and was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco, 1777, at Monterey in 1782; he was retired as "invalid sergeant" in 1799.

Benjamin D. Wilson with his son-in-law, James de Barth Shorb, were two of the foremost developers of Southern California. Don Benito was born in 1811 in Wilson County, Tennessee, explored New Mexico with Kit Carson, and came to California in 1841 with the Workman Rowland Party, the first large immigrant train to reach California by land. He acquired the Rancho Jurupa (Riverside) in 1843, the year before his marriage to Ramona Yorba. He also purchased the Rancho San Pasqual, 14,000 acres, which covered the sites of Pasadena, Alhambra, and many other communities. The Huntington Library of San Marino, the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, and the campus of the University of California, Los Angeles (Rancho San José de Buenos Ayres, which also was his property) are on land which he owned. Mount Wilson and the Mount Wilson Observatory were named for him. He was prominent in the public life of California, first County Clerk of Los Angeles, first mayor (1854) of the City of Los Angeles, State Senator (1855 and 1869-1870) and United States Indian Agent for Southern California in 1852. In 1871 Don Benito, together with his son-in-law, James de Barth Shorb, laid out Alhambra, the first subdivision in Southern California which utilized iron pipes instead of wooden flumes for irrigation. The Wilson papers are at the Huntington Library and the University of California, Los Angeles.

James de Barth Shorb was born in Maryland. He became an attorney and a civil engineer. In 1864 he came to California to represent Thomas Scott, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the case of the Philadelphia & California Petroleum Company; he later became an engineer in the United States Army Corps. In 1867 he married Maria Jesus Wilson and was associated with his father-in-law in managing and subdividing their extensive land holdings. They founded the San Gabriel Winery, the largest winery in Southern California, which had a storage capacity of fifteen million gallons. He constructed and was president of the San Gabriel Valley Railroad and the Alhambra Railroad. Shorb was a director and vice president of the California Historical Society in 1887, was elected County Treasurer of Los Angeles County in 1892, and died in 1896.

Ethel was educated at the Ramona Convent at Alhambra, the site of which had been presented to the Sisters of the Holy Names by her mother at the request of her sister, Edith, who was the first graduate in 1891. Mrs. Shorb was noted for her philanthropy and gave the site of Saint Vibiana's Cathedral in Los Angeles, in consideration of which Bishop Francis Mora gave the Shorb family a plot at the cemetery of San Gabriel Mission. Mrs. Shorb preserved San Gabriel Mission by constructing a new roof. Ethel was interred in the family plot.

At the beginning of the century the Shorb family moved to San Francisco, where Ynez (Mrs. Shorb White, subsequently Mrs. Buck) was a cotillion leader. Before the fire Ethel was Society Editor of the *Bulletin* under the editorship of Fremont Older. Here she was associated with John D. Barry, Mrs. Fremont Older, Eustace Cullinan, Sr., Timothy Healey. She was a member of the Press Club group, The Late Watch. Later Miss Shorb was Society Editor of the *Chronicle* and the *Journal*. For many years her society column of the *Argonaut* was a feature and, until her death, she was the San Francisco representative of the *Social Register*.

If one were to characterize Ethel Shorb she stood for independence, loyalty to her friends, unobtrusive kindness and, above all, possessed a keen sense of humor. Her gracious personality will be missed by her legions of friends who admired her youthful outlook on life.



# DONORS OF GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

September 1, 1959 to December 1, 1959

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BERKELEY	OGDEN, UTAH
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## THE PLATH SALE

By WARREN R. HOWELL

THE LAST WEEK IN OCTOBER, for three afternoons and one morning, the 1,174 lots of the Californiana Collection formed by Dr. Harry W. Plath of Piedmont passed under the hammer at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York. When the sale was over Dr. Plath was \$82,490 richer, but he had let go a notable collection. One satisfaction he had was to see so many of his treasures return to California, and to know that some of his books would be in the Bancroft Library, the Huntington Library, and the California Historical Society, as well as in the hands of several outstanding private California collectors.

Many of the prices at the Plath Sale established new highs, but it should be remembered that Dr. Plath was an extremely intelligent collector who always bought the finest copy he could find, even if he had to pay a premium for it. Thus, while some of the Plath prices are high they may represent the price for the finest copy of the work in existence, and members of the Society should bear this in mind when they think of their own collections, or of their own copies of books which brought these record prices.

The first day's session consisted of 337 lots which brought a surprising total of \$28,216.00. The first indication of things to come was the \$155 bid for Thompson & West's *History of Amador County*\* (which the Gallery had estimated would bring \$100). This established a new price plateau for county histories.

The most dramatic moment in the first day's session came when John Howell Books successfully bid \$9,000 for lot No. 142. (This is the highest price ever paid at auction for a single volume of printed Californiana.) It consisted of *The Constitution of the State of California, San Jose [1850]: List of Acts Passed*

by the Legislature of the State of California, at Its First Session in 1849, and 1850, [San Jose, 1850]; 94 of the separately printed Acts, with one duplicate, and several lesser pamphlets. N. R. Wagner in "California Imprints" calls this collection the "Pamphlet Edition of Laws of 1850." In this instance, rarity was the prime factor. Only three other copies of the *Constitution* are known, all in institutions; no complete collection of the *Acts* is extant; and the collections known are in institutions. For a private collector the Plath Sale offered the only possibility to add this important California item to a collection. This opportunity was seized by Irving W. Robbins, Jr., of Atherton, a member of the California Historical Society. Nine thousand dollars was a really astounding price (the auction gallery's estimate was \$3,000/\$4,000) and it must make institutions wonder if they wish to compete with private collectors for such rarities, or if they want to hope that the private collections will some day find their way to them on permanent loan or by gift (which present income tax laws encourage). In considering such high bids it is well to remember that there is always an under bidder—in this instance a man willing to pay \$8,750.

The second day's session was highlighted by the sale of the Figueroa *Manifesto*\* for \$5,750 to John Howell—Books, a new high for this important work on California printed by Zamorano in Monterey in 1835, of which the California Historical Society has the finest copy known. High prices were also paid for the edition in English of this work printed in San Francisco, 1855 (\$500);\* Delano, *Old Block's Sketch-Book*, Sacramento, 1856 (\$475);\* Luella Dickenson, *Reminiscences of a Trip Across the Plains*, San Francisco, 1904 (\$200);\* *Thirty Years Ago* [Berkeley, 1879] by George D. Dornin (\$330); Dwinelle's *Colonial History of the History of the City of San Francisco*, San Francisco, 1866—the Third Edition (\$500); Gill *California Letters*, New York, 1922 (\$160);\* Gleeson *History of the Catholic Church in California*, San Francisco, 1872, 2 volumes (\$220); and generally high prices for the Grabhorn Press items, including \$120 for David Magee's *Bibliography* (published in 1957 for \$55); \$270 for Powell *Santa Fe Trail* [1931],\* and \$230 for Carl Wheat's *Maps of the California Gold Region*, 1942.\* The Hoffman *Reports of Land Cases*, San Francisco, 1862, brought \$325.\*

The third session was marked by the sale of the only set of the German edition of the Maximilian "Travels" in original boards (\$5,000); McGlashan, *History of the Donner Party* (first edition)\* (\$140); and Norris, *McTeague*, New York, 1899 (\$150). The fourth session brought these prices: Palou, *Relación Historica de la Vida y Apostólicas Tareas del Venerable Padre Fray Junipero Serra*, Mexico, 1787, in original vellum (\$450);\* *The Pioneer Magazine*, San Francisco, 1854-55, complete, in original wrappers, with some back wrappers missing and other wrapper defects (\$1,000);\* Pleasants, *Twice Across the Plains*, San Francisco, 1906 (\$170);\* Lavinia H. Porter, *By Ox Team to California*, Oakland, 1910 (\$375);\* Scammon, *The Marine Mammals of the North-Western Coast of North America*, New York, 1874 (\$130);\* George Harding, *Don Augustin V. Zamorano*, Los Angeles, 1934 (\$65).\*

Of special interest to members may be the following: A file of the California Historical Society *Quarterly*, complete from Volume I, July, 1922, through Volume XXXVII, December, 1958, brought \$400;\* the Society's Special Publication No. 3 (*James Clyman*), published at \$4.00 in 1928 brought \$120;\* Special Publication No. 4 (*Spanish Voyages to the Northwest Coast of America in the Sixteenth Century*) brought \$60,\* and Dale Morgan and Carl Wheat, *Jedediah Smith and His Maps of the American West*, published by the Society in 1954 for \$25 brought a record \$110.\* Thus, many members of the Society may be collectors of rare Californiana without knowing it.

\*EDITOR'S NOTE: Items marked with \* are in the Library of the Society.

## Marginalia

HENRY TOD LILIENCRANTZ was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1871. He came to California with his parents in 1874 to settle in Oakland where his father, a physician and surgeon, practiced medicine for fifty years. His boyhood was spent in that city, including studying at the University of California. But the call of the land was too strong and he became a rancher, raising cattle and horses. In the pursuit of this business he has traveled the length and breadth of the state and operated, owned, or leased ranches in Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, and San Benito Counties. He has now retired from the active cattle business and resides in San Juan Bautista, San Benito County. His interest in the history of California, especially the Spanish-Mexican period, began as a boy when he made friends with Don Vicente Castro and his family, pioneers of that era.

DR. DOYCE B. NUNIS, JR., whose B.A. is from the University of California, Los Angeles, and M.S., M.Ed., and Ph.D from the University of Southern California, is Assistant Research Historian on the staff of the University Library, University of California, Los Angeles. In 1956 he was awarded a Del Amo Foundation Grant for research in Spanish archives. Prior to his present position, he lectured in American history and government at the University of Southern California, El Camino College and Los Angeles City College. He is currently engaged in bringing to completion a biography on B. D. Wilson. The Memoir in this issue was edited primarily for the late Ethel R. Shorb, who is Wilson's granddaughter. It is a matter of regret that her death occurred before it was published.

HUGH S. BAKER is a third-generation Californian who was born in Lake County. He was educated at Stanford University. Dr. Baker is Professor of Literature and Advisor to Overseas students at San Francisco State College; in 1956-57 he was Smith-Mundt Professor of American Studies at the University of Tehran. He is especially interested in the intellectual history of California.



FRANKLIN HICHBORN was born in Eureka in 1868. His mother taught him to read and write, and the third "R" up to and including decimal fractions. As boy and youth he worked in a box factory, soda bottling works and for a trader dealing with the Indians of the then Washington Territory, Western Canada and Alaska. Some of his articles, descriptive of the conditions he encountered, published in Washington Territory papers, came to the attention of A. R. Coleman, a leader of the territorial bar. Coleman induced him to enter his law office as clerk and law student. After two years study, he passed the then territorial bar examination. Without formal school experience, he returned to California to meet that deficiency, working part time on newspapers. After two years intensive study at Santa Clara College (now University) he entered Stanford in 1892, with a year's university standing, which made him a member of the Stanford Pioneer Class of 1895. The panic of 1893 wiped out his small savings, and he was forced to leave Stanford eighteen months before graduating. Taking up newspaper work in earnest, he specialized in State Tax Structures and Legislative Procedure. He covered the California Legislature during the terms of eleven governors, Markham to Olson inclusive.

GORDON ROADARMEL was born in India of missionary parents and spent most of his pre-college years there, returning to the United States in 1950. He has a B.A. degree from the College of Wooster, and an M.A. from the University of California, Berkeley. He is currently teaching English, European History, Asian Studies, and a non-credit course in conversational Hindi at Crystal Springs School for Girls, Hillsborough.

## New Books

*The Art, Humor and Humanity of Mark Twain.* Edited, with Commentary and Notes, by Minnie M. Brashear and Robert M. Rodney. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1959. 423 pp. \$5.95.)

Mark Twain will be forever identified in the American consciousness with the Mississippi Valley, the Great Valley, and the culture of a hundred years ago, when the idyllic serenity of this region was beginning to stir with the excitement of progress and expansion. It is inevitable that this should be so, since Mark Twain's greatest novels derive their inspiration from this culture and this era. But the author was far more cosmopolitan than is often realized, and his work, when viewed in its entirety, reveals an intimate familiarity with many parts of the United States and indeed the Western World. Next to the Mississippi Valley that section of America which can lay most legitimate claim to the talents of Mark Twain is the Far West, what was then the Nevada Territory, and California. Wherever he went in the West—and he lived and traveled in California and Nevada for over five years—Mark Twain was impressed, excited, and very often

amused by what he saw. He entered enthusiastically first the brisk, adventurous life of Virginia City, where he began his career as a writer and took his immortal *nom de plume*, and later the society and literary Bohemia of Sacramento and San Francisco. Out of these years came sketches, short stories, and tales which are among the West's most treasured heritages.

It is one of the aims of this new book to bring the total achievement of Mark Twain as an artist into view, perhaps with the realization that for many people the reading of this author has been limited to *Huckleberry Finn*, *Life on the Mississippi*, or *Tom Sawyer*. This is no easy task with a writer whose work bulks so large as Mark Twain's, whose subjects are so varied, and whose literary quality and taste are so uneven, but it has been brought off here with a flourish, and the result is a delightful book. It is an anthology, but with a difference. The editors have included with their author's material extensive biographical and critical notes, which link the various selections and provide a running commentary of unflinching interest.

As might be hoped, Mark Twain's Western years are well represented. "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" is included in the section dealing with the author's development as a humorist, but of perhaps more unusual interest are the numerous sketches and yarns, taken primarily from *Roughing It*, that evoke with such vividness and gusto the landscape and life of the mining country. The range of these selections is exhilarating. The most lengthy presents a memorable episode from *Roughing It* in which the desperado Scotty Briggs meets with the town parson to arrange the funeral of a fellow gunman, only to find that a profound difference in vocabulary between him and the parson makes communication wonderfully impossible. The briefest selection is a single virtuoso sentence of heroic length in praise of Lake Tahoe, which is as fine as any similar description of the Mississippi the author has left us.

The editors are to be congratulated for including in this collection the best of Mark Twain's work from his middle and later periods, with which many will be unfamiliar. Here are fascinating selections from *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, the unforgettable short story "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," in which the ironies tumble one upon the other to a bitter conclusion, and the sardonic tale "The Mysterious Stranger," in which the misanthropy of Mark Twain's later days is still held in the grip of a firm and finished art. The reader will also be pleased to browse through the compilation of Mark Twain's most famous epigrams, about eighty of which have been brought together to form the final section of this anthology.

Physically, this is a handsome book. Many photographs have been included, and the Western section is especially fortunate for several illustrations from the period which enliven these pages. The type is large and readable, and the format of the entire volume has been planned with taste and imagination. Above all, this book does that final service to the author which every good anthology should do; it stimulates the reader to a fresh investigation of Mark Twain's work. Not that

Mark Twain has ever really lacked readers. He is, happily, one author whose best books give the lie to his own famous definition of a classic: "A book which people praise but don't read."

BURT KESSENICK

*Frontier America: The Story of the Westward Movement.* By Thomas D. Clark. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1959. xi, 832 pp. Illus., maps, index. \$10.00.)

This new textbook on the history of the West traces the progress of the American frontier from the Appalachian Mountains to the Pacific Coast. In general it follows the outline laid down by Frederic L. Paxson about thirty years ago in his well-known *History of the American Frontier*. It begins chronologically with the French and Indian War, and continues down to the 1890's, when map-makers could no longer find a single north-to-south dividing line separating the settled from the unsettled portions of the country. Failure to include the Colonial frontier is a defect common to most historians of the West, and is hardly excused by the assumption that there could not be an American West until after there was an American East. The Colonial frontier was indeed the frontier of Europe in America, but it was none-the-less a true American frontier, and it set the pattern for much of the later pioneering. Nor is the concluding date wholly satisfactory. If the frontier stage ends, as Paxson and his followers generally assumed, with the transition from territory to state, then Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona are all left out on a limb, to say nothing of Alaska and Hawaii. The influence of the West also continued until well into the twentieth century, and affected greatly what went on in the East.

One suspects that Professor Clark is essentially Turnerian, or he would never have spent so much of his research time on the history of the West. But the views of Frederick Jackson Turner on the significance of the frontier in American history have been much challenged of late, and the present author is at some pains not to give offense to the challengers. Indeed, Clark makes rather less of an attempt at interpretation than most of his predecessors. What he seeks to do, and does in vivid detail, is to tell the story of the conquest of the continent by a race of pioneers. This story is of such obvious and fundamental importance that the author is content to let it speak for itself. He makes no pretense, however, that it exceeds in importance the growth of the cities, or the post-frontier growth of the country in general, or the coming of the immigrants, or the influence on America of Europe and the East. Here is the frontier record, he says by implication. Read it and draw your own conclusions.

Professor Clark has had the advantage of much research by a multitude of historians whose contributions were not available to the men of Paxson's time. He handles the material well, but does best with the Old Southwest, particularly the Kentucky-Tennessee area of which he has already written extensively. Possibly he is least effective with the Far West, which in so many ways was so very different from the eastern frontiers.



As a textbook, this volume will serve its purpose well. The maps and illustrations are admirably selected, although they might to advantage have been multiplied many times over. The artistic inside-cover map deserves especial mention. The bibliographies are selective rather than comprehensive, but full enough to serve most student-teacher needs. The index is adequately analytic, highly essential in a textbook. The writing is sprightly, and will sustain the interest of those who take kindly to the reading of history. One wishes, however, that a little more of Clark's fun-loving personality could have shown through.

JOHN D. HICKS

*The Log of the Courier, 1826-1827-1828.* By William Cunningham. (Los Angeles: Glen Dawson. 75 pp. \$7.50.)

Printed by Paul Bailey in an attractive format, especially notable for the excellent small ornamental illustrations printed by the side of the text, this is Number 44 of Early California Travel Series, published by Glen Dawson, who has also ably edited this work. It prints California portions of the manuscript "log" of William Cunningham, captain of the American ship *Courier* which traded on the California coast from 1826 to 1828. The original manuscript is in the Peabody Museum at Salem, Mass.; it was brought to Dawson's attention by Dale Morgan of the Bancroft Library, and the difficult work of transcription was done by Mary Helen Dawson. All deserve congratulations, especially Mr. Dawson.

Probably the ports of call and the inland visits of Cunningham offer the best key to the work: the Russian settlement at Bodega, Sonoma, San Francisco Bay, Monterey, Santa Cruz, Mission Soledad, Santa Clara, San Mateo, Yerba Buena, Santa Barbara, Ventura, San Pedro, Catalina, Avalon Bay, San Diego, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, Mission Purisima, San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano, Los Angeles, and ports in Baja California and Mexico. Readers who expect long descriptions of these ports will be disappointed; and there is no exciting connected narrative. But there is a great deal of information of historical importance: details of the hide and tallow trade, the frustrations experienced by an American sea captain in dealing with Mexican officialdom, the problems of discipline with members of the ship's crew. These have the excitement that comes in hearing an authentic voice from the past.

Incidentally, the "log" records that at Yerba Buena during a twenty-three day stay in March, 1826, "... we have lost three men who have been inticed away by the inhabitants." How much the history of California, up through the days of the Gold Rush, owes to deserting American seamen has never been thoroughly assessed.

JOHN SWINGLE

*Lore of the California Vaquero.* By Arnold R. Rojas. (Fresno: Academy Library Guild, 1958. 162 pp. \$3.75.)

Sitting here in the little village of San Felipe del Agua in the State of Oaxaca, Old Mexico, with Rojas' book open before me, a sense of nostalgia sweeps over



me. In his little volume the author has managed to bridge the map between *ante ayer*, day before yesterday, and the present, as few writers of *vaquero* lore have been able to do. Unfortunately, most of the interpretation of Old California has been done by *gringos*, some of whom, like Stewart Edward White (who was *muy simpatico* with the old days and ways) were reared in the Golden State, and others who were born and lived in the East and Middle West. The latter class of writers predominate. Only here and there are men such as Jo Mora, himself of Latin descent, who could and did write about *vaqueros* with understanding and sympathy, and Frank Dobie, of Texas, who has passed his life in Texas, England and Mexico and has written from the fullness of his great heart concerning the folk lore and lives of the Mexican *vaqueros* and *rancheros*.

Arnold Rojas is a natural born story teller. As one reads his tales of folk lore one realizes how much has been lost through the inarticulateness of the thousands of old-timers, who, although they could tell tales to perfection, had not the ability to get them into print. Likewise as one passes from story to story, there is the realization of how thin is the line between so-called history and folk lore.

It is true that Señor Rojas came to young manhood at the tag end of a great era in Western history but his intimate contacts with the old-timers who remembered the yarns told them by their fathers and grandfathers have enabled him to present these tales in such a manner as to impress the reader with a sense of living, not in the past but in the present.

For example when Rojas relates the yarn of the "Crafty Indians" he drops back into the 16th century. This concerns the ability of the *Indios* of Mexico to learn the old crafts of Spain without having to remain unpaid apprentices for a number of years. The same tale was told of the Indian goldsmiths who wished to learn the art of gold beating whereby the thin gold leaf was used for the adornment of *capillas*, parchment books, etc. In the latter instance the Indian who asked the *maestro* or master craftsman how long it would take to learn how to make the gold leaf was told it would require seven years. So the Indian squatted on the floor of the shop watching intently every movement and counting the number of times the gold beater turned the parchment leaves between which the gold was being thinned. Silently the Indian went away and soon thereafter was producing fine gold leaf in his own shop.

These stories were in turn repeated from generation to generation and reached far out into the provinces, even into Alta California, as Rojas has demonstrated.

So with the tales of *brujas*, the witches with their owl familiars. The transformation of human witches into turkeys, bears, dogs, etc., is not confined to any one country, or any one group of people. The use of the cross to render helpless these turnabouts as told in the short yarn titled simply "Brujas" is a European heritage. Witchcraft stories are still prevalent not only in Mexico but in other parts of the United States. In 1941 there was an epidemic of flu in the Indian village of Zuni, New Mexico. This was blamed on the *brujas* whose messengers, the harmless little ground owls, perched on the ladder poles and roof tops at

night, bobbing and hooting. Whenever such a sound was heard the Zuni stepped outside and blazed away with a short gun or small caliber rifle to kill or drive away the owls, whom the Indians feared were listening in on the conversations within the houses and who would return to their witch masters and repeat what had been said.

Through Rojas we learn of these creatures and their *brujerías* in the San Joaquin Valley. Who, in passing through that area today, would dream that witches prowled the night?

The author has also done what many authors using Spanish words or phrases in their works will not do. He has been careful in all instances to give a good translation of these terms. Many are what one might term *modismos*, common words used by the common people to denote meanings not readily found in academic dictionaries.

Thus he uses the term *jinete* for horseman, indicating a style of riding, originating with the name of a small tribe of horsemen in North Africa and used at least since the 16th century in the New World. Many of the *dichos* or *refranes* which are sayings or proverbs, as Rojas indicates in "Vicente's Story," originated in the Old World, as he correctly states. In Mexico they exist today by the hundreds. The preferences for certain colors in horses as well as many of the odds and ends of horse lore incorporated in the fireside conversations of Rojas' friends and old-time companions can be traced back through the centuries. One famous modern Mexican author, Sr. Don José Alvarez del Villar, whose *Historia de La Charrería*, published in Mexico in the 1940's, is probably one of the best historical resumés of the development of horsemanship in the New World, believes that many of the sayings and ideas concerning the handling of horses, types of equipment, etc., can be traced to the little volume *Tractado de la Cavallería* written by Don Juan Suarez de Peralta, a native of Mexico City and published in Spain in 1580, a reprint of which was issued in Mexico City in 1950.

All in all, this volume by Rojas, as I see it, is mostly solid red meat, converted by the author into brine-salted strips of *charqui* (jerked beef) better known as jerkey or as *tasajo* which means the same thing. The book contains a lot of good reading, packed with unobtrusive data which modern writers of fiction should take to heart. We need more authors of this fast-vanishing breed. Men who can give us facts of the 20th century commingled with the myths and facts of *ante ayer*, dished out in an *olla podrida* or mixed dish, well seasoned with the flavor of chili, oregano and red beans. All *aficionados*, amateurs or enthusiasts of Old California, particularly those who enjoy the stories of horses and their riders, will want *Lore of the California Vaquero* as a browsing book, to read and re-read, not once but many times.

ARTHUR WOODWARD

*The Earth Shook, The Sky Burned.* By William Bronson. (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday & Co. 192 pp. \$5.95.)

It is a genuine pleasure to review *The Earth Shook, The Sky Burned*, for here is that rare bird, a well-written photo-essay. In recent years, altogether too much reliance has been placed on the infallibility of the Chinese and their saying that "One picture is worth more than 10,000 words." More than a few picture-books of history have a text which either approaches inanity or non-existence, and, in a few choice cases—which, out of Christian charity, we shall not cite here—both.

Bill Bronson, on the other hand, has not been content with a perfunctory lot of captions, strung willy-nilly through the book like so many trade beads on a string. Both his picture captions and his text, the connective tissue of the book, are carefully and thoughtfully constructed. His hard work and thorough research are apparent on every page.

Other obvious assets of the book are the superb collection of photographs in the first place, the inclusion of rare, new-to-print pictures in the second place, and good reproduction of the photos in the third place.

Reading *The Earth Shook* will not only bring back the earthquake to you (knock on wood!) in dramatic and realistic fashion but will straighten you out on the rather complicated chronology of the separate fires and the battles against them in various sectors of the city. It will also lay away to rest some hoary legends and myths of the great tremor-cum-holocaust. Listening to old-timers of faulty memory has been the origin of many wild tales in which, apparently, electrocuted or crushed cattle and horses have become mysteriously transformed into human corpses littering the streets, most of them fingerless thanks to the attentions of the diamond-ring hungry ghouls of 'Frisco. Bronson deflates this wild exaggeration and then goes on to shrink the fissures which opened in the streets from the Arroyo Hondo size they assumed in people's imaginations after MGM, Clark Gable and Jeannette McDonald contributed their interpretation of April 18, 1906, and the days that followed. The military did not mow down looters by the score; martial law was not declared; dynamite probably started more fires than it put out. These are some of the points on which Mr. Bronson sets us aright.

It is a great mystery to this reviewer, incidentally, how such a lavish collection of fine photographs in such an attractive format can be sold for a mere \$5.95 unless Doubleday had discovered a source of sweatshop labor in fair Garden City, which seems unlikely. Perhaps *The Earth Shook* is some sort of "leader item" for their Fall List, meant to entice us into bookshops to clutch other volumes bearing the Doubleday imprint.

In any case, we are indebted to William Bronson for his fine work in not only collecting the top 400 or so illustrations of the 1906 San Francisco fire and quake, and for interpreting the story so ably, but to Doubleday for placing this excellent book within the reach of the greatest number of San Franciscophiles.

For *the* book on the 1906 disaster, buy Bronson.

RICHARD H. DILLON

*The Modocs and Their War*. By Keith A. Murray. (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. Second printing, 1959. xiii + 346 pp. \$5.00.)



Probably every reviewer of this book will feel it necessary to remind the readers that the Modoc War was a bitterly fought Indian campaign which for a few months during 1872 and 1873 focused national attention upon a remote area of tumbled lava and shallow lakes near the extreme northeastern corner of California. When well-intentioned but ill-informed civilian and military authorities attempted to arrest a group of Modoc Indians who had returned to their ancestral home from a reservation where they were unhappy, the natives resisted with gunfire. Standing off their would-be captors, the natives retreated to a natural fortress on the southern shore of Tule Lake, leaving behind a trail of desolated ranches and murdered settlers.

When the ragged group of Indians were all assembled in "The Stronghold" under their leader, Captain Jack, they numbered only about seventy fighting men and their families—one hundred and sixty-odd, all told. For nearly five months this under-fed and ill-equipped band here fought back assaults by more than a thousand regular soldiers and volunteers. They killed or wounded more whites than their own total strength. At a peace parley they murdered a general of the United States Army and a civilian peace commissioner. And after they were at last driven from their caves and rock trenches they had fight enough left to kill or wound nearly two-thirds of an army column sent out to find them. But once the Indians were forced into open country, the campaign came rapidly to its inevitable end; and Captain Jack and three of his companions paid for their resistance at the ends of ropes. Most of the other Indian participants were shipped off unceremoniously to the Quapaw Agency in distant Indian Territory.

Even less widely known than the outline of the campaign is the fact that the major setting of the conflict is today preserved almost intact within the boundaries of Lava Beds National Monument. Here the visitor can stand on the very ground where the soldiers camped, can place himself behind their rock fortifications, and can look out over the same scene which they saw as they advanced from crevice to crevice toward the Stronghold. He can place himself on the spot where General Canby met his death; and he can shelter himself in the natural trenches of the Indian fortress and imagine himself shooting down the oncoming soldiers. Here one can easily appreciate the wisdom of that experienced frontiersman, Jesse Applegate, when nearly a year before the outbreak of hostilities he predicted that the Indian "City of Refuge" in the lava beds would have to be broken up before peace would come to the Modoc country.

In the past it has not been easy to obtain reliable information on the Modoc War. The literature on the subject is voluminous, but it is scattered, much of it in obscure periodicals. Some of the writing has been biased, some has been unreliable, and very little has been based upon a thorough use of original sources. Indicative of the state of affairs is the fact that until this year probably the best readily available account of the campaign was that by Frances Fuller Victor in Bancroft's *History of Oregon*, which was published in 1888.

Now this gap has been filled by Professor Keith A. Murray and the University



of Oklahoma Press, who have combined forces to bring out *The Modocs and Their War*, volume 52 in the University's Civilization of the American Indian Series. Based on adequate scholarship, the book is a sound, well-written, and quick-moving narrative which will meet the needs of both the professional historian and the general reader.

Dr. Murray is particularly, and peculiarly, qualified for his task. For three summers he served as a seasonal Ranger-Historian at Lava Beds National Monument. In this capacity he became thoroughly acquainted with the physical scene of the fighting, and his descriptions of places and events thus have an authority and depth not always found in histories of frontier episodes. Another attribute possessed by this book and by practically none of its predecessors is the broad historical perspective with which Dr. Murray views the Modocs' struggle against the occupation of their ancestral lands by white settlers. The author paints a picture of the original Modoc culture and shows how it was modified by years of contact and conflict with men of European blood and manners. He brings a knowledge of native religion and superstition to bear upon events of the Modoc War to make understandable actions which hitherto have seemed irrational. Perhaps most important, he relates the Modoc tragedy to the wider story of United States Indian policy and shows how the lessons of this struggle were wasted upon state and federal authorities.

Because this book will undoubtedly long remain the standard work on the Modoc War, one hopes that in subsequent editions the publishers will see fit to remedy its one major defect—the lack of adequate maps. And, speaking of editions, it should be mentioned that the issue now on the book stands is the second printing, since nearly the entire first edition, to the delight and potential profit of a few reviewers and book dealers fortunate enough to have received advance copies, was destroyed by fire.

Except for the book's single, frustrating spare map, there is little which one would wish to change in Dr. Murray's work. One would like to see, perhaps, evidence in the bibliography that the Jesse Applegate papers in the Oregon Historical Society and the Oregon military records in the Oregon State Archives had been consulted. One somewhat regrets that the author has adopted the locally accepted spelling "Van Bremer" for the name of a family and ranch prominently associated with the hostilities, when the members of the family apparently wrote the name "Van Brimmer." And rugged old Donald McKay would have been surprised to see his Cayuse mother described as a Chinook and to learn that his father, Thomas McKay, "operated out of Fort George" until he was drowned in the Columbia River instead of ending his career on his farm near Scappoose in or about 1849. These are minor matters, however, and detract not a bit from Professor Murray's very real accomplishment in giving us the first adequate account of the Modoc War.

JOHN A. HUSSEY

*Paddlewheel Pirate*. By Gordon Newell. (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1959. 248 pp. \$3.95.)

In a time when it is not unknown for a swashbuckling mariner to scream for Coast Guard help because his vessel is down to her last case of frozen strawberries, it is refreshing to read of the days when we were a more robust nation, and our sea captains were not men with whom to trifle.

Ned Wakeman was no pirate, despite the fact that he was formally charged with that offense and the warrant for his arrest was kept alive for many years. Rather, he was a man whose ideas of the law were informal and unique. And it didn't matter a great deal if it were the law of his own nation or of one which chanced (at times most unhappily) to be his host. "There were three things the big seaman detested: lawyers, mutiny and scurvy—in that order."

For too many Californians, the Wakeman saga begins and ends as he triumphantly enters the Golden Gate in the "stolen" *New World*. There was enough in the rest of his life to fill a book, and Gordon Newell has done the job quite handily.

Making good use of the captain's own journal, Newell's story begins when the Connecticut farm-boy boards a sloop for New York, to make his way in the world. There he soon deserted mercantile pursuits to ship out with a kindly-looking old gentleman who turned out to be the skipper in one of the goriest hell-ships which ever disgraced the American flag.

Perhaps this rude introduction to the sea paid off, for in his later years Wakeman clung to the determination that no man in his crew ever should be treated as had the luckless souls who served with him in the leaky old *Peruvian*, back in 1828. He was, however, no softie; the huge fists of Edgar Wakeman, master mariner, could straighten out a mutinous seaman or a bumptious process-server in short order—but he never let physical discipline get out of hand. As a result, he had crews who would cheerfully follow him through hell and high water.

He thrived on obstacles. It made no difference if it were a leaky seam or an unwelcome court order or a hog-frame which let go in a gale off Hatteras; he took them in his stride. He commanded with equal facility square-riggers and riverboats and he made a lot of money—but not for Ned Wakeman. More than once he found himself in the most forlorn plight of any sea captain: the melancholy day when he tucked his precious sextant under his arm and headed for that grim doorway beneath the three golden balls.

The frequently garbled story of how he became a "pirate" by snaking the debt-ridden *New World* out of New York is told in full detail; so is that epic passage to Pernambuco in a lightly-built steamboat which all but disintegrated under his feet. There is the brush with the British gunboat and with the Brazilian forts, and the tragedy of the plague-ridden port which took the lives of twenty of Wakeman's tough crew. One reads of the friendly American merchant in Peru who gave help when it was sorely needed, and of the final encounter with

the law at Panama. Obviously more in his element when recounting incidents at sea than on the beach, Newell brings off some superb passages in descriptive writing. It doesn't take much imagination to hear the howling wind, the crash of green water against the *New World's* flimsy sides, and the rhythmic sounds of her towering beam engine.

Wakeman later was to enjoy, all too briefly, the quiet life with his family in their East Oakland cottage; he had to keep going to sea, however, if the bills were to be paid. Reverses had come when he failed to read the small print in a contract which should have given him a \$10,000 share in the steamer *Surprise*. And there was the promising South American colonization venture which, unfortunately, ran athwart the plans of powerful eastern interests. They got busy in Washington—and the man who pulled the rug out from under Ned Wakeman was none other than the President of the United States.

Helpless in his later years from a stroke, Wakeman died at the untimely age of fifty-seven. In his short span of time, however, he had defied everything from shipwreck to the Sheriff of New York, and from yellow-jack to the Sydney Ducks, to make for himself a secure place among the immortals of the sea.

JERRY MACMULLEN

*Prairie Schooner Lady*. The Journal of Harriet Sherrill Ward, 1853, as presented by Ward G. DeWitt and Florence Stark DeWitt. (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1959. 180 pp. \$5.75.)

For some time I have taken an especial interest in the diaries and journals written by women who made the long trip across the plains and wrote of their experiences along the way, and of their lives in a new land. Therefore, I have read, with a great deal of pleasure this important new book *Prairie Schooner Lady*, by Harriet Sherrill Ward, the first publication of a diary now over one hundred years old.

Mrs. Ward left Dartford, Wisc., on April 20, 1853, and arrived in Indian Valley (near Quincey), Calif., on October the ninth of that same year. There were five in the immediate Ward party—Mr. and Mrs. Ward, a daughter Frances, seventeen years of age, a son Willie, soon to be eleven, and Charles, a young man engaged to drive one of the teams. Careful preparations had been made for the journey and the Ward party left in two well-equipped wagons drawn by two good teams of horses.

Mrs. Ward had promised the members of her family left behind in Dartford to keep a daily account of their trip. This promise she faithfully kept. She tells of writing sitting on the front seat of the wagon with Willie asleep beside her, and of writing "with a great, wild-looking Indian leaning his elbow on the wagon beside me." She tells us of the people she meets along the way, of the trees and the flowers, of the mountains and the prairies. She does not like the prairie. She says, "I presume it is fine for cultivation but I do not like it. Give me a home

beside the hills." After many weary days when the horses are tiring and are a source of worry she says of the journey, "There is so much variety and excitement about it, and the scenery, through which we are constantly passing, is so wild and magnificently grand that it elevates the soul from earth to heaven and I forget that I am old."

The Ward family had all the dangers and discomforts of an overland journey. There were the rainstorms, the river crossings, the constant menace of Indians, the heat and the dust, the sickness among members of the company and the lack of feed for the horses. They were obliged to abandon one wagon and repack the other, throwing away many things. Finally came that long dreaded trip down the Humboldt. There was more grass and water than usual but the trip was hard. The horses were almost exhausted. Then came the joyful reunion with their son who had come from California to help them over the final stretch—across the desert and over the Sierras.

And so, on October the ninth, 1853, Mrs. Ward writes, "Today we have been wending our weary way through the Feather River canyon," and "at three o'clock we reached Indian Valley where our wanderings cease, for the winter at least."

PEARL N. SEGERSTOM

*L. J. Rose of Sunnyslope, 1827-1899; California Pioneer, Fruit Grower, Wine Maker, Horse Breeder.* By L. J. Rose, Jr. (San Marino, Calif.: The Huntington Library, 1959. 220 pages + Index. \$5.00.)

"Few men have had as eventful careers as my father, Leonard John Rose, around whom this story is written, and one gifted in letters could make of it a glorious tale.

"In the absence of any particular literary ability, I must depend largely upon a recital of the unadorned facts in connection with his spectacular achievements in setting forth his story."

In an unassuming foreword, the author himself characterizes "Rose of Sunnyslope" as regional history rather than biography. Then a strange thing happens, as the tale develops. It goes beyond regional history, becoming an autobiography of the son (L. J. Rose, Jr.) rather than the biography of the father indicated by the title. This book seems well worth publishing and is certain to attract a regional reading public. It contains a wealth of detail of real interest to ranchers, vintners, and horse lovers. Much of it cannot be found elsewhere on the printed page; and thanks are due The James Irvine Foundation for helping to finance publication. Printing is by Grant Dahlstrom of Pasadena's Castle Press and the cover, especially, catches the eye and creates a mood. Across a dusty pink field, white horses race in harness.

The breeding, raising and racing of thoroughbreds entranced the Rose family through the years at "Sunnyslope," the home ranch in Southern California. More prosaic, but more remunerative occupations of the menfolk were fruit growing



and wine-making. Largely through the efforts of L. J., Jr., "Sunnyslope" products became known in Northern California and eventually even on the Atlantic seaboard. A great deal of money was made and lost by the Roses, in various ways. In the 1870's and '80's "Sunnyslope" was a showplace, a pleasant drive eastward out of Los Angeles, presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Rose in the most hospitable spirit imaginable. Its sale in 1887 seemed a disaster to the district.

"If ever there was an Edenlike spot on the surface of the earth, Sunnyslope was the one—a domain all of our very own of 1,960 acres. There was everything there that heart could desire—trees and fruits in lavish quantity and flowers in gorgeous beauty, babbling brooks, balmy air, eternally blue skies, a perfect climate and perpetual sunshine. In the heart of a sportsman's paradise, with quail, dove, rabbits, and all sorts of waterfowl at a stone's throw from the front door, and within a few miles' ride there were trout in the streams and deer in the mountain canyons. There were scores of America's famous and beautiful horses, and excellent wines. To stimulate one's mind, there was the zest of a great industry in the raising of the vast acreage of oranges and grapes, manufacturing the wine and marketing it and the orange crop.

"There was no room for lonesomeness; we were a village unto ourselves, with a hundred or more Chinamen, thirty Mexicans, and twenty white men. There was no dearth of changing scenes or lack of new faces to gladden the eye; swarms of eastern tourists paid homage daily to Sunnyslope and friends of the family were legion. If there is aught to challenge the happy freedom of such a country estate, it is beyond my conception to visualize it.

"The price of \$1,035,000 did not include the horses or wine on hand, and it required three or four months to ship the wine and remove the horses."

L. J. Rose, Jr., is at his best recalling events and people within his own memory and experience. The years before "Sunnyslope" were exciting and important, but the son does not do the father justice; he does not, he cannot re-create the unfamiliar scene nor bring unknown actors to life. Unfortunately, no use is made of personal letters, diaries, or recorded conversations with his parents and family friends.

In early passages invented dialogue appears, surprisingly, in the midst of straight-forward narrative. For instance, a Mexican guiding the Rose Party in unexplored territory (crossing the continent in 1858, before L. J., Jr., was born), Señor Savedra observes to Mr. Rose: "I don't like the way them 'Injuns' is acting. We are going to have trouble with them, and I bet before night." This dire prophecy was fulfilled in a few hours; and twelve-year-old Sally Fox, who shrieked the alarm, was first to be wounded by an Indian arrow. "An arrow impaled her tiny abdomen from side to side, miraculously escaping her vital organs." At times, the excitement of the trip seeps away in the pomposity of the telling.

The most vivid characterization is either of horses ("Sultan was an animal of very striking appearance, had a splendid crest, carried his head high, and

would attract attention at all times by his animated manner and agility of action; when led out to show, he came forth with the fire of a Roman charger"); or of "Bonanza Kings" and their satellites, among whom was a rogue from New York, a race track tout named Edward Stokes who is left out of the Index. After killing Jim Fisk "over the latter's mistress," Stokes spent four years in prison; then came to Northern California where he became an intimate of John W. Mackay who was "getting a little horsey." L. J., Jr., brought him out from Los Angeles on his first visit to Sunnyslope to look over young stock. "I was driving a very spirited team (see page 140 for the whole, fascinating story), and he complimented me on my reinsmanship, promising me a drive behind his team if I ever came to New York. He purchased three colts from us, and they were shipped to New York. He quite fell in love with my baby sister and sent her a beautiful pair of solitaire pearl earrings upon returning East. He was the best-looking man I ever saw, having physique enough to rob his good looks of effeminacy; heavy through the heart and shoulders, tapering from these to the tips of his toes. A well-shaped, honest-to-god, well-kept brown mustache, and his chin, nose, and ears were as clean-cut and symmetrical as though of marble. He wore the finest of clothes, which seemed to rest easily upon him, and he never appeared overdressed or foppish. It was no wonder he was a Lothario."

Before returning to New York, Stokes "took advantage of Mr. Mackay's confidence to the extent of something like a million dollars. The huge amount of money involved did not annoy Mr. Mackay half so much as the shattering of his faith in Stokes, of whom he was very fond." "Robbed of all the pleasure he had" in the horse business, the Bonanza King gave his thoroughbreds away to his friends—most of them to L. J. Rose at Sunnyslope.

To his son, Mr. Rose remains a Father Image, not a person, throughout this book. Mrs. Rose, Sr., is never more than a symbol of the hardworking, perennially pregnant Pioneer Mother (her eleventh child is born the very day her first grandchild arrives in the world). Of the interesting Rose family, only the author and his artist brother, Guy, attain individuality. Indeed, toward the end of the tale, the reader has followed L. J., Jr. into his own country home (called "Roseland") and has almost forgotten the old man—when he commits suicide. To the family it seemed—"like a blast from the inferno, May 17, 1899, came the horrifying news."

Shortly before the end, L. J. Rose dropped \$100,000 in "a little high cards" and suffered other less spectacular but even greater losses which he kept to himself. Says his son in memoriam, in explanation of the act: "Always generous, always willing to pay the price, having mastered the huge undertakings of his early career in his own extravagant way, Father could not school himself to latter-day exactions and refusals. Thwarted in his ideals, his pride mastered him. He was a great and good man—of deeds rather than words." This could be said of so many valiant pioneers whose stories we shall never hear, because they were not blessed with scribbling sons and daughters.

SUSANNA BRYANT DAKIN

*Mansions on Rails; The Folklore of the Private Railway Car.* By Lucius Beebe. (Berkeley: Howell-North, 1959. 382 pp. \$10.00.)

It is Mr. Beebe's theory that "nothing so fascinates the many as the least available and preferably the more deplorable aspects of life among the well placed." Few would argue with this cogent observation yet there is also a special fascination for us today as we gaze from the sometimes sterile vantage point of a world dominated by streamlined design back to the Victorian era which so frankly delighted in the flamboyant. There is a delicious escape, almost a need for us as dwellers in an age which produced the aesthetic dictum "less is more" to hark back to the time when too much was evidently considered barely adequate. I can't think of a more delightful and entertaining means of returning to Victorian splendors than by reading Mr. Beebe's study of a highly specialized product of that age, the private railway car.

*Mansion on Rails* has much to recommend it. First is the author's remarkable way with the language — a bit ornate, perhaps, but in this instance perfectly suited to his subject. His enthusiasm and exhaustive first-hand knowledge plus the wealth of anecdote and remarkable illustrations make a unique contribution, for they have much broader implications than the subject at hand. They combine to tell us a great deal more about the manners and mores of the late 19th century period of expansion, "the age of the Moguls," and much more accurately than many labored and annotated tomes. It is ironic that De Quincy accomplished the same evocation of an era (the industrial revolution) in his essay on the English Mail Coach — ironic because De Quincy decries the very means of transportation that Beebe celebrates, yet they are both gazing with nostalgic fondness on an earlier time.

The illustrations are in many cases unique and of unusual interest. The largest portion of them comes from the long-lost, almost mythical picture archives of the Pullman Company, recently discovered in a dusty factory loft in Pullman, Illinois. Like so many photographs of the last century, they are of exceptional clarity and full of sharp detail. How much they tell us of the lords of the land, who, as Mr. Beebe so deftly puts it, "owned everything in sight." The lengthy captions supplied by the author are one of the highlights of the volume.

With such a wealth of material it seems improbable that a reader could wish for more, but there is one section of illustrations labeled with characteristic inspiration "Porfirian magnificence below the Rio Grande," where, according to the author, was to be found "the most sumptuous private varnish in the history of carbuilding," and indeed, it must have been. In the text, however, there is comparatively little mention of this aspect of the subject, which certainly could provide one of the most colorful and fascinating chapters in the story of the private car.

Devotees of railroad history who might wish for a more conventional approach are reminded that the subtitle of *Mansion on Rails* is the *Folklore*, not the history, of the private railway car. And in this connection probably out of pro-

fessional modesty Mr. Beebe has omitted one tale that certainly by now has become folklore. According to this story "The Virginia City," a private car of which he is part owner, was located on a siding in Philadelphia and representatives of several newspapers had gathered to make what promised to be a none too sympathetic report on the sumptuous red, yellow, and gilt magnificence of the interior, rather wildly described as "Venetian Renaissance baroque." Sensing the temper of the assembled throng, Mr. Beebe stepped out on the vestibule and greeted the ladies and gentlemen of the press with the simple invitation "Welcome to Walden Pond."

WILLIAM W. WHITNEY

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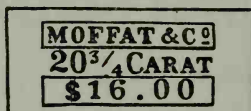
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